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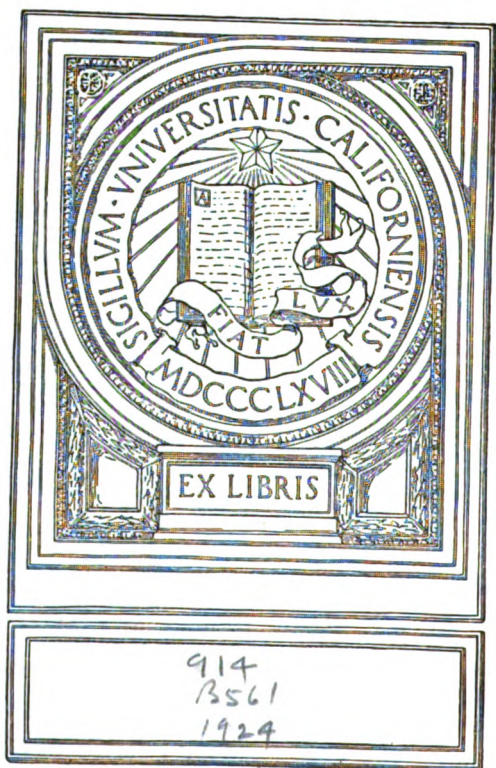
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# **THE BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1924**



# THE BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1924

EDITED BY  
JOSEPH ANTHONY  
AND  
WOODMAN MORRISON



BOSTON  
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## FOREWORD

About three thousand stories were submitted for this collection, most of them by the managing editors of the papers in which they appeared. To insure adequate consideration for all entries, Woodman Morrison, with a background of many years of experience as a reporter and editor on the *Kansas City Star* and the *New York Tribune*, was invited by the original editor to share his responsibility.

We send this book to press in the full consciousness that it is bound to be marred by errors of omission. The vast and sprawling newspaper field cannot be covered as that of the short story is in Mr. O'Brien's annual. But the editor of every daily newspaper in the country has been invited to make his entries, the suggestions of friendly tipsters in various parts of the country have been followed up, and many stories have been considered—and chosen—without having been formally entered. As time goes on we hope to break down the insidious modesty of the American reporters, and get more of them to submit their own stories.

Even in the always-to-be-challenged opinion of the editors, a story is not assumed to be flawless because it has been chosen for inclusion in this book. Newspaper writing is done under great stress, and the best of reporters is apt to overwork certain phrases—particularly when the city editor is tearing the sheets out of his machine and sending them up the chute to the composing room as fast as each fresh paragraph is completed. But if writing that has strength, color, intensity, cannot live down an occasional lapse, the best of our novelists have much to answer for.

In conclusion—we apologize for whatever of outstanding merit we may have missed, but not at all for any of the stories we have printed. Contemporary literature is not so rich in writers of sincerity and force that it can afford

to be patronizing to men of the caliber of Fred Edwards,  
of Louis Weitzenkorn, of T. A. Huntley, of——

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J. A.  
W. M.

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## **STRAIGHT REPORTING**





# The Best News Stories of 1924

## MARS KEEPS DATE WITH EARTH

BY DUDLEY NICHOLS

(*New York Evening Post*, August 23).

Lake Geneva, Wis., Yerkes Observatory, Aug. 23.—Mars kept his date with Mother Earth a few minutes after midnight this morning. He made that date in 1804. Shy bachelor, it will be the year 2007 before he comes back courting again.

The colossal dome of Yerkes Observatory was shadowy inside. It was like the inside of a monstrous hive. The knot of human bees in the gloom was hushed by the firmamental mystery. They buzzed in whispers. The Belgian astronomer was hunched on a step ladder. His eye was glued to the bottom of the sixty-two-foot tube. His black beard bristled with expectancy. He sat like a captain on the bridge of a ship voyaging a strange course through purple space.

"Sixteen west."

Ten feet away, half seen in the dusk, the engineer stood at two wheels like a quartermaster on this weird vessel.

"Sixteen west," he echoed.

A lever was touched, sparks hissed bluey. There was the murmur and grind of hidden wheels. The tube swung slowly. The earth was being put upon her course.

Engineer Sullivan padded over from the massive pier that upheld the telescope.

"Fine sight," he whispered. "I've been here twenty-four years and this is the best night I've ever seen for observing the moons."

Professor Van Biesbroeck, perched on his ladder, was oblivious of all but Mars. Now and again he snapped on a light that flamed dull red and jotted down a measurement, then blackness again and more staring into mystery. The handful of watchers whispered with Dr. Edwin B. Frost the director.

"Do we bother you, Professor Van B.?" asked Dr. Frost. "Vat? No, oh no, I doan't hear anything you say."

His mind was thirty-five million miles out in space. Only his hunched body was in the dome. He came from Belgium during the war where Big Berthas were being emplaced. Those Big Berthas shot death seventy-five miles. Here was another big gun, weirdly military in suggestion, but it shot wisdom thirty-five million miles through space.

Every one was on his toes there in the dark. Mars has two little moons, discovered years ago. "Fear" and "Dread" they are called; only the astronomers use the Greek equivalent—Phobos and Deimos, little moons. Phobos is thirty-five miles through and Deimos ten.

And now Van Biesbroeck was searching for a third moon. There has been little talk of that third moon. Astronomers don't indulge in anticipations, but the news leaked out. Would they find that third satellite this night, or tomorrow night, or before Mars sidles off on his long retreat?

Even from the outside the observatory caught the imagination, its three domes in relief against the starry summer sky. It looked like the Taj Mahal with the pinnacles lopped off. It rode the top of Williams Bay hill like a galleon on the crest of a great wave. Far below through the gloom glimmered Lake Geneva, its thither banks speckled with lanterns like fireflies. Overhead burned Jupiter like a white jewel. Low in the north lolled the Great Bear. Cassiopeia's Chair floated languidly overhead in the Milky Way.

Stars, millions of stars, hung like bells in the belfry of night. But brightest of them all was Mars—Mars, the war god of mythology; Sylvanus, protector of agriculture—but to the naked eye he was just a ruddy sparkle, a red taper held high in the night, a blazing fellow who lorded

it over all the bright star folk marching over the heavens.

Now the great dome in silhouette looked like the helmeted head of Polyphemus, a one-eyed giant glaring with that great monocle millions of miles into the abyss.

One left the open night reluctantly and went in the massive door of the observatory through paved corridors to a locked steel door. The bolt clanged and the iron plates yawned blackly. Beyond was dimness and mystery. One felt one's way up narrow twisting stairs. They curled and wound like the eccentric path of Mars himself.

It was a climb. The top of that dome was 110 feet up. One last scramble and you stood on the movable floor, the telescope a shadowy mass of metal. It was like an elongated barrel. It held light, dancing, delicate light, pink and white and orange, that trickled out through a small slot at the bottom.

Van Biesbroeck was still staring, still snapping on his rosy light, still scribbling at his wondrous notes. The Franks trial, the Presidential campaigns, the round-the-world flight, all these things were less to him than the mosquitoes that spun circles over the hidden lake.

He was on an incredible sort of ship that whirled a thousand miles an hour towards sunrise, swung eighteen miles a second towards winter, and sailed 250 miles a second in a mad dance with the stellar system to somewhere else. He was looking over this uncanny three-dimensional sea at another space-tossed craft, the red planet that had come to keep its date with Earth.

Tired folks in cities were asleep under their smoke-smudged skies and unaware of all this heavenly bowing and scraping between Mars and Mundus. Mars may be a coy lover but he keeps his engagements to the second. Here he was, and now there he was going.

He was 13,000 miles closer than the night before. Here he was on the threshold of the firmament, at his minimum distance of 37,637,000 miles. In a few hours he would lift his icy cap in gay good-by and go roaming off again.

It took 120 years to get this call and here he was going off with no more than a nod. When he was here before, the War of 1812 had not been fought. Mundanes did

not know of airplanes, automobiles, moving pictures, radio, any number of things that make the modern earth turn round.

And this "calling time" was no more to Mars and the Earth than the spin of an electric fan. Only a second of planetary time, only a tick of stellar time. On the iron and concrete pier that held the inclined telescope hung a clock that ticked sidereal time. One looked at one's watch and then scratched one's head. Stars pay no heed to earthly clocks.

"It's 8.30 star time," said some one, looking at that clock.

"No," corrected Doctor Frost, "it's 20.30. We go right round the clock here."

It was no use for lay folk to try to tell time in this very place where it was caught and put to the use of worldlings.

Van Biesbroeck climbed down off his ladder. His mind climbed down 35,000,000 miles. He saw there were human beings present. Ah, yes! He bowed pleasantly in the gloom, like a little bearded Martian who had come wriggling down that beam of phantom light and wormed his way out of the eyepiece at the bottom. Ah, yes! These people wanted to look.

There was one man there who could not look. He was the man who had more right to look than any other. He was Professor Frost himself. Professor Frost lost his eyes up there among the stars. For years he read their strange mysteries. And then, perhaps because the star-maker himself feared for one man to read out more secrets than were good for any human being, his sight was left glimmering up there among the stars.

Professor Frost lost his sight three years ago, but still he saw with his mind. He probably saw clearer than those others who looked. He used Van Biesbroeck's eyes. How about the lake of the sun? How about the ice cap? Were the moons showing well?

He smiled happily to himself as he talked of the great spiral cluster 500,000 light years away. It was probably another milky way, stupendous cluster of stars, billions of miles apart, each a sun with planets spinning around it. As

people regard the universe this was another universe. With Frost it was all one thing; unity meant one.

He expanded the word to fit his concept.

"My universe has extended itself ten thousand times since 1900," he admitted.

The universe he knows would hold a million of the universes that glittered like new gems in the minds of Galileo or Newton.

But the Belgian astronomer had offered the eyepiece. Magnitudes were murmured casually. The diameter of Mars was 4200 miles, little more than half of earth's. The Martian day was thirty-seven minutes longer than the mundane day. The year was nearly twice as long, 687 days. The seasons were similar. Now it was late May on Mars.

Gingerly this correspondent felt his way forward through the dark and put an awed eye to the small tube. That eyepiece was really a microscope, through which one magnified the tiny image shot down the length of the big barrel above. And there swam Mars.

Not the swaggering war god; not the little red disk with a wrinkled face; not the hard point of light seen outside with the eye. The forty-inch lens fished it out of the abyss with a transparent net and drew it down till it lay in liquid beauty within arm's reach.

It hung there delicately against a background of soft blue like a silver coin fresh made, stamped with inscrutable characters which it is given to few men to read.

Now it quivered faintly with a breath of summer air. It melted into a round ripe peach, with touches of pink and ochre faint on its side, the greenish white ice cap on top like some small leaf stuck fast.

And that peach, seeming to need only the outstretched hand to pluck it down, was another world.

In the quaint dry language of astronomers, Mars was "in opposition," that is, both it and earth lay on the same side of the sun, and nearly in a straight line. But if you had seven league boots that made the moon one step away it would take 140 such steps to reach that luminous planet off there in space.

Down at the lower right was a small, round speck, the moon Deimos, only ten miles through. Phobos had crept round the disk while the astronomer took his measurements. Phobos hardly creeps, it runs. It goes round Mars three times a day. Mars has a mixture of months, but if you figure its months by Phobos alone, it has three months a day. Professor Frost submitted laughingly that a month or "moonth" was not a measure of time on Mars. He said that seeing that moon was like looking edgewise at a plate set on top of the Washington Monument, looking, that is, from here.

Faint on the luminous disk were seen the spidery reticulations that form the "canali" of Schiaparelli. Those are the so-called canals of Mars or strips of vegetation, or what you will.

Professor Frost admitted he believed that there was vegetable life on Mars. The faint colors greenish in the summer season indicated that, but he was not sure. Maybe it was just fungus. More probably a higher vegetation. But, animal life, he did not know.

Doctor Frost is a bred-in-the-bone astronomer. Astronomers are all poets, but they are not vers librists. They rely on the strictly metrical. He was concerned with the research that was being carried on here and at Mount Wilson and elsewhere. It is important to get thermal measurements on Mars, measurements of moisture, of the satellites, of a hundred dry things astronomers extract deep wisdom from.

Seemingly one looked "up" through this big tube, but Martians would look up to see earth. Hence for Martians one on earth was looking down. The planet lay low in the southern sky, so one was really getting a view from the "peanut gallery." It was like looking over the banisters of the world and seeing the ruddy planet millions of miles below.

Down there, it was reasonable to assume, vegetable and animal worlds were interlocked as on earth. Flammarion of France cited the two fat fish in the stream. "Oh, no," glubbed one to the other. "No one could live out there on the bank. There's no water, you see."

So the romantics at least have peopled Mars.

Through this tube one was looking "down" on a land where gravity was only a third as strong as here. A hundred-pound boy on earth would weigh but thirty-eight pounds on Mars. A jump would send him flying. Elephants would be as agile as fleas here.

Romantics have peopled the planet with strange "human" creatures—men with toothpick legs and flap ears, with webbed feet and chests like blacksmiths' bellows; men ten feet tall.

There was Wells with his "tripods" and his fiction picture of brains like octopuses—creatures that have "gone to brain instead of to seed."

There was Shaw with his disembodied beings, mere "vertices of thought."

But whatever is there or not there in the way of life, there is no looking for the creatures through these wonderful man-made tubes. The moon is only a step away, 250,000 miles, but a telescope trained on the bleak mountains there would not discover a prehistoric dinosaur 120 feet long. Even New York or Philadelphia would be specks too small to be discerned on Mars.

There was the polar cap of Mars, silver-green through the great lens. It was but a dab on top. (Really it was on the south pole, but the lens inverted it.)

That polar cap would make a big night cap for any one. It is 700 miles across now. As summer advances it melts away.

Thirty-five million miles of empty azure upsets the untrained mind. At first the mind rushes out in abandon. It puts on wings and flies. But soon the air gets frosty. Icarian wax freezes to brittleness as well as melts. So one looker-on was glad to slip out of this silent hive of human thought, like a great skull occupied by absurdly small brains, and go out on the high balcony with the director.

He left off looking from August into May. He went out and looked into August, soft August night, where the crescent moon launched its fragile boat over the edge of the East.

"We don't get much excited about this," said the astrono-



mer. He waved his hand at what he knew was the southern sky where Mars was a glittering jewel again.

"Take the big spiral cluster I told you about. It moves toward us 196 miles a second, yet is 500,000 light years distant and each of these light years is six million million miles."

Another astronomer stepped out on the high balcony. The sweep of stars was more than ever like bells in the immense blue belfry.

"See that bright star in Pegasus?" he pointed.

"Ye-es."

"Now follow down to the left to a smaller red star. Then bring your eye up the width of three fingers to a faint star. All right; see that faint blob of light to the left?"

"Ye-es."

"That's Andromeda Nebula."

"Another universe?"

He smiled faintly through the gloom.

## THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OPENS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

(*Baltimore Sun*, June 26)

The great all-star massacre and biting and gouging carnival has begun as advertised.

Today in Madison Square Garden a well-known and highly respected doctor from Steamboat Springs, Col., and a leading business man of Denver punched each other in the nose while thousands cheered. Photographers filmed the battle and reporters got the names and arrangements for the funeral, which will be conducted by the Ku Klux Klan.

Three brave women from Missouri, alleged lionesses of the mystic den, fought off a gang of alleged assassins who were trying to steal the Missouri State banner. The screaming alone was worth going miles to hear.

The names of three sterling Americans, each the finest man the country has produced, each the only man who can possibly beat Coolidge next fall, each the only logical successor to the noble heritage of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson, were put into nomination and the chute was greased down which they will all slide into the political ash can within the next few days.

They were the names of Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama; Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, and William Gibbs McAdoo, of California.

Senator Underwood was nominated in the longest half-hour speech ever delivered, and the delegates heard only three words of the whole 15,000. These words were "Ku," "Klux" and "Klan." At the sound of that nearly a thousand men and women woke up from dreaming of swimming in a lake of warm consommé and began to claw each other.

Senator Robinson was put into nomination in a speech that was shorter but even more mysterious than the speech

for Senator Underwood. Even when the orator finished with a whoop apparently calculated to tear the roof off, most of the delegates acted as though they had no idea of what or whom he was talking about.

Mr. McAdoo was put forward in an address by former Senator James D. Phelan, of California, delivered solely for the purpose of giving a circus parade an opportunity to get organized. When the grand marshal of the parade gave him the signal, he stopped talking, almost in the middle of a sentence. There is no certainty tonight that Senator Phelan ever mentioned Mr. McAdoo's name to the convention, but everyone is willing to assume that he did if it will keep the Senator from repeating the speech.

The spontaneous outburst of joy at mention of Mr. McAdoo—or at least at the close of Senator Phelan's speech—spontaneously planned down to the minutest detail three weeks ago, lasted about eight minutes, but it was enough to keep almost 13,000 persons bawling alley names at each other for three-quarters of an hour. When it got so bad that even the astute leaders on the platform had to admit that the affair was no demonstration of anything but disorder among a rather tough-looking lot of people, they sent out a strong-arm squad to put a stop to it, and then adjourned the session.

Altogether it was a hot, wild day. It began wildly, with everyone staggering and groaning around under the heat for an hour after the time set for the opening, so that the session could not begin. Finally Senator Pat Harrison, temporary chairman, roared into the microphone for the whole world to hear at about noon:

"This convention must start."

Not everyone was willing to admit that by any means. Ten minutes more passed before the sergeants at arms persuaded people that even if it didn't make any difference whether it started or not, everyone would be a good deal cooler sitting down.

They had taken away a whole section of the flag billows against the roof, and had opened the skylight for nearly the entire length of Madison Square Garden. It was difficult to imagine why, since this let in the blinding sun and kept

the bald-headed men holding palm-leaf fans over their heads. It may have been to let in air, but there was no air.

In this steam room the delegates and the crowds in the balconies and boxes simmered slowly until well done. The roar of complaint and discomfort and the bustle of business after the prayer was like a crowd of half-starved people diving into a dinner after grace.

There was some preliminary amateur oratory from the platform.

Mrs. Leroy Springs, of South Carolina, appeared before the crowd as chairman of the committee on credentials. The band played "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," and Mrs. Springs joined the immortals-for-a-day. There was some more stentorian talking about something or other by masters at the difficult art of being deadly serious about little or nothing.

And then they named Senator Thomas J. Walsh, the bloodhound of the Teapot Dome, as permanent chairman of the convention.

The gray little Senator had been sitting quietly near the center aisle for some time.

His face looked the face of a man holding four aces in a poker game—who was withholding information that the other people in the game would certainly love to know.

Under the peculiar circumstances you could not help but think, too, that he was like a man holding four aces at a moment when there was about 38 cents in the pot.

The convention yelled when his name came out. All around him and throughout the hall men and women stood up. The little gray man sat alone, hidden from sight. When you could see him again his face and jaws were grim, but his eyes seemed to be wanting to laugh. He certainly had a full house, if not four aces.

Senator Pat Harrison named a committee to escort Senator Walsh to the platform, since it seems to be tradition in national conventions that no one appointed to a position of chairman has the strength or the nerve to walk up and take the job without an escort.

Senator Walsh's bodyguard consisted of three men and one woman, who spent several minutes hunting around the

hall for the Senator, and then had to be content to escort each other, since the Senator dashed off ahead of them.

Finally, there he stood on the platform, introduced as "the greatest investigator in the history of this country," a thing you would imagine would tickle a detective pink. The band played "In the Good Old Summer Time," probably a rebuke to Senator Walsh's extra high collar.

Here stood the Chief Gunner's Mate of the battleship Democracy—the man who had gathered the ammunition and was custodian of it. The convention was on its feet cheering. Texas started marching. State after State fell in behind Texas. The silent Senator, weary of noise and scandal, pulled up a chair and sat down to wait until the trouble was over.

Delegates marching around a hall at a national convention present one of the queerest spectacles known to man. They don't march in the sense of swinging and striding with an inspiring cadence. The aisles are always crowded. They simply push and shove along, with about the same enthusiasm, usually, as a crowd of people pushing along Lexington Street the day before Christmas.

And when they have pushed along like this for a while they seem to wake up suddenly and then, looking quite foolish, begin to back track toward their own seats, causing immense confusion and acting for all the world like sleep walkers suddenly finding themselves in the middle of the village square, clad in nightshirts.

Finally Senator Walsh stood up and gazed upon the scene below him. Photographers, of whom there are almost as many at this convention as there are "special officers," took aim at him from the aisles and one called to him to hold his gavel poised in the air.

The greatest investigator in the history of this country just looked at him.

Quiet was restored and he began to speak. Probably it is an excellent speech, but after three-quarters of an hour of listening to that sort of thing on a hot day a man's troubles grow almost too great for him to bear. That is what happened in the case of Senator Walsh's speech.

He had them all with him when he shouted:

"Charles the First lost his head, and Calvin Coolidge may profit by his example!"

This was good stuff—this idea of chopping off Cal Coolidge's head just as realistically as Charles the First's.

There was something in the answering yells that made you think plenty of them were ready then and there to get their axes from over the door to the convention hospital and take the next train for Washington.

But then the Senator made a terrible mistake—inadvertent, perhaps, but none the less terrible. He must have been talking about the Republicans; these Democrats in convention assembled don't talk from the platform about much else. But turning half way around to the astute leaders seated behind him, Senator Walsh said in a voice thick with scorn:

"Let them stew in their own juice!"

A whole lot of the delegates took this as the most deliberate and uncalled for insult a suffering people had to endure for many years. From that time on they paid Senator Walsh mighty little attention.

Police Commissioner Enright, of New York, was introduced next. In a long harangue, not devoid, however, of a certain shrewd knowledge of what was coming, he offered the Democratic party the freedom of the New York City jails.

Then Senator Walsh introduced Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, one of the darker of the Senegambian horses, and the band played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Whereupon the Democratic National Convention stopped dilly-dallying and rushed toward trouble just as fast as it is possible for a national convention to go. They began putting up the names of candidates for the nomination. The clerk began calling the famous "Roll of the States."

It was Forney Johnston, of Alabama, who made the speech about Underwood. There were 15,000 words in it, any one of which might have been absorbed with more enjoyment for perusal of a family dictionary. There was one choice bit in it. He began a sentence with,

"His nomination will be the happiest execution"—and paused a little, hunting for the next word. The crowd

missed it. Democracy's chance to die happy passed on.

Mr. Johnson was reading his speech, and reading it as though he had to catch a train. But fast as it was going, and tired of hearing it as the delegates were, there began to burn in upon their brains the feeling that he was talking about "secret organizations." The convention perked up a little.

He was talking all around the Ku Klux Klan, but never naming it. Everybody had about concluded that he was not going to name it. Finally they stopped cheering when he spoke of "this menace to our country" and "this government by secret rites." And then, all of a sudden, out of the mouth of this little Alabama man in a neat blue business suit, with a neat, business haircut, there came in a voice thundering with scorn that reached the farthest crack in the ceiling——

"The Ku Klux Klan!"

Reporters' notes on what followed are scarcely legible. It was like trying to paint a picture while somebody kept yanking away the canvas. Men sprang up in crowds with wild yells the moment Johnson had uttered the words.

This time the parade started with a leap, not feebly or hesitatingly. Before you knew it fat men were bearing down upon you with real fire, not boredom, in their eyes. They carried their State standards high like hallowed battle flags. Their mouths were stretched with yelling. Their faces were red. They looked ripe for a lynching.

Right under the speakers' stand sat the Missouri delegation, in the front row on the middle aisle. Yes, there it sat. The parade was going by. Those that had not yet fallen into line were on their feet around this block of seated men and women, bawling at them through megaphones, heaping abuse upon them.

Then a big man, Jack Fegan, of St. Louis, with an "Al" Smith button on his coat, jumped toward the Missouri standard and grabbed it.

"Don't touch that!" screamed a woman. It was Mrs. A. O. Parsons, of King City, Mo. She was sitting in the second row and about four chairs to the left of the Missouri banner, but she seemed to get over into the aisle with one

incredible leap and to get both hands around the pole.

The big Smith man backed away from this fury in skirts. Things were happening so fast one couldn't follow them. A dozen pairs of hands were on the Missouri pole now.

Then up through the throng rose the figure of a little old lady in a blue dress. She had a gold star on her waist. She pushed up through the mob and climbed upon a chair and closed her right fist firmly around the pole near the top, and there she stood, saying nothing, looking calm defiance of everybody through big, round knitting spectacles.

This heroine was Mrs. Milford Riggs, of Ironton, Mo., and right below her, shrieking at nothing at all, was Mrs. George Quinn, a wiry little woman in a white dress, who wasn't content to just hang onto the pole, but had to scream about it.

Madison Square Garden now quivered with the yelling. Every now and then a man would pop out of a struggling mass and take himself off a few feet, with a livid face and staring eyes and his breath coming in gasps and between bitter curses. Why there were not fifty fist fights all over the place no one can understand.

Everywhere in the hall men were finding unsuspected enemies right next to them. Now, for the first time, the Ku Klux Klan in the Democratic National Convention was being unmasked. And its own sincerity and depth of feeling was unmasking it. Men and women were being howled at as "Kluxers!" because they refused to dissemble and join the pageant of denunciation.

Men put their faces close together and swapped snarls and threats. Big New York Irish policemen jumped in between them. One big cop planted himself in the center of the crowd around the Missouri standard, probably hating the Kluxers, but a good policeman first.

Suddenly, back toward the middle of the hall the shouting grew louder and the struggling fiercer. One minute the banner reading "Colorado" swayed perilously over a mass of bobbing heads. Next minute, with a crack of the stout stick, as stout as a heavy broom handle, the Colorado banner went down.

Lynn Rogers, the Colorado delegation's sergeant at arms,



took a swift poke at Charles Ginsberg, an alternate from Denver. Ginsberg took a poke at him.

"I guess we'll get that banner into the parade now," panted Ginsberg.

"I guess you won't!" roared Rogers.

"Let go of that banner!" shouted Dr. L. P. Jefferson, of Steamboat Springs, the head of the Colorado delegation.

"Not on your life—it's going in the parade to show that Colorado is no damned Ku Klux State!"

Thomas Early, alternate, and Denver business man, shouted back.

"Biff!"

"Bing!"

It was a short fight. Dr. Jefferson and Tom Early are no youngsters now. They knew when to quit. But they were almost totally incapable of coherent utterances for thirty minutes afterward, and their faces were as white as though they had seen ghosts.

And so it went, until, finally, spent and weary, with their shirts sopping wet, their hair matted, their faces drawn and tense, the delegates submitted to the sergeants at arms and sat down in their seats.

Forney Johnston droned on with his speech.

Senator Walsh sat behind him with the same expression—that of a man who holds a good hand with a 38-cent pot. He was quietly eating a banana.

Then Senator Robinson was nominated. Some people never have any luck. There he was, staging a sham battle for an army that had just finished a real war. Arkansas got up and roared a little when the name of her matchless candidate was uttered and then they just stood around.

Now, even before the nomination speech for Senator Robinson was over, strange proceedings were afoot among the delegates. There was an air of bustle and secrecy among them, halfway down the hall, as on Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus is expected.

There, in fact, was Santa Claus himself, younger than you'd expect—Brice Clagett, private secretary to William Gibbs McAdoo—with a whole raft of presents for everybody—hundreds of California flags illustrated with the

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figure of a bear, and hundreds of dazzling brilliant silk neckerchiefs with "McAdoo" embroidered on them.

Senator Phelan took the rostrum to make the nominating speech. It was probably the most unnecessary nominating speech ever made.

While he was making it, the spontaneous demonstration was being arranged. A pretty girl with long, brown curls, with white stars on her blue satin bodice and a red-and-white-striped satin dress and a red-white-and-blue Liberty cap in her hand, scurried to an inside seat with the Indiana delegation. Banners were being smuggled in—now and then you saw the shining spear-points poking over the tops of seats.

But, shucks! People didn't know the half of it. Why, remember, this candidate was from California, and California would lead the parade; and what do you think of when you think of California, anyway?

Of course! Hollywood!

This burst of ecstatic surprise at the sound of the name "McAdoo," this artless outpouring of boundless joy that you were soon to see had been as carefully rehearsed and was now being as expertly staged in the convention hall as the spontaneous and totally unexpected hurling of a custard pie in a Los Angeles movie studio.

Finally it came.

"There's goin' to be another Ku Klux fight!" a tall Missourian whispered to the writer. "When this parade starts the Missouri delegation is goin' to get in it. Then you'll see the Al Smith men try to hold our banner down this time."

But the tall Missourian was wrong. There was no more Ku Klux fight. A man could no more get up a good, honest hatred over the McAdoo parade and demonstration than over a parade of volunteer firemen. First, after the opening cheer, came two sweating huskies carrying the pretty girl on their shoulders.

Next four women in white and gold suits, playing something on cornets.

Then four men in striped shirts and blue and pink suspenders waving flags.

Then the crowd of marchers, all except about twenty-five States and Territories that stayed in their seats.

From the gallery came fearful sounds—the clanging of a hammer on an anvil, the shrieks of a siren, the endless staccato chant of a crowd of youths with paper megaphones—

“Mac! Mac! Mac-A-Doo! Mac! Mac! Mac! Mac-A-Doo!”

They kept it up without ceasing. Their psychology was all right. In a few moments hundreds had joined them. And in a few moments more additional hundreds had joined them, but they were not yelling for McAdoo.

Some—a big block of people in the alternates’ and guests’ seats—were yelling:

“Smith! Smith! Smith! Smith! Smith!”

And another crowd was yelling at the McAdoo parade:

“Oil! Oil! Oil! Oil! Oil!”

The band ran from one tune into another without a break for a full half-hour. But the bottom dropped out of the McAdoo demonstration in eight minutes by the clock. Thereafter the floor where the delegates were presented the spectacle of a crowd of people actuated by no motive but to keep moving or yelling as long as possible.

Banners were hoisted there. The chairman and his fellows, who took back seats, said:

“Here’s the convention. Take it. Now that you’ve got it, what are you going to do with it?”

And the answer is that, while Mrs. McAdoo, the daughter of Woodrow Wilson, and her sister, Margaret Wilson, stood up in the box at the rear end of the middle aisle; and while they smiled and beamed upon the scenes below and acknowledged graciously the shouts and gestures of love and homage—while they were still doing this after three-quarters of an hour of it, the police began clearing the aisle and the chairman was announcing adjournment.

That is all the McAdoo crowd did with the convention. Tonight the show is forgotten.

## MEETING THE WORLD FLYERS

BY C. B. ALLEN

(*New York World*, September 4)

Pictou, N. S.—Four tired American world flyers winged their way out of the North and settled on the placid waters of Pictou Harbor at 5.48, Atlantic time, this evening. Just as the pontoons of the flagship *Chicago* touched, the sun, sulking all day behind gloomy clouds, burst through in a flood of golden light as if timed in welcome.

The two planes hopped off from Hawke's Bay, Newfoundland, at 11.12 a. m. and flew steadily for six hours and thirty-four minutes before covering the 455-mile leg to the Canadian mainland. Lieut. Lowell H. Smith, Flight Commander, said head winds held them back most of the way, but added that otherwise the entire trip was uneventful.

As soon as he arrived he announced that the flight would not be resumed to Boston tomorrow. Both planes will be given a complete looking over, he said, and a cracked spreader bar between the pontoons of the *Chicago* will be replaced.

Far out over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I "picked up" the flyers in a Canadian flying boat and flew with them to Pictou Harbor, greeting them from the first flying boat to welcome them home.

For two and a half hours the lone air escort had patrolled the gray waste between Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, awaiting the arriving Argonauts and not knowing whether accident or adverse weather was delaying them. Then, far down the horizon near the Nova Scotia mainland, two tiny specks appeared.

Mechanic Graham sighted them first and swung his arm outward to attract the attention of Major L. H. Tudhope, the pilot. The big flying boat swung her nose northward and the specks grew. Presently the long narrow pontoons

of the *Chicago* and *New Orleans* and their gilded upper wings were visible, and then the struts and smaller details of the ships, as the Canadian craft swung to guide them in.

The American planes soon overhauled their ponderous guide and winged on by her. Their crews turned goggled eyes toward the flying boat as they passed and waved gloved hands in greeting. Even at that distance, their gestures seemed a mixture of weariness and good fellowship.

Lieutenant Smith and Lieut. Eric Nelson were flying in echelon, the flagship leading and the *New Orleans* following close on her tail at the left and slightly above her. They were at an altitude of 1,000 feet and holding to the course as smoothly as if they had been suspended by invisible wires in the sky. The air under the blanketing clouds and over the cool water was as smooth as cream.

Over the lighthouse at Pictou Inlet the Douglas cruisers roared, their big escort trying gamely with wide open motors to keep up, but losing ground steadily. On across Pictou the flyers forged, examining the bay for their yellow buoys and looking over the sides of their craft curiously at the scene below.

Pictou was a bedlam of bells and whistles and cheers, but they could hear none of the long pent-up enthusiasm. Only the white plumes of steam and the waving flags flying from every point of vantage in the town told the American birdmen what was going on below. That and the wharves, usually deserted, but now black with men and women come for miles to view these air crusaders.

Twice the flyers circled the harbor to see that all was clear, then Smith headed into the wind and glided to a gentle landing. His pontoons traced two narrow ribbons of white across the water, and a minute later Nelson followed him to the surface of the harbor. Both men were taxi-ing for their buoys at 5.46 o'clock, Atlantic time, and the last leg but one of the journey back to their homeland was done.

Like some giant sea hawk the Canadian flying boat took off at 3 o'clock to scan the waters northward for the expected airmen. Wireless messages to the destroyer *Barry* gave the time the Americans hopped off from Hawke's Bay,

and careful computations indicated they would arrive at Pictou by 3.30 or 4 o'clock.

Out over Pictou Island, with its one road and fifteen houses, and on toward the most eastern point of Prince Edward Island the Canadian ship flew. Four pairs of eyes swept the horizon from port to starboard wing and behind with unceasing vigilance. Back and forth she cruised and still the Americans did not come. A ragged blanket of clouds drifted along at 1,000 feet and after an hour a suspicion that the globe girdlers might have come in above this, and under a mackerel layer 5,000 feet further up, sent the big flying boat in frantic haste back to Pictou.

The *Boston II*, brought here for Lieut. Leigh Wade, riding alone at the buoys, reassured the Canadian craft and she turned northward once more, but not until her bulky hull had crushed the hopes of 3,000 Pictounians, who mistook her approaching motor for those of the Americans.

Twice more she repeated this performance, fearing each time the world flyers had escaped the watchful eyes aboard her, and twice more the waiting crowd had its hopes dashed to earth. At last the flying boat crew concluded some mishap must have befallen the globe girdling airmen, and landed to get news.

The crowd was thicker than ever on the docks and bluffs fronting the harbor, and Major Tudhope took this as a sign the flyers were still expected. He took off at once and had scarcely regained his original "farthest north" when the two Douglas cruisers hove into view. This was twenty-four minutes before the arrival in Pictou.

"Another leg finished, thank God," Lieutenant Arnold, Smith's mechanic, exclaimed, as he wiped his hands on a piece of waste and stepped into a tender, which took the flyers aboard the *Barry* on their way to the reception Pictou had planned for them. "It's great to be this much nearer home."

Lieut. "Jack" Harding, Nelson's mechanic, was elated over the first signs of civilization he has seen in weeks.

"It's great to see a train again," he said. "I've almost forgotten what one looks like."

Lieutenant Nelson, "the Old Swede," contented himself

with petting a setter some one had brought aboard the *Barry*, and was customarily quiet about the flight.

"It was cloudy most of the way," he said, "but mostly smooth flying. We found no fog, the wind cleared that out of the gulf before we got started."

Lieutenant Smith said head winds were encountered over most of the route, but added the visibility was good. Because of low clouds, the flyers flew practically all the way at 500 feet. Smith said he did not know definitely whether the flyers would stop for refueling at St. John, N. B., but thought it likely they would fuel up here for a non-stop flight to Boston.

A touch of comedy was added to the arrival here by Lieutenant McDonald and Bertrandias, who brought the *Boston II* to Pictou so that Lieutenant Wade and his mechanic, Lieut. H. H. Ogden, may rejoin the world flight.

As advance officers, they rigged up a barge with barrels of oil and gasoline aboard as a veritable floating fueling station de luxe, the most convenient probably that the aviators have encountered anywhere.

This afternoon they erected a big sign on it, reading, "McDonald, Bertrandias, Proprietors, United States Air Service Gas Station. Clerks on Duty, Lieutenants Wade and Ogden."

"Proprietors" and "clerks" both were on the job when the Chicago and New Orleans arrived, and rendered expert assistance.

Pictou had its wish so far as the planned reception was concerned, the four airmen riding in a procession through the town and taking the seats of honor reserved for them on an open air platform adjacent to the Hotel Wallace. The population of Pictou was doubled today by the influx of automobiles and boats and everybody attended the official reception.

Mayor John MacEachern read an address of welcome which later was presented in engraved form to each guest of honor, so there could be no doubt how far he wants them to go in making themselves at home in Pictou. A handsome bouquet also was given to each aviator.

Hance J. Logan, M. P., welcomed the Americans on

behalf of the Dominion Government, and Minister of National Defense E. M. MacDonald. Other speeches were made by William Chisholm, Minister of Highways, in behalf of the Provincial Government, and Premier Armstrong, Major Welsford MacDonald, M. P. P., Col. J. Stanley Scott, Chief of Air Service, and Major Gen. H. C. Thacker, head of the military in this district.

The parade was led by the Pictou Highlanders' Band and bagpipers.

Lieut. Col. L. H. MacKenzie, D. S. O., commanding officer of the Highlanders; Major MacDonald, second in command, and other officers followed. Pictou Academy and school cadets, in kilts like the Highlanders' band, were next in the column, followed by detachments of bluejackets from the *Barry* and the Canadian destroyer *Patriot*, in command, respectively, of Capt. Conant Taylor and Capt. Howard E. Reid.

A children's choir sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and other American songs, and ended up with Canadian and British selections. At their own request, the American airmen were excused from speech-making.

The flyers were dinner guests on board the *Barry* and afterward spent a short time at a dance arranged in their honor.



## THE BURNING SHIP

BY CLARA SHARPE HOUGH

(*New Bedford Standard*, July 1)

"What a pity it didn't wait 'til the Fourth of July!"

New Bedford folks were out in thousands last night, enjoying the pyrotechnic display offered by the burning steamship wharf and the drifting Sankaty blazing in midstream.

Hundreds crowded the Fairhaven bridge, which offered a particularly good view of the burning wharf with streams of water playing over it, and the fiery ship beyond a stretch of redly gleaming water.

Hundreds more thronged the narrow streets near the waterfront, surging from one wharf to another in the attempt to get near the scene or to some point of vantage where they fancied the view would be better than the one they had just left. Automobiles drove in a constant stream toward the waterfront, and traffic policemen who had gone home and to bed for the night were hustled out again to help out on the crowded corners.

Every freight car of the long line that lay on the tracks in front of the wharves was loaded with spectators. Every building that could be reached was filled. The old sheds and low buildings on Merrill's wharf must have wobbled a little under their unusual load, for there were men and boys clinging to every vantage point.

A Cape Verde packet that lay at Merrill's wharf swarmed with sightseers. In her most crowded days she surely never had so many sailors aloft in her rigging as she had last night. They took the shrouds for choice box seats and they were at a premium, going to the men who could run fastest and climb quickest.

From Merrill's wharf one had two views, the wharf almost behind, in a beautiful blaze with water from a dozen great hoses hissing down on it; and out in front the drift-

ing Sankaty, outlined in flame, her stacks red-hot against the smoky sky.

At first the Sankaty drifted straight out into the stream, her stern toward the shore. She stopped in mid-stream, and for a few minutes it looked as though she was aground. An occasional burst of flame showed that another barrel of oil had exploded. Smoke still poured from her stacks. And down in the lower cabin lights gleamed from the windows as though her tenants had left in a great hurry.

Then slowly the doomed ship swung around, a little at a time, until she lay broadside toward the shore. Now she was a spectacle indeed. The decks were outlined in fire.

Smoke hung over her like a pall, and still from her brave stacks smoke went on pouring as though her own fires were holding out to the last.

She was going further and further from the New Bedford shore. She had burned until from want of material the fires had to dwindle. The blaze dimmed a little. Occasional bits of burning wreckage were flung from her side to flare an instant on the water's surface before they sizzled out. The sheen of light on the water around the burning boat grew duller.

Then the masts crashed to the deck and smoke rolled up anew. A strange shadow phenomenon appeared, like a man, a huge and phantom man, standing between the stacks that still were red and menacing. The shadow persisted, stood like a guardian spirit as the blaze flared and fell again, dying.

Dimmed now, across the darkening water the fiery skeleton swung slowly till it crashed against the shadowy bark on the further shore.

A cry went up from the crowd. "That boat'll burn, too." Behind the red outline of the Sankaty the dim masts and rigging of the Charles W. Morgan reared. At last the Sankaty came to rest. She could go no further. She leaned tiredly against the broad hull of the Morgan and there her furnace burned itself out.

This morning the Charles W. Morgan showed a great black scar of charred wood where she felt last night the dying Sankaty's fiery touch.

Beside her the hulk of the Sankaty lay, her bow raised a bit from the water, her twisted ironwork lapped by the tide, her stacks still standing as they had through the night's blaze. Around her the water was dotted with bits of charred wood. A crowd of curious sightseers, changing minute by minute, peered around the end of the Morgan to gaze at the submerged skeleton that lay there.

Across the stream a whistle sounded. From the end of the wharf the Uncatena, the Sankaty's running mate, slowly receded, swung into the stream and headed for the course across the bay that the Sankaty will never follow again.

## THE PASSING OF A BEER BARON

BY OTIS PEABODY SWIFT

(Syndicated by *United News*, November 23)

Chicago, Nov. 23.—In a running gun fight that crashed in staccato explosions through the Sabbath quiet, Eddie Tancl, rated third among Chicago's beer barons and vice lords, was killed Sunday when beer runners shot up the cabaret and bar where Tancl has made a small fortune in prohibition years.

"Honest Eddie," with a bullet through his lungs, and blinded by blood from a scalp wound, got one man before he fell.

Miles O'Donnell, one of his assailants, is dying in the St. Anthony de Padua Hospital, his white lips locked in mocking silence as police question him on the motive of the crime.

Leon Clinx, a patron of the bar, was wounded as the café proprietor and two beer runners emptied two rounds of cartridges at each other.

"The beer war" is the only solution the police can offer. Tancl's place has been the most notorious beer dive in Cicero.

Cicero, a town of 50,000 people, which retains its identity, although enclosed by Chicago, has been called "the wettest spot in the United States."

"Honest Eddie," short, bull-necked, with piercing steel blue eyes, came from nowhere four years ago and bought the ramshackle clapboard building which, externally, looks like a movie set of the gold rush days. Internally the dark rooms give the same effect. The front room is a garish cabaret, where hard-eyed, red-lipped women dance of nights. Behind this is a smaller room, housing the bar, bottles, mirrors, yellow glare of flickering gaslight, smell of stale beer, and the beer itself, at 25 cents a glass.

In this unpleasant place Tancl counted his gains on Sunday morning. Mrs. Tancl was there—a vivacious young woman, a vaudeville actress before Eddie married her, when prosperity and prohibition came together.

Tancl was nervous, for Miles O'Donnell and James Dougherty, beer runners, lingered at a table, eyeing him strangely, although all other revelers of the night had gone. It was 11 a. m. when they called for their bill, protested its size, punched the waiter, and pulled guns when Tancl intervened.

Eddie Tancl reached for his revolver. A shot rang out. Tancl fired back. Another shot, a barrage of roaring gunfire. Tancl dropped, wounded, his smoking gun empty. The men, firing, backed toward the door. Tancl staggered to his feet. A bartender handed him a fresh weapon, and "Honest Eddie" reeled into the open air, still firing at the fleeing men. O'Donnell dropped with two bullets in his body. Dougherty escaped.

Police, who arrived a moment later, found Tancl on the sidewalk, unconscious and dying, Clinx lying wounded on the dance hall floor, and a terrified woman cowering in the corner of the smoke-filled bar.

## BURIAL OF DEAN O'BANION

BY JAMES DOHERTY

(*Chicago Tribune*, November 15)

All that could be done in a temporal way for Dean O'Banion, slain gang leader, was done yesterday. The élite of the gunworld gave him a magnificent funeral, a testimonial of the leadership he had attained in the realm where gunplay makes millionaires.

If attendance at the graveside may be construed as paying respect or honor to the dead, then fully 10,000 persons so honored the murdered man. Some of them, at least, were sincere in their grief, for Louis Alterie and Earl Weiss cried as women might, and many others had handkerchiefs to their eyes.

There was but one thing that, to some, marred the splendor of the occasion: the Catholic church disowned O'Banion and refused his body entrance to the Holy Name cathedral, refused him the ritual for the dead. Other than for that it was a regal funeral.

The pall bearers and the followers of O'Banion had left their guns in other hands and pockets as the hour for the funeral drew near. The sidewalks were jammed with people for blocks to the north and to the south of the Sbarboro chapel at 708 North Wells Street, where the O'Banion wake had been held for three nights.

Hundreds of middle-aged women passed by the \$10,000 casket for a last look (it was remarked that perhaps most of them had never seen him before) at the good looking face of the man who had risen to power since and due to the advent of prohibition. The chapel was filled with relatives, friends, curious, policemen, and floral pieces.

There was no ceremony of a religious nature. In a room behind the casket soft music was played and mournful songs were sung. The bronze top was fastened to the silver coffin, and the pall bearers took hold of the handles.

Fifty policemen, uniformed, plain clothes, mounted, and motorcycle, commenced the task of clearing the way. For more than two hours the throngs had pressed forward. Buildings across the street had hundreds of men on the roofs. Mounted policemen had to precede street cars to enable them to pass.

The widow and the father were consoled in their grief by Father Patrick Malloy of St. Thomas of Canterbury church, who led each away from the casket.

The cortège was under way, led by motorcycle policemen from Stickney. Chief of Police Morgan A. Collins had refused Chicago policemen for this purpose. His men were there, it was explained, to prevent disorder or a flareup of the feud engendered by the booze traffic that cost O'Banion his life and threatens the lives of others. Unobtrusively the detectives mingled with the crowd, feeling pockets for concealed weapons. None was discovered.

There was nothing happening to cast any disrepute on the last appearance of Dean O'Banion on the north side, where he ruled with a mighty hand during his last few years of life. The hoodlums acted respectably there, only one man being disorderly enough to be arrested.

It was different at the cemetery. The Chicago police went only as far as the city limits, and after that the mourners retrieved their revolvers from those to whom they had temporarily intrusted them. Alterie, the partner of O'Banion, had hurled his deft at the killers' gang and his inherited followers might need their weapons on the return journey.

It was said by the superintendent of Mount Carmel cemetery that 500 automobiles were at the cemetery as early as 10 o'clock, awaiting the coming of the cortège, and that every electric car line that came there was packed. Five thousand people were there before the body left Chicago, he said.

It was the men of this crowd who were the gun bearers for those who came with the corpse. Many persons noticed the revolvers being passed to their owners.

Then the gang issued its fiat: no photographs were to be taken. Cameras were taken away from photographers,

plates were smashed, blows were struck. The funeral attendants would not have their pictures in the newspapers. They might be identified for crimes committed, one disinterested person observed.

That little detail attended to, they proceeded with the burial. The pallbearers brought the body of their friend to the grave beneath the tent-like canopy erected for the occasion, treading on carpets as they lifted their burden.

There was Father Malloy, not officially, it was said, but just as a priest. He did not wear surplice or stole as Catholic clergy usually do at a Catholic funeral. He did not sprinkle the casket with holy water, as is customary. He recited a litany or two in Latin, then in English the Lord's Prayer, and the "Hail, Mary" three times, with some of the assembly muttering the responses.

It was explained by a Catholic clergyman high in the councils of the church that "a person who refuses the ministrations of the church in life need not expect to have the ministrations of the church in death." The grave was not in consecrated ground, but in that part of Mount Carmel set aside for those of mixed marriages and the like, the superintendent said.

"The picture that has been drawn of O'Banion, known as a notorious tough, lying in state with candles at his head and beads in his lifeless hands, does not make his burial a ceremony recognized by the church," a priest said.

Dean, king of bootleggers, hijackers, safe crackers and gun fighters, was dead and buried. Chief of Detectives Michael Hughes breathed a sigh of relief when the day passed without more murder. Mike Carozza and Angelo Genna had been in, denied having committed or instigated the murder of O'Banion, and were released.

They were not at the \$100,000 funeral. They didn't send any of the twenty-six truckloads of flowers that banked the grave. There were others, too, who were not at the funeral. The politicians stayed away, all except those living in the Forty-Second Ward, which O'Banion dominated last election day, and some of those were absent.

Yet, Dean's friends said, it was the "funeral of funerals, just what Dean wanted—simple but lavish."



## THE LEOPOLD-LOEB TRIAL

BY ROBERT LEE

(Chicago Tribune, August —)

*MR. DARROW—Your honor, we object. It is not necessary to question an unending line of witnesses to prove the thing that has been admitted. There is a plea of guilty here.*

*MR. CROWE—A plea of guilty, yes. Making a virtue of necessity.*

*MR. DARROW—It wasn't done to help the state.*

*MR. CROWE—It was done because there was no escape. And, your honor, we ask that we be not limited in our examination of witnesses. We propose to pile up the evidence mountain high, so there can be no question but that these defendants get nothing less than their just deserts on the gallows.*

The hangman's noose dangles in Judge Caverly's courtroom. It is just over the heads of Leopold and Loeb. Most of the time these most talked about of all criminals smile and seem to feel pretty good. Clarence Darrow, chief counsel for the defense, paces here and about like an old lion, giving the noose a swift shove now and again. State's Attorney Crowe is there like a panther, darting out to put the noose where he thinks it belongs, just over the heads of Leopold and Loeb.

Thus here are five persons in the courtroom. Judge Caverly is so patient. Crowe and Darrow respectively eager and watchful. Leopold and Loeb feeling pretty good. None else in the room matters. None in the corridors matters. They can't get into the courtroom. None in the street matters. They can't get into the building.

Crowe fighting to hang two confessed murderers. Darrow grimly knowing them guilty and trying to save them from the hangman.

It was Crowe's day. Whatever else may be said this week or next, if it goes that far, can scarcely hit any harder. He threw it all on the bench before the court. Then he began his interminable piling up of mountain high evidence.

Crowe and Darrow. As it was yesterday so it will be.

Take some of the dynamite out of Crowe's opening address and view it at arm's length:

"The state's attorney walked into the room where Nathan Leopold was sitting and he said, 'Judge, let me ask you a hypothetical question.' I said, 'Very well, what is it?' He said, 'Supposing John Doe had committed this murder and John Doe's family was as wealthy and influential as mine, and he might hire able criminal lawyers and get a friendly judge and bribe the jury, don't you think he could beat this case?'"

"I said, 'Nathan Leopold, I will let you try it.'"

As Mr. Crowe dwelt with ever increasing vehemence upon this, his four points seemed to rise and stand there before the court and the people.

" . . . as wealthy and influential as mine . . . " and he tossed a warning finger to the seat where were grouped the Loeb's and the Leopold's.

" . . . able criminal lawyers . . . " and he threw a baleful glare down at Darrow and his associates.

" . . . friendly judge . . . " with a smile at Judge Caverly, as much as to say, "You see how foolishly these young killers talk?"

" . . . and bribe a jury . . . " Here he could sweep the jury box, because in it sat not a jury of twelve men sworn to return a verdict but twelve reporters sworn to send out a report of everything there. Well, perhaps a verdict may lie there when all that these reporters have written has been read.

And here another one from Crowe:

"One of the reporters said [to Richard Loeb before his arrest]: 'Dick, you must know this little Franks boy; he lives in your neighborhood, his brother goes to the school,' or words of that sort; and to show the abandoned and malignant heart that is in the bosom of Loeb, Loeb said, 'Yes, I know him.'"

"What kind of a fellow is he?" And here this little boy is lying cold in death, a boy who had played tennis with Loeb the day before he lured him to his death. Dick Loeb said:

"Well, if you are going to kidnap or murder a person, he is just the kind of a son of a b—— you would pick."

A long pause. Mr. Crowe let it sink well into the marrow of those that heard him.

But now it is Darrow speaking. Throughout all of Crowe's address he has said nothing. He has heard the John Doe hypothesis of Leopold, the slur from Loeb. Now he is talking.

"I want to say a few words at this time." His picturesque wisps of vagrant front locks fall over his plowed up forehead. He thrusts back his coat and chucks his hands into his pockets; gazes hard at the floor for a moment. "The defendants in this case have pleaded guilty. Under any ordinary case, with any prosecutor, it seems to me, who is interested purely in administering justice, it would not have been possible to go into all the details that have been gone into this morning and make all the covert threats that have been made."

He halts abruptly and stares about the room. "Every one knows that this was a most unfortunate affair." Now he fastens his glare on Crowe and holds up a stiff finger. "That it is the cruelest, the worst, the most atrocious ever committed in the United States is pure imagination, without a vestige of truth, and everybody knows that, too. These words are the litany of the state's attorney, and that is all."

The issue is laid down. There will be other important things in this session of the court. Jacob Franks and his wife will testify. They will take up in this session, one by one, the small effects of their murdered son and identify them in the card indexed manner of the prosecutor's examination. Mrs. Franks will sit in the witness chair like some graven thing in mournful bronze and utter syllables so muted that only listless and sagging heartstrings could be their source. Witnesses will come and say their testimony and pass on.

But there will be nothing more pungent in this day's ses-

sion than the swift thrusting of Crowe and the soft, cautious parrying of Darrow.

"Crime in any situation is horrible." Here Darrow starts and stops again. He eases a sweaty suspender clasp and purses a belligerent nether lip. "But when it comes to the question of murder it is doubly horrible. Yet there are degrees, perhaps, of atrocity." His voice has grown soft now, and he talks to Judge Caverly, ignoring the courtroom crowd whose ear is fairly snapping in impatience to catch the flitting word. "Instead of this being one of the worst of an atrocious character, it was, perhaps, one of the least painful and one of the smallest inducement. Bad enough, of course, but everybody who has had any experience with the criminal class knows it is utterly absurd for this to be branded, as it has been repeatedly, as the greatest, most horrible and atrocious killing that ever happened."

Crowe, pantherlike, is on his feet in a flash.

"If Mr. Darrow's purpose," says he, "is to make an opening statement of what they intend to prove, I have no objection. If his purpose is merely to make an argument as to what kind of a crime this is, I object. . . . I insist this be tried like a lawsuit, and not like an experiment."

This calls for a clash of wits. Darrow is not slow in retorting. "Your honor," he says, "he has learned that somewhere in a book." He turns to Crowe. "This," he says, "will be tried like a lawsuit in spite of your desire to get blood."

The issue grows clearer. It is Darrow's fight for life imprisonment against Crowe's demand for the hangman's noose. The noose dangles over the heads of Leopold and Loeb, who sit just behind Darrow, right where everybody can see it. But each time Darrow tries to thrust it away Crowe puts it back.

Darrow thrusts again. "All this evidence that is sought to be introduced in this case is utterly incompetent. All the statements made in this case are incompetent—no bearing on this case whatever, on a plea of guilty. No one claims there was not a conspiracy; that there was not a murder; that it was not done by these two boys; that it was not done in a way that already has been given to the press

for a purpose, and to be rehearsed later, all of which is incompetent."

The issue between Crowe and Darrow grows still clearer. Hitherto there have been veiled suggestions that the defense wanted anything except hanging. In the first statement made by the parents of the accused boys the feeling was expressed that their removal from society was desirable. But now Darrow shoots straight at the mark, and the courtroom hears for the first time the definite purpose of the defense.

"Should two boys of this age," Darrow slowly intones the declaration, "be hanged by the neck until dead, it would in no way bring back Robert Franks or add to the ease and security of this community. I insist it would be without precedent, upon a plea of guilty.

"We will attempt to inform the court, and inform the court in a way that will leave no chance for a reasonable man to doubt, as to the makeup of these boys, their limited degree of responsibility in this case. . . . No one can imagine that mature people of full responsibility could have done what has been done in this case.

"We think that the court should not permit, for the purpose of rehearsing again to this community, to stir up anger and hatred in this community, that may result in many other crimes, details which have nothing to do with this case on a plea of guilty and of which the community already is aware. We simply ask your honor to keep this within the legal prescribed grounds of a hearing.

"Of course I might say to your honor that I hesitate, under our situation in this case, where we are asking for the clemency we think we ought to have, and nothing more, to be put in the position of executioners and sit still and listen to this statement [Crowe's address] utterly incompetent and meant only to appeal to the passions of men.

"When this case is presented I know this court will take it calmly and honestly, in consideration of the community and in consideration of the lives of these two boys, and that any echo that may come back from this extravagant and unlawful statement and all the lurid paintings in this courtroom, which are made for nothing except-

ing that the hoarse cry of an angry people may somehow reach these chambers—we know your honor will disregard those and determine this case on what is just, fair, and merciful; and the court must always interpret justice and mercy together.”

That was all. Crowe and Darrow had done in their grand action. There will be many minor clashes, many short, swift snarls from Crowe and many philosophical and cooling observations from Darrow.

If Darrow had expected Judge Caverly to seize up the sword of justice and lop off most of the prosecutor's program of the “mountain high” evidence he was to be disappointed. The court ruled with Crowe, and that gentleman, always pantherlike, sprang quickly into his business of piling up his mountain.

It was before noon that Jacob Franks, a forlorn figure, father of the murdered Robert, took the stand and once more recognized the sad remnants of his son's clothing. Noonday recess found him still fingering the frayed belt, the stained buckle, and the little school pin that had twinkled on his son's bosom.

Thus ended a morning that had begun with much mystery and whispering and standing about in the streets and craning of sun-blistered necks in Austin Avenue.

This early morning is hot. It is hot on the pavements round about the doleful Criminal Courts building, and hot on the backs of the policemen who stand guard in street, on curbs, and on the sidewalks. Thanks to the farsightedness of Judge Caverly, who gave notice that crowds need not apply, there is only a sprinkling of curious persons. They form a small lane at the entrance to the building. Those that enter have pink tickets signed by the judge. A pink ticket gives one a sense of the profound and important and front-family. The police make you show your pink ticket and you are glad to do it; so many have none; and the hot coppers beam on you with as much graciousness as a hot copper can command on a hot July morning.

There are signs on the elevators directing you to get off at the fifth floor. On this floor is a double row of police. If you get through the gauntlet without a pink ticket you

are there only in the spirit. Up one flight; show the ticket to three more guards and thence to the courtroom. Genevieve Forbes says it's harder to get through than Ellis Island. They do everything except strip you to hunt for Bertillon marks.

There were some 600 journalists at the Democratic convention in New York. It is apparent they all came here. They fill the jury rooms, the jury box, all the space around the rail, and they overflow into the very arena itself, if this battleground of Darrow and Crowe can be so-called.

Mrs. Crowe arrived with a few friends. She wants to see and hear her husband in action. Judge Caverly enters and divers persons say, "Good morning, Judge." A bailiff squishes off about a pint of perspiration and says in a low, tense tone that all can hear: "Put that damn fan over here; it's hotter'n hell." Comes the sound of a hammer and the damned fan goes where directed. After a while another bailiff turns it off so it won't annoy the judge. The first bailiff squishes another pint of sweat.

Here comes Benjamin Bachrach of counsel for the defense. He has with him his brother, Walter. Walter is younger, but looks older. They take seats in front of the bench. Assistant State's Attorney Savage is directing a half-dozen strong men in their efforts to lug a steel filing case somewhere into the scene. They finally put it over by a door so no one can get out that way.

Now there is a turning of heads, as the saying goes. A file of four men enters just inside the rail and they sit. First is Nathan Leopold, whose namesake son is on trial for murder. Next is Foreman Leopold, brother of the accused. Then Jacob Loeb, and then Allen, brother of Richard, defendant.

Jacob Loeb has been the godfather uncle of Richard; has always "fronted" for his favorite nephew whenever he got into a boyish scrape. The scrapes are one too many.

Now Clarence Darrow. He is negligent of dress, taking a fine, loose comfort in his galluses through which he hooks his thumbs when he wants to think. Always a few stray strands of forelock dangle over his brow. He visits with a friend or two and then goes into deeper subjects with the

Leopolds. Jacob Loeb holds Darrow's ear in earnest conversation now.

Mr. Crowe enters. And now Judge Caverly enters from his chambers in his black judicial gown. The bailiff raps for order and the spectators stand while court is opened. The defendants are brought in, attended by a half-dozen bailiffs. All eyes fall on them. They are not disturbed. It is getting to be an old thing for them.

Leopold and Loeb are in their chairs only a short while when the first slight nervousness wears off. They smile and talk with their attorneys and with each other. Leopold is in a neat gray suit, black string tie; Loeb in a suit of dark stuff with a bow tie. Miss Forbes says, "Now you know why the girls write him foolish letters." Loeb's eyes are dark, a sort of Latin fascination in them. They are both much at their ease.

Judge Caverly calls them to the bar. There is the muffled sound of voices. The court again is informing the defendants of their rights and asking them if they fully understand the indictments to which they have pleaded guilty.

Leopold answers, "I do, your honor."

Loeb answers, "I do, your honor."

And now Crowe, wiping his glasses for the first of some fifty times through his discourse, begins his opening address.



## CARDINAL MUNDELEIN'S BLESSING

BY GENEVIEVE FORBES

(*Chicago Tribune*, May 12)

Cardinal Mundelein, prince of a church centuries old, stood, the prophet of the future rather than the prelate of the past, as he stepped in front of the main altar of the Holy Name cathedral yesterday and dedicated his first hour in Chicago to the young men of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The hope of the future," he called them, in the words of Pope Pius XI.

The vigorously ecclesiastical figure in red and gold was silhouetted against a living mosaic of historic pageantry and an abundance of ritualistic ceremony. But the central figure of the picture it had taken ages of faith and devotion and tradition to develop stepped forward and with benign directness cut through and preserved this very history.

Quietly, intimately, and rapidly Chicago's first cardinal gave his blessing to the little boys, youths, and young men who jammed the transepts, filled up the nave, and spilled over into the spaces in front of the altar of the Blessed Virgin and of St. John, to the right, and the altars of the Virgin Mary and of St. Joseph to the left.

The altar dripping with lighted tapers; the sextet of tiny pages in black silk suits, the new papal cross, the vaulted areas draped with the papal gold and white; the glitter of gold robes; the brilliancy of the red; and the depth of the black. All was intensified, but subdued when Cardinal Mundelein said to the youths before him:

"On returning from a long, long journey, it is but fitting that the first to welcome the first cardinal of the West should be the little ones. One could have no more enthusiastic nor radiant welcome than the one given to your

archbishop when he returns home from your Holy Father.

"Your cardinal needs you; he needs the young men. With your help and enthusiasm the church can go still further forward. The blessing I give you is with my whole heart."

And as they listened, the boys put aside the reverence that had held them, motionless, as the cardinal's procession had proceeded up the aisle a few moments previously. They had a new reverence that made them smile, lean forward, almost answer to the figure in red on which their eyes were focussed.

For more than an hour the boys had been trooping in. Boys from St. Patrick's academy, St. Mel's, De La Salle of Chicago and Joliet; St. Ignatius Loyola academy, Angel Guardian orphanages, and St. Cyril's school.

They slipped into pews, now near a Franciscan father in his brown cassock; now near a Dominican sister in her habit of white. Their school banners braced themselves against the pillars and reached up to meet the banners that hung downward. The coat of arms of the United States, the papal coat of arms, and Cardinal Mundelein's arms swung with delicate grace from arches and cornices.

A few more moments and an acolyte in his red cassock came in and lighted the candles that ranged themselves, tier upon tier, with easy grace, upon the altar. The flickerings cast glimmering shadows on the few pink roses that trailed out of simple vases.

The lights from the sacred tapers, crossed, every now and then, with the more daring sunlight that shot through the stained glass windows, to be dimmed by the archways of banners.

But most of all the tones of red, up there on the main altar, caught the glint of the tapers and boomeranged it back, vivid with reflection. There was the throne chair of cardinal red, made more brilliant by the dull gold trimmings. Up three stairs, of red, then the throne, with a simple canopy.

And the red of the heavy moire silk blanket that fell softly over the prie-dieu, on a line with the throne chair, in the middle of the space before the altar.

And far back, in the choir loft, the sun and the candles caught the glint of a bugle as, at twenty-five minutes of six, a vested choir boy blew a signal of welcome to the procession that started up the main aisle of the church.

The tall acolyte with the very black hair and the very white surplice falling over a black cassock led the way. The new papal cross, of sturdy burnished gold with fragile traceries of design, was borne along by a crucifer in red escorted by two assistants, each carrying a thin taper.

Then a double file of acolytes, with red cassocks falling to their feet and sheer linen surplices edged with Valenciennes lace. Their faces were very earnest as they marched along, the palms of their hands pressed together.

The double line knelt at the prie-dieu, then broke. Half of the boys formed a straight line, backs to the nave, at right angles to the throne, which was at the extreme right. The other half formed a similar line to the left.

Then, with no more advance guard than the last pair of tiny acolytes trudging along with childish dignity, came the straightforward figure in red. He swayed his robes rather than was enveloped in their heavy silken folds.

Straight and serious, and earnest, he was. But not too solemn.

Long successions of cardinals had merged to make Cardinal Mundelein's robes heroic and ecclesiastical. And each additional bit of trimming seemed only to add to the warmth and simplicity of those yards and yards of red, with never a wrinkle, and hundreds of unexpected creases.

Over the robe he wore a surplice of finest lace, with thin lines of thread spun out to reveal the depth of the red beneath. Then the cappa magna, with its circular collar of ermine. Here and there a gold tassel swung out from the folds of red, and then swung back again. A girdle of the dullest gold gathered the cloth of red in a bit more tightly about the cardinal's waist.

On the prelate's breast shone the cardinal's crucifix in the glistening gold. The heavy chain was fashioned similarly. On the third finger of his right hand he wore the cardinal's ring set with the stone of sardonyx.

It wasn't venerable, with the lines of age, the face that

everybody was looking at. But it was complacent in an alert sort of way. The red biretta, pushed back from his forehead, lengthened the contour of the face and accentuated the narrow curve in the chin.

As this priest and prince of the church walked down the aisle, with the magnificence of the centuries behind him, he ever waved his right hand, making the sign of the cross in silent blessing to the kneeling congregation.

Edward Hines and D. F. Kelly, Chicago's Knights of St. Gregory, walked one on either side, a pace to the rear, and carried part of his robes. The six pages, small and reverently zestful, stretched out the length of the cardinal's train and bore it along, a part of the pageant.

At the prie-dieu Cardinal Mundelein knelt, a vigorous, urgent, dynamic figure, that bowed deep and forgot, for a moment, the throngs that jammed the cathedral.

Then he rose and briskly walked to the left, mounted the steps and, as quickly as possible, sat down in the throne chair. Mr. Hines and Mr. Kelly took their places on either side. The pageboys retired against the wall.

Then three high ones of the church, Mgr. Edward A. Kelly, Mgr. F. Bobal, and Mgr. Francis C. Kelley, all white and gold and shining in special festival copes, made their way up to the throne. White satin stoles, incrustated with pictorial embroidery in gold thread, crossed their breasts. Black birettas tipped with the dullest of magenta tints, were a foil to the radiance of the robes.

Mgr. Edward Kelly took the small red brocade chair to the cardinal's right. To the prelate's left, on a similar chair, came Mgr. Bobal; then Mgr. Francis Kelley.

Every alb was in place. Every cincture knotted flexibly about the waist. Every cassock hung just right. This in spite of the fact that the priests had stepped out of motors, dressed in clericals and silk hats and have moved down a passageway leading to the church. And there, with a dexterity that was almost a rite, they slipped into the robes that a white-haired old verger had laid out for them.

The second and lesser climax in the symbolic parade was Bishop Edward F. Hoban, rich in the splendid robes of gold cloth, with the benediction cope. A tall mitre, rich in

gold traceries, swayed firmly above his head. As celebrant of the sacrament of benediction which was shortly to follow, Bishop Hoban was escorted by a deacon and sub-deacon, also in the benediction cope.

The trio knelt at the prie-dieu, then passed near to the altar, where Bishop Hoban took his seat in his special chair, placed at an angle to the altar and partially facing the congregation. Across from him, tall and straight, the Rev. Francis M. O'Brien stood with the archiepiscopal cross, still more tall and more straight.

Another trio of figures, Mgr. Francis A. Rempe, Mgr. M. J. Fitzsimmons, and the newly created Bishop J. A. Griffin of Springfield, went to the left and sat facing the throne.

By this time the lines of frock coated gentlemen, some of the city's most prominent Roman Catholic laity, who had escorted their cardinal from New York, had filed in and were kneeling in the pews off the main aisle. The more packed the church grew the more silent it became.

Presently there was room for no more, and it was very quiet.

With no preliminaries His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein rose from his chair, stepped down from the throne, moved forward quickly, and uttered his first official and ecclesiastical message to his boys. As kind and earnest as his face, as impressive as his robes, as commanding as the words of the church service these words came forth.

First the blessing to the young men and boys who had planned the "children's welcome" for their archbishop. The father gave it zestfully and with sincerity. Then, with restraint that deepened the lines of the picture, Chicago's first cardinal told of the time he saw his first cardinal.

"It was forty years ago," he told, "that I went to see the first cardinal of the American church. But his lips were still and his great red hat lay at his feet. For he was dead."

A pause freighted with meaning.

Then: "But the first cardinal of the western portion of this country comes to you in the flower of his youth, with strength and energy."

Some of the little boys looked as if they might begin to cheer. But they didn't.

"And he needs you, the young men. With your help and enthusiasm he can go forward and the church can go still further forward. To the youth of this city, now in the schools, you are the priests of tomorrow."

And he glanced with warm pride toward the young men, students of the Quigley Preparatory seminary, who were assisting at the service.

"Or if it be not as priests nor teachers, then to the youth in industry, in business, in the professions, we look for the enthusiasm to go forward. And so it is fitting that the first blessing, upon his return from the sacred consistory at Rome, that your cardinal gives from your Holy Father Pope Pius XI, in Rome, should be for the youth of the city.

"May this blessing guide them in these difficult times. May you pray for your holy father and for your archbishop that he may be the real shepherd of your souls by word and example, and that at the end of this life he may bring you with him to the throne of eternity."

And, as friendly as a parish priest baptizing the new baby in the warden's family, the distinguished prelate raised his hand and made the sign of the cross over the bowed heads of kneeling hundreds.

Then, alert and serene, the cardinal took his seat on the throne chair.

Dr. D. J. Dunne, D. D., of Peoria, master of ceremonies, slipped into the foreground, looking like the head master of a boys' academy in his black cassock and simple white surplice. Under his direction Bishop Hoban and his escort came to the altar and knelt as the gold censer was lifted high and swung gently. The cardinal, a humble servant of the church, bareheaded now, moved across to the prie-dieu and sank to his knees.

The inner door of the altar was opened, the blessed sacrament in the monstrum and overlaid with cloth of gold was placed in Bishop Hoban's hands. And again the burning censer swayed back and forth.

Music, in short bursts and long tones, interpolated the phrases of the benediction the bishop was saying and the

responses of the priests grouped about the altar. As the last word of the services tapered off Cardinal Mundelein rose, put on the red zucchetto (skull cap), and started back to the throne. A mighty "Alleluiah" swelled out over the choir loft and echoed down the passages.

Dr. Dunne, in front of the congregation, announced that his eminence Cardinal Mundelein could now give "to all here properly disposed" the papal blessing and a plenary indulgence from his holiness Pope Pius XI.

Two acolytes, each with a taper, walked beside Dr. Dunne as he bore a large flat book of red leather up to the dais. The cardinal turned to an assisting priest and took the spectacles the man handed him. With a matter of fact alertness the prince of the church adjusted his glasses and peered down at the book.

Then in a rich voice he chanted the Latin words which brought the relaxed lines of peace to the faces before him in the pews.

As the reverent but excited "Amen" reverberated through the cathedral the man in red replaced the zucchetto, which he had taken off. Then, with all the dignity of a prelate of the ages, he took off his spectacles, wrinkled his nose, and smiled.

Dr. Dunne, like an impersonal transmitter of the cardinal's words, explained that the bestowing of the papal benediction had a special significance, inasmuch as the following day (today) is the patronal feast of the pope. Then, repeating Cardinal Mundelein's Latin in brisk and comforting English, he added:

"The plenary indulgence in the usual form of the church has been given to all those here who have confessed their sins and have received holy communion. Therefore, pray for his holiness Pope Pius XI, for his eminence Cardinal Mundelein, and for his holy mother, the church."

The service was over. The kindly man in the traditional robes passed down the aisle, ever making the sign of the cross. The others fell in behind, a happy blur of red and gold and white and black.

The congregation had come in by files, in groups. They went out in confused throngs, but orderly, looking always at the cardinal.

## HERESY TRIAL OF BISHOP BROWN

BY ALLENE M. SUMNER

(*Cleveland Press*)

The fate of Bishop William Brown, accused heretic of the Protestant Episcopal church, will be known Saturday. Bishop Brown, who styles himself "Episcopus in partibus Bolshevikiū et Infidelium," doubtlessly will know by night whether that is the only ecclesiastical title which he may wear for the rest of his life.

That the trial will end Saturday night was indicated Friday night when Church Advocate Dibble said that he would need only a few minutes for cross-examination of Bishop Brown, last witness of the defense, who left the stand after a two hours' sitting late Friday night.

The argument of defense attorney Joseph W. Sharts will doubtlessly be the big and possibly delaying feature of the day and present some surprise angles.

One of the most dramatic hours which the American court, or any court, has ever seen, was staged in Trinity Cathedral House when white-haired, patriarchal Bishop Brown, "Last of the Heretics," took the witness chair late Friday.

The holiday crowd which jammed the hall to the very doors, kept closed against a waiting throng outside, sat tense and silent, as a canvas reminiscent of days when men were burned at the stake for their beliefs, came into being.

In the background, rose and purple stained windows with warm May sunshine seeping over the figure of the Christ with His pitying hands outstretched, haloing His head, and pouring yellow warmth over the frail old Bishop on the witness chair for his belief—even as men of the long ago sat before those who condemned their speech.

Eight Bishops in their vestments seeming to change expression to blend into the new-born canvas. They sit erect



in their chairs, sunlight gilding the heavy gold crosses upon their breasts, their hands 'neath the ruffled cuffs of their vestments, toying with the papers upon their desks.

The accused Bishop himself, with his snow-white hair in sharp contrast to his black Bishop's coat, with a red rose on his coat, the central figure of the courtroom, has the face of an old woodcut heretic. Lean, ascetic, frail, with the mouth of a martyr, dying for his faith.

A fleet expression of pity for this, their fellow bishop, seemed to pass over the faces of the eight Bishops who sit in judgment as Bishop Brown, stooped and weary from his long day's vigil over his faith, mounted the witness chair.

The clerk proceeded to take the oath. Presiding Bishop Murray demurred.

"We will excuse the witness from the oath," he said.

Attorney Joseph W. Sharts bristled.

"My witness will take the oath—why not?" he challenged.

A deprecatory wave of the Presiding Bishop's hand.

"Very well—we merely wished to waive the oath as a courtesy to a fellow Bishop."

A bit wavering at first but rising into firmness came Bishop Brown's oath to the God, who, he declares, is not.

"I do most solemnly call God to witness, that all I shall say is the truth—the whole truth—so help me, God."

Bishop William Brown, accused heretic, was in the chair. He gave his age—69, next September 4. His place of birth, Orrville, Ohio.

The bishops demurred. They could not hear. Bishop Brown turned squarely toward them and smiled.

"I will make you hear," he said firmly.

The examination went on.

"When did you enter the ministry?" Sharts asked.

The accused Bishop cast a reflective eye over the raftered ceiling of the cathedral in which he sat as culprit before the court.

"I entered the ministry in 1883 in this cathedral," he said.

A murmur of appreciation for the contrast rose over the courtroom.

"Tell the court," continued Sharts, "the full history of your association with the Protestant Episcopal Church."

Church Advocate Dibble murmured something about "irrelevancy, incompetency, immaterial"—the crowd did not hear. It waited Bishop Brown's next word.

The court ruled that the Bishop might give his account.

Then, for almost two solid hours, told like some singing saga of old, told as white-haired Homer might have sung his epic throughout all Greece, came the story of how a man lost his God——

How he sought but could not find.

And with the saga were quips and slaps at his tribunal and a modern world which put men on the rack for their beliefs.

For nearly half an hour the tribunal sat silently listening to their fellow Bishop before it grew restless under his chafing and urged his attorney to keep the witness to statements bearing upon the case.

The accused heretic told how he built his first diocese in Arkansas from twelve to sixty-one parishes. How he "worked in the saddle for twenty-nine long years." How he read and studied and thought and disagreed in those long years.

Q. "Have you held any official connection with the church outside of what you have described?"

A. "Yes, I lectured at Gambier College."

Q. "Tell the court about it."

"In those days," turning with a smile to Bishop Murray, "I was an extreme churchman. The church was pleased with my address on the real presence of the Lord in the holy communion (a smile), and they asked me to lecture at the college.

"I think, gentlemen, you see I was orthodox enough once."

Laughter.

He told the story of his first questioned book.

"When I went into Arkansas I couldn't reach the colored people. I decided it necessary to give them an episcopate of their own. My argument was that God made all people. I was a little inclined to be heretical, gentlemen (laughter).

You see I had gone down South. Perhaps that's where my heresy began.

"So I wrote my book called, 'The Crucial Race Problem,' a big book—I've never been able to write a short book—and it got me in pretty bad. That was my first heresy, I suppose. I dared to say that two bishops might serve in one diocese."

At about this point, the Court attempted to keep the witness to "relevant matters," which attempt Attorney Sharts continuously made, while the crowd tittered and then anxiously awaited the next word of the old Bishop.

"Then I wrote another book that got me in worse," he went on. "Mr. Pierpont Morgan had started a movement towards the unification of all Christendom. I wrote a book on that. I differed with my brethren, chiefly in my argument that all ministries should blend together naturally and go forward for the conquest of the world for Jesus.

"That was my second big heresy. They thought me very radical. They nearly railed me out of Boston, where I went soon after that.

"Of course while I was for all churches, I said that the Episcopal was best. I'm a bigot. I hold strong convictions. I'm both Scotch and Irish. You know what that means.

"I advocated that all churches come together. I said there was only one Christianity.

"My ideas were widely different now from what they were then," smiling at his fellow bishops. Laughter.

"Yes, I'm a man to believe his own things best—his own friends the best, his own college the best, his own church the best. Maybe it doesn't go that way now. I'm an old man now"—this pathetically—"I'm not in touch with things as I once was.

"Well, the bishops condemned me. They burned my book. Yes, sir, they burned my book!"

Laughter.

"It disturbed me. It bothered me. But I didn't take it back. I don't give in easy. They wouldn't forgive me

for that heresy—one Christianity and two bishops in one parish. That was bad.

"They were going to recommend me for trial then and there. That was in 1905. But they just let up on that. Then a doctor gave me a book on Darwinism."

Bishop Murray asked the defense to keep his witness to the point. Sharts asked Bishop Brown to keep to his story on Darwinism.

"Yes, I'm getting to be a garrulous old man," said the old witness. "I wander off just as most ministers wander from their text"—a sly smile at his fellow bishops.

"Well, I read Darwin. I'd preached against it all my life but never read it. You know how ministers are. They think they know everything anyway."

Shouts of laughter from the house.

Presiding Bishop Murray rapped for order and again requested the witness to keep to the issue in hand.

"Not that the court minds these references to the ministry," he said. "It is merely to expedite matters."

Bishop Brown grinned and went on.

"Yes, I always had a great respect for these double L. D. boys who wrote such good criticisms on Darwin. I thought them great people. I didn't need to read Darwin."

Bishop Brown's smiling face grew serious. He rested his long-fingered scholar's hands upon his knees and told his story—point one in answer to the question, "Why I lost my church belief?"

"I read Darwin. It was a great revelation. I read Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel. I saw a new revelation to the world. I saw that we were beginning a new world. I saw that we must go forward—that this was an age of natural science."

The aged Bishop's hands tightened upon his knees and his voice sank into low sweet tones like a cathedral organ as he seriously, with glints of sincere pathos, told the story of how he fought for his old faith.

"You may call this old man simple," he said. "I think now that I was simple then. But who will know my agony as I asked myself how I could remain in the church I

loved through my few remaining days and yet deny all supernaturalism?

"What could be done for a man drifting as I was?" I asked. "Where could help be found?"

"Then I began to study astronomy. It upset my orthodoxy altogether. I lost heaven. I learned that the firmament was only a reflection of light upon the dust of the air and that there was nothing up there where a holy city could be located.

"I'd set my heart upon heaven like every one else. I said, 'Oh my, how am I going to get there? How could my natural body go through cold of 240 degrees to an up when there wasn't any up?'"

"I had to give it up. Are you going to condemn me for that, friends?"

Brown looked out over the house and an almost audible "No" answered him.

At this point Attorney Sharts asked:

"Did you try to find help from your bishop brethren?"

"I tried earnestly," said Brown. "The most learned men in the Episcopal church answered me and told me how to get to heaven—to go somewhere without going anywhere. They applied the Einstein theory." The house roared.

"Yes, I got a trunkful of help." Bishop Brown turned to one of his tribunal bishops. "You wrote me one of the loveliest letters I received," he said, while the bishop blushed.

"Oh, my goodness, I got a lot of letters. I really think it would be very illuminating to the public if I published those letters.

"They proved the utter bankruptcy of the whole orthodox thing.

"It was impossible to save myself from heresy, you will see.

"Then came the World War. I'd never heard of socialism at that time. You see I am a kind of a Rip Van Winkle. I get one thing at a time. I was a war orphan myself. I lost my own father in the Civil War.

"I never had a soft thing in my life until I got into the ministry. I thought I was some pumpkin then."

Loud laughter.

The court tribunal grew restless and appealed to Sharts.

"Yes, Sharts, shorten the old man up a little. Rush him through. Rush him through," said Brown.

Sharts directed his witness to stick to the incidents which made him a Marxian.

"Simple-minded as I am," the accused Bishop continued, "I only learn by knocks. I'd had my knocks as a boy. I didn't want thousands of other mother's sons to have those knocks. Every mother's son among the bishops was in favor of war.

"To feel that the church would promote a war as our church did was a great blow to me.

"Then I began to hear that wars were fought for money—that they had little connection with great principles. Somebody told me to read socialism.

"Well, I found a socialist in Galion——"

Bishop Murray interrupted. "We feel that the narrative has run along quite enough."

Brown: "Yes, shut the old man up. Get him right off."

Sharts: "We are attempting to show the Marxian process of thought, which led to his book 'Communism and Christianity.'"

Brown: "I'll not take more than a minute. I'm through anyway. Don't fuss, gentlemen. Now you got me off the track."

Court granted continued narrative.

"Well, I got my socialist literature. There came another revolution. I saw that the world was governed by natural laws in both Darwinism and socialism—that there was no room for supernaturalism in this age. Whatever above or below we know nothing of in this age."

Again the court protested the digression.

Brown: "No. I'm not going to hang on so long."

The court took note of the hour of adjournment.

Sharts: "He ought to finish now. He might not be able to tomorrow."

Bishop Murray: "He seems in very good form right now."

Bishop Brown continued.

"I only want a moment—a preacher's moment. I said then, 'how can I stay in the church? I've lost out on supernaturalism. It's gone for me.'"

Sharts: "Did you examine the Scriptures, Higher Criticism?"

Brown: "I earnestly studied them. But you know one can't help being convinced about things.

"Well, this was my way out. I realized that as a preacher whenever I preached about a miracle, I made a parable of it. I said, 'why isn't that the way out?' 'Why can't I make heaven and hell states on earth instead of celestial when there is no above?'

"The orthodox people don't yet know there is no hell below the earth because there is no below and no above. If there's a hell below, when will the earth crash in?"

Again a court objection to "wanderings," while Sharts explained the Bishop's story tended to prove why he wrote "Communism and Christianity."

"Yes, sir," said Bishop Brown, "I want all of you to know that I wrote that all myself from beginning to end. I wondered when you would give me a chance to brag about that."

Loud laughter as the Bishop slyly leafed his book and held it up to the court proudly.

"What was your purpose in writing that book?" asked Sharts.

"To tell the truth as I understand it. The greatest thing on earth is truth," said the Bishop almost sternly.

"If you want me to define truth, I will. But that will keep the bishops a little longer from their supper."

"And there is something more great and beautiful than truth. That is liberty. Liberty of speech and conduct. Liberty is the greatest thing on earth."

Sharts: "Did you reconcile communism and your Bible?"

Brown: "Yes. I didn't reject one supernaturalistic word in the Bible but I accept them all symbolically."

Sharts: "Do you believe in the Book of Common Prayer?"

Brown: "Yes, sir, the whole thing. Not one bishop here

believes it more than I do or takes more delight in it—the whole business.”

Sharts: “Do you believe in the Apostle’s Creed?”

The pink light of twilight began to filter through the stained panes and bathed the whole heresy picture as Bishop Brown almost shouted his pæan of faith.

“Yes, I believe.”

“Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And in Jesus Christ, His only son, our Lord?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who was crucified, dead and buried——”

“Yes, sir. I believe now more than I ever believed before.”

Sharts then read, line by line, the Nicene Creed, and drew forth from his witness the same joyful declaration of whole-hearted belief.

“In writing this book,” asked Sharts, “did you have any purpose of attacking religion?”

“I did not,” answered the accused.

The defense rested.

Church Advocate Dibble agreed to take a brief cross-examination of the witness before the court adjourned. But Sharts pleaded fatigue of the Bishop, although Bishop Brown declared himself “fit as a fiddle.”

Bishop Brown was the last of four witnesses offered by the defense. The three preceding him were: Lieut. Col. Emory Scott West, student of pagan religions; Rev. A. E. Whatam of Kentucky, and Theodore Schroeder, psychologist of New York.

Objections were raised to practically all testimony which Sharts attempted to draw from his witnesses and he spent practically the entire day reading the authorities which his witnesses were to offer into the court record.



## THE BOBBED-HAIR BANDIT

BY JAMES ROBBINS

(*New York World*, April 23)

Neither Presidents nor Jack Dempsey had attracted such a throng to the Pennsylvania Station as Celia Cooney, Brooklyn's bobbed-hair bandit, and her husband, Edward, did when they reached this city at 3.30 yesterday afternoon from Jacksonville, Fla., under close guard of two Brooklyn detectives who had arrested them after following up information as to their identity first given by *The World*.

All the way from the southern city the train was awaited at each stop by throngs, but at the station here thousands had gathered. They hung from every stairway and rail landing leading from the train level. Detectives had actually to fight a way with the pair through the jam to an automobile, in which they whisked downtown past another crowd at Police Headquarters to the Supreme Court Building, where there was still another.

They were taken there because Justice Levy had issued a writ for their production forthwith on a plea by counsel engaged by Cooney's brother Tom, in an endeavor to have them jailed and prevent their being taken in hand by the police and "sweated" into full confession.

In a remarkable court room scene before Justice Giegerich, both Cooney and his wife were placed upon the witness stand momentarily, but long enough for them to spurn legal aid. They both had set themselves and surrendered to the inevitable—prison. Their bravado was gone.

That brief court action disposed of by their refusal of help, they were taken to District Attorney Dodd's office in Court Street, Brooklyn. There they freely admitted their guilt. They were then taken to the Poplar Street Police Station, Police Headquarters in Brooklyn, for the night. This morning their victims will be taken there to identify

them. The grand Jury also will be called upon this morning for indictments for assault and robbery.

Their admission supplemented those made after their arrest in Jacksonville and on the train coming north. Mrs. Cooney confessed they not only committed the hold-up at the National Biscuit Company office, but that they had been the mysterious pair in ten others.

She was the bobbed-hair bandit who had terrorized tradesmen in Brooklyn, who had written letters that she would return and rob them again, and kept her word in that. She was the sealskin-coat girl. She wore the famous coat yesterday, and the gray dress she wore when she entered the biscuit company office, pistol in hand.

But disillusioning truths came out that contradicted previous impressions.

Her hair is no longer bobbed and it is black and never has been any other color. It looks bobbed because she rolls it under in back. When she wanted to be a blonde she wore blonde curls over her forehead.

She is not of the flapper type and never was. She is the laundry worker she was before she sewed a pocket in the sealskin coat and "packed" an automatic in it.

Neither is she the heroine described who volunteered to take all blame to save her husband. On the contrary, Cooney, who has the build of a light heavyweight prize-fighter, declared he was the one to censure.

He proposed they become robbers, he said, that their baby, then expected, might have a chance in life. She agreed to it. They had accepted capture and were both glad it was over. She was still the stronger willed and smiled her way here. Cooney sorrowfully submitted, all his fight gone.

Mrs. Cooney was asked by a reporter for The World how she had steeled herself for the hold-ups. She only smiled and did not answer.

In the Supreme Court the Cooneys were seated in front of Justice Giegerich, before whom the writ was answerable. Sam S. Leibowitz of No. 50 Court Street, Brooklyn, stated he had been retained by Tom Cooney. He presented a letter from Cooney to his arrested brother. It read:

"Brother Ed: We have retained Counsellor Leibowitz to represent you and Celie. Do whatever he tells you. Don't worry. We will do all we can to help you. Brother Tom."

Mr. Leibowitz pleaded that the couple be taken before a magistrate immediately and arraigned, so they could be remanded to jail, and as he said, to prevent their being "sweated" by the police at Headquarters or in a station house. He asked that the couple be afforded the protection of the court. Acting District Attorney Driscoll of Manhattan objected. Justice Giegerich said the couple had been lawfully detained.

Assistant District Attorney Walsh of Brooklyn then said he understood the Cooneys did not want any counsel. Justice Giegerich decided to ask Cooney and his wife if that were so, and to put them on the stand.

Cooney was called first. He started to give his address as No. 887 Dean Street, and then changed it to No. 1099 Pacific Street, where he and his wife deserted their furniture and fled, after the biscuit company hold-up.

Asked if he desired a lawyer, he promptly said, "No sir."

"Do you object to your brother hiring a lawyer for you?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

The letter from his brother was read and he said, "I'm undecided."

Mrs. Cooney then was called and asked if she wanted counsel.

"No," she said in a clear voice. She was calm. Cooney had appeared confused.

Mrs. Cooney's answer decided the issue, so far as Justice Giegerich was concerned. The couple were bundled back into the waiting police automobile and taken to the District Attorney's office in Brooklyn.

There, to Assistant District Attorney Thomas C. Hughes, Mrs. Cooney gave her complete confession, upon which the ten separate charges were based.

The first job of the bobbed-hair bandit and her husband was Jan. 5, the last one April 1, the day they sailed for Jacksonville. Their total gains from the ten robberies

amounted to \$900, by their own confession, although the victims reported an aggregate loss of \$1,601.

"Eddie remarked to me one night how easy it was to get away with hold-ups," Mrs. Cooney was quoted by Mr. Hughes. "I agreed, and we began to think of doing it. We'd keep coming back to the idea of having a baby on \$30 a week."

Cooney and his wife set out to look the field over on several successive nights. They finally decided to rob the Roulston chain store at No. 289 Seventh Avenue.

The technique of the Roulston robbery was successful and it was followed in each theft the couple later attempted, except the National Biscuit Company one. Mrs. Cooney entered the store and asked to see some merchandise. Cooney followed, both drew their pistols and ordered, "All hands to the rear." When the cash register had been rifled they made for their car and drove off.

The Cooneys recalled two of the many notes that had been credited to them. One was left with a clerk they had just robbed in order to clear Helen Quigley, who had been arrested by the police as the bobbed-hair bandit. Mrs. Cooney insisted she did not write the note calling the detectives "a bunch of fish peddlers."

They were careful never to take money from the persons of their victims, confining their search to cash registers and stamp drawers.

"We had decided to make the biscuit company haul our last job," Cooney said. "I knew that drivers brought a lot of money into the office. Everything was going all right until Nathan Mazo, the clerk, grabbed my wife's pistol hand. She fell to the floor. I fired three times to scare Mazo. I didn't mean to hit him. I saw the money bag by a safe not twenty feet away, but I grabbed my wife's arm and we ran for it."

The couple were asked how they originated the idea of working as a pair. Mrs. Cooney answered that they were sure of each other. Cooney added he knew his wife would stick it out. Neither of them thought it was an unusual thing for a woman to have undertaken.

Cooney said he took the family arsenal of three guns to

Jacksonville because he was "afraid to leave them in Brooklyn." He thought he might get a welding job there.

Mrs. Cooney waved her hand at the camera men as she left the District Attorney's office. She had confessed and felt better. The police reserves had to be called to keep the crowd back and traffic open there.

At the police station last night Cooney's mother was permitted to see him. He embraced her, as did his wife. After she left, the bandit wife was placed in the women's cell section. Cooney went with the men.

## THE CITY SEES A BUFFALO HUNT

BY HENRY W. GRADY

(*The Oakland Tribune*, July 25)

Today's sun, squinting through the trees of Golden Gate Park, witnessed the oddest composite of buffalo hunt, panic, rodeo, hysteria, wild west show, bull fight, foot race, police stratagem, ferocity, docility and comedy that it probably has been its pleasure to witness since Adam caroled a merry roundelay to his off ox.

All this came to pass when Sinbad, the biggest bull buffalo in the park confines, discovered that freedom could be had for the mere leaning of his generous bulk against one of the fence posts. Sinbad leaned. Twenty-four fellow and sister natural curiosities followed him to liberty.

Thus it happened that moralists who live by the early-bird schedule were permitted to witness the extraordinary spectacle from the tree tops, while happier folk remained in bed and saved themselves several years' growth by sleeping through the disturbance.

First symptoms of trouble were detected at police headquarters when an hysterical voice announced over the telephone that "All the small change of Golden Gate Park was loose." This proved a mere prelude to a multitude of telephone calls to the effect that: "There's a hunchback cow on my front porch." "Come quick, they're moving the zoo and a herd of elephants has gone mad." "My husband has to be at work at 6 o'clock and a wild bull won't let him out of the house."

Sergeant Jack Sullivan of the mounted police rode with a posse of weathered and true patrolmen to engage in the only buffalo hunt since the covered wagon was a wheelbarrow.

When the hunters, armed with lariats that had not lariatied in all their fibrous careers, pikes that had done nothing but

embellish the office of the captain of the watch, staves that had never stove anything harder than a human skull, and with a bravery worthy of the wildest Comanches, arrived on the scene, the buffalo had segregated into chummy groups and were out to see the town.

With whooping and hallooing, poking and profanity, the truants were, one by one, headed back into the paddock. As each disorderly unit was impounded, another section of the Richmond population came down out of the trees and went on its way to work.

Sinbad, the ringleader of the herd, objected to the interference by outsiders and in his wrath charged a municipal street car at Twenty-seventh Avenue and Geary Street. Here an unidentified hero, the motorman of the car, with the skill of a matador put the animal to flight with a controller bar.

Mounted Policeman Claude Ireland was in danger of his life when thirty cents worth of the herd charged him at once. Quick on the draw, Policeman Ireland withdrew and brilliantly rescued himself from further danger.

By 9 o'clock all of the herd was again cropping the grass of the park within bonds.

The greatest show on earth was at an end.

## HARNEY COUNTY'S FIRST TRAIN

BY E. F. MC DERMOTT

(*Idaho Statesman*, Boise, September 25)

Burns, Ore.—Burns, a typical cow town, and one of the last western frontiers, was transformed into a lumber shipping point with the arrival Wednesday of the first train, a 13-car special, over the Crane-Burns extension of the Oregon Short Line Railway. After 40 years of dreaming, this little valley town, wooden sidewalks and all, has accomplished its desire, two lines of steel rail to accommodate steam puffing monsters. Boise, Ida., Pendleton, Baker, La Grande, Ontario and Portland, Ore., helped the citizens of Harney County celebrate their victory over the wilderness. A special train carrying some 500 citizens from Idaho and Oregon arrived in the little western village to celebrate the observance of the cattle town's realization of its dream, better transportation for cattle and the opening of a large shipping industry.

When the Idaho-Oregon special train pulled into Burns Wednesday afternoon, it was a gala crowd that extended greetings.

A cowboy band of 25 pieces struck up a lively air and Piute Indians and buckaroos in full regalia of the plains started a welcome, while citizens of the Burns country in automobiles welcomed and hauled the visitors to the site of the great celebration and roundup scheduled to open Thursday. Heavy clouds threatened to dampen the spirit of the crowd but failed. Even a cold rain, the first in the country since last February, failed to thwart the efforts of the Burns reception committee and everything went off as arranged. Piutes, dressed in tribal colors, emitting occasional yells, gave a picturesque frontier aspect to the town.

Burns, while boasting of a few brick buildings, is mostly made up of wooden structures, the kind that makes the cow-



boy feel at home; the sidewalks are of wooden planks, many of them badly worn, but withal the Boise and Oregon people, residents of cities, enjoyed the welcome and especially the big barbecue, where hundreds of pounds of beef and hundreds of loaves of bread plus thousands of cups of coffee were served at 5 o'clock Wednesday evening.

Arrival of the visitors was the signal for the outbursts of enthusiasm and the celebration was on. After a parade of Indians and cowboys, real natives of Harney County, and visitors assembled at the old wooden courthouse on the hill west of town to listen to addresses.

Cold drizzling rain sent many a shiver through the crowd of three thousand, but few left before the program was finished.

J. J. Donnegan, chairman of the day, dressed in light top overcoat, introduced speakers between puffs of a cigarette. Old and young rejoiced as they heard their town praised.

E. W. Barnes, who, with Fred Herrick, was once credited with the responsibility for bringing the railroad to Burns, was lauded by several speakers. Mr. Barnes, after obtaining Mr. Herrick's agreement to purchase the national timber land just outside of town, went to Washington, D. C., speakers said, and carried on a campaign backed by the Oregon congressional delegation, which brought in the railroad.

H. M. Adams, vice president of the Union Pacific System, a guest of the Burns people, in an address at the picturesque old courthouse, urged Oregonians to stand back of the railroad. He outlined the efforts of railroads to operate on proper schedule, post bonds for guarantee of shipping, the responsibility and large amount of taxes paid by these corporations. Mr. Adams said the completion of the Burns line was a step toward progressiveness. The vice president told his audience out of 480 miles of new construction in the last year, 162 had been in Idaho, 30 in Oregon, the Crane-Burns extension, 18 in California, 17 in Colorado, 85 in Utah, 43 in Wyoming and Nebraska, and 125 second track, the latter distributed in these states. Government ownership of railroads and interference with the supreme court and its functions as advocated by Robert M. La Follette

were strongly criticised by A. C. Spencer, general attorney for the Oregon, Washington Navigation & Railroad Company. He told his listeners that there are today 63,000 stockholders in the Union Pacific System, none holding more than two per cent of the stock.

Spencer's references condemning government ownership and changes in the supreme court, as advocated in the platform of the third party, were loudly applauded. His question, "Shall we turn the railroads, the life of the country, over to the irresponsible?" met with many cries of "No" from his audience.

Others on the program were Walter Meacham, representing the Baker Chamber of Commerce; H. J. Frunk for the Portland Chamber of Commerce; John J. Sterling, staff of the Oregon Journal; Louis Walderling, Canyon City; William Hanley, a pioneer of Burns; Dalton Biggs, circuit judge of Ontario; E. W. Barnes, of Burns; I. F. Eldredge of the national forest service, representing Col. W. B. Greeley.

Horse drawn freight wagons and the automobiles may disappear with the arrival of the big locomotive. Wooden sidewalks and buildings will soon be a thing of the past. Railroad transportation will make accessible to the Harney county seat people many things that were prohibitive, cement and brick among them, because of the high rate of auto and team transportation. Stores closed, flags were flown, the town belonged to the visitors, and all because Burns realized that it was passing from a frontier village to a city, the terminus of a railroad. Soon track will be extended into the vast forest north of town and the small cattle city boasting twelve hundred persons will be changed into a lumber shipping point.

An interesting sidelight on the Idaho-Oregon special, which left Nampa at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, was a straw vote taken on the presidential candidates by a Pullman conductor. Coolidge received 105 votes; Davis, 15; La Follette, 20, and Andy Gump was accredited with 15 votes of travelers who refused to express a preference.

The rodeo, which starts Thursday for three days, is an annual event.

## ZERO'S ARMY

(*New York Times*, December 22)

The first unemployed army in two years walked the streets of New York last night. It assembled 250 strong in St. Mark's Place and straggled along the sidewalks to Delancy and Chrystie Streets, where it entered the old building of the Camp Memorial Congregational Church, which is about to terminate its sixty-five years of existence.

The army was under the command of Urbain J. Ledoux—the Mr. Zero who sought in 1921 to auction off jobless men to the highest bidder in Bryant Park. Ledoux is at present the proprietor of "The Tub," a basement at 33 St. Mark's Place, where for a nickel he gives hungry men all they can eat.

Under good discipline, the 250 men occupied the old church peaceably last night. For the evening services, held previously, there were present the minister and a congregation of four and a half—the partial member being the boy janitor, who came up from the furnace in the basement to pad the congregation for the sermon.

Ledoux and his men stayed there last night—by permission. This permission, however, was given after they had quartered themselves on the premises in the most decisive manner and had given every evidence of a determination to remain. Two of the congregation of four and a half turned out to be trustees, who held a hurried meeting and formally ratified the status quo. Then the 250 men stretched themselves out on the pews and on the floor. The boy janitor piled on more coal and the heat poured out through the registers until the air was glassy and wobbly and Ledoux's men were taking off their coats.

Ledoux, a round, cheery man, who looks a little like Mr. Bryan and something like Mr. Pickwick, said that he had selected the Camp Memorial Church as the first objective of his campaign because of the fact that it was proposed to wind up the affairs of the church next Sunday night and

put it out of existence. He reconnoitred the place last Sunday night, revisited it during the week and found that there was not only the church proper, but a spacious basement, and in the rear an unoccupied old three-story building, a pretentious residence during the Mexican War period, but deserted recently except when the seven or eight survivors of the Camp Memorial Church held a tea or a social in it.

Mr. Ledoux did not make the facts known to the minister and the trustees last night, but he took over the old residence in the rear, as well as the church proper. After laying his plans during the week, Mr. Ledoux rallied the unemployed men last night, took a census of them and their occupations and moved on the Camp Memorial Church in a loose formation to avoid attracting the attention of the police.

They arrived at the church just after the Rev. David B. Minor had risen in his place in the pulpit and started to call attention to a text. His congregation was suddenly thinned out by about 20 per cent as one of the women moved over from the pew to the organ.

The preacher, a white-haired man, slender, tall and stately, cleared his throat and began to speak in a rich voice full of carrying power, just as if the pews and the galleries were overflowing.

"I have an announcement to make," he said. But he stopped suddenly as he saw Ledoux and his men at the door. Ledoux waited for the minister to resume and the minister waited for Ledoux's next move. Then Ledoux entered and the men filed in quietly behind him.

"I knew that you were in need of an audience. I have brought you one," said Ledoux. The minister smiled graciously. Those in the front pew stood up and looked back anxiously.

"These men heard that this church was about to close up through lack of interest and lack of a congregation, and they are anxious to come here and pray with you," said Ledoux.

"And we are very happy to have them," said Dr. Minor in a pleasant voice with a slightly surprised note in it.

The 250 brought in a distinct smell of fire with them.

They all had been warming themselves in a great bonfire of boxes out in front of "The Tub" and to get as far away from the cold as possible many had thrust themselves too close to the flames. A few looked slightly scorched and singed. The garments of most of them had absorbed large quantities of smoke and many of them had taken up a great deal of grime and soot on cheeks, foreheads and bald heads, but there was no panic.

The service—the best attended in the last twenty years' history of the church—continued as usual. The minister preached largely on the topic of the rich young man who had been directed to give away all that he had. The attention was good. Whenever a man snored, Ledoux or one of his trusted lieutenants pulled the man's hair or stepped on his toes.

At the end of the service, the second surprise for the minister took place, when it was conveyed to him that the 250 visitors intended to stay. Ledoux made this known by degrees, first calling on all those present who had walked the streets on the preceding night to stand up and be counted.

Twenty or thirty got up with alacrity. There was a whisper of "Everybody up." Soon nearly the whole 250 were on their feet.

"Have you got any place to stay tonight?" asked Ledoux.

"No," they roared.

"Any man here that's got so much as a quarter speak up."

There was a silence, and one man shouted, "If we had we wouldn't be here!"

Ledoux then told the minister of their intention of stopping there.

"As to that, I cannot give you an answer," said Dr. Minor. "That is not within my province. It is all very well to be generous with other people's property, but I have no right to turn the church over to you. However, it happens that two of the trustees are here and we'll ask them."

There was a brief conference between the trustees—a man with a shining bald head and a woman with a black

fur coat—into which an interested member of the congregation stuck an ear trumpet. The answer was, "Yes."

"I have walked the streets myself and I have carried the banner of unemployment," said the man, who was F. C. Hipps, "and I would not turn homeless men out upon the streets on a night like this."

Miss Minnie Riegensberg, the other trustee, agreed with him, and the clergyman announced the decision to Ledoux, who repeated it to the congregation.

"It was a fait accompli," said Ledoux to Dr. Minor. "I am of French extraction and Dr. Minor has lived in France, so he understands me. It was a fait accompli."

Mr. Hipps said that he and the others who belonged to the church lived out in the suburbs, at Elmhurst, Jamaica and other places, and that the entire roll of the congregation did not have more than twelve names on it.

It has been held together largely by a legacy received twenty years ago, which gave an income of about \$200 a year to the church, and the abandonment of the church will cause the legacy to revert to the Moody Bible Society of Northfield, Mass.

Trustee Hipps said that it would depend on the Congregational Mission Society whether the unemployed army could stay there after last night. Ledoux said that they would ask for permission to stay tomorrow and would stay whether the answer was yes or no.

"Unemployment is worse in New York today than it has been for twenty years," he said. "I can refer you to Father Raffert of the Holy Name Mission and others connected with missions for confirmation of that fact. This is not generally appreciated and it makes it hard for able-bodied men, because everybody believes they could obtain employment; but that is not the case. I have trudged about looking for jobs, but there are none."

Ledoux exhibited the census of his unemployed army, which showed that he had among them one or more cooks, salesmen, plasterers, longshoremen, firemen, painters, plumbers, porters, riggers, drillers, machinists, carpenters and seamen.

Ledoux said that he was able to feed them all that they

could eat for a nickel without losing any money because of his buying system.

"I feed every man, coffee, rolls and a Mulligan," he said. "I use ham fat, which I buy wholesale at a ham curing factory, and peas, beans, potatoes, carrots and beets by the sack. They can have a second or third helping of everything. They do the cooking themselves, and there is no overhead of any kind so we are able to get by without a loss."

## AN ORPHAN CITY

BY RUSSELL D. MCCORD

(*Minneapolis Journal*, March 16)

Hayward is an orphan city tonight.

Henry E. Rohlf, first citizen and "father" of Hayward, president of its First National bank, its first mayor, and leader in virtually every enterprise and institution in the town, has reported that about \$100,000 has been stolen from the bank, and that the bank now closed has failed for "about \$200,000."

Federal bank examiners have taken charge, Department of Justice operators have been called in and Rohlf, the man who has "fathered" Hayward for 20 years, has stepped aside to work out an attempt at reorganization.

City funds are gone, Sawyer county funds are gone, the school coffers are empty, city library funds have vanished and the library is to be closed.

"My conscience is clear," Rohlf told depositors. "I believed a man and he took advantage of my trust.

"Some months ago I found that something was terribly wrong at the bank. I worked it out by myself and found that there was a shortage of \$50,000 or \$60,000. The money was gone; that was sure.

"I thought I could take care of the situation and save my depositors, and went outside of Hayward for help. I got the help I wanted and came back to work my way out of the trouble.

"Then, a short time ago, I found new trouble and the shortage doubled, mounting as I checked, until it had reached about \$200,000. I couldn't take care of that much without your help, so I came to you."

Rohlf was Hayward's first mayor.

He also is city treasurer; chairman of the Sawyer county board; chairman of the Sawyer county Republican committee; supervisor of the first ward, city of Hayward; clerk



of the Hayward town free high school district; secretary-treasurer of the Sawyer county fair association; secretary-treasurer of the federal farm loan association; half owner and business manager of the Sawyer County Record, the city's only newspaper; treasurer of the Hayward Creamery association; treasurer of the Hayward Building association; president of the Rohlf Insurance company; president of the Sawyer County Abstract company.

Hayward is the town made famous years ago by John Dietz and his war at Cameron Dam, a few miles away. Once the center of a lumber industry and site of a giant sawmill, Hayward now is a dairying and summer resort center.

Within a few hours after Rohlf bared the bank's condition to depositors, federal bank examiners stepped in and closed the bank.

Hayward was stunned.

The bank is the oldest and by far the largest in Sawyer county. The failure took with it the life savings of scores of old persons, women and children.

With starvation staring them in the face, the old couples stopped their desperate planning long enough to say "Poor Henry Rohlf! How he must have suffered!" Hayward's city funds were in the bank. Taxes were paid scarcely 48 hours before the bank closed and had not been turned over to the county.

Sawyer county taxes had just been paid. The money was in the bank. The schools have no money. The library must be closed March 20 because of lack of funds. The money was in the bank.

"Poor Henry!" said city and county officials, "I feel sorry for him."

Hayward's leading church is the First Congregational church, and Rev. Robert J. Barnes, the pastor, is blind.

"I lost \$6,000 in the bank," Mr. Barnes said, "but the day Henry came to me and told me about it, I raised \$2,100 which I offered to let him have to aid in the work of reorganization."

"Poor Henry! I trust him absolutely."

Rohlf is senior trustee of the church.

"Don't forget," Mr. Barnes said, "Henry Rohlf has done more for Sawyer county than any other ten men. Two years ago, at the time of the feed shortage, he loaned \$125,000 to farmers. He saved them then; they are not going to forget it."

At the Hayward Carnegie library, Mrs. Tom Phelan, librarian, busied herself distributing books to school children.

"It's too bad to have to close the library," she said. "You know the school and its library burned down, and so this is the only place the youngsters have to get their reference books."

"They come swarming in here after school and are hurrying to get caught up on their reading before March 20, when they tell us we must close the library, because there is no more money."

She paused, then said: "Poor Henry Rohlf! It must be terribly hard for him."

A few moments later there was a flurry in the group of men gathered in front of John's soft drink bar, across the street.

"Look here," cried a youth in shaggy mackinaw and lumberjack shoe packs. He waved a sheet of paper.

It was a letter from a Chicago bank. It notified him that a loan for \$3,500, made August 27, 1923, through the First National Bank of Hayward, was due and payable February 27, 1924.

"That's a good one," he said, laughing. "Thirty-five hundred dollars. Didn't know there was that much money in the world. I never heard of this note before."

When the next mail came in other mysterious notes were disclosed—unsecured notes made out to this laborer and that—familiar figures on the curbstones along Main street.

"I don't see any names taken from tombstones in the cemetery," one said.

It was Hayward's first touch of frenzied finance.

It was the biggest sensation in the city since John Dietz fought his battle at Cameron Dam, a few miles away, and brought to Hayward a small army of newspaper correspondents.

Tonight when the clock at the bank chimed ten, Main street was deserted and the little city was asleep, except in two buildings where lights still burned.

One was at the bank, where examiners were at work searching for the solution to the mystery of "Where did the money go?"

The other lighted building was John's bar, half a block down the street.

A group of men crowded around the bar, watching a small back room where a small group sat around a table.

Farmers had driven in from all parts of Sawyer County to talk to their friend "Henry," and Rohlf, seated at the same table, talked to them, one by one.

Rohlf is a kindly, smiling man, with a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes, who is chewing nervously on some tobacco and fingering a pencil, stopping now and then to wipe his oft polished spectacles, as he outlined the plan by which he hopes to reorganize the bank.

Depositors have stood back of him almost to a man, Rohlf said.

"One hundred per cent," he said. "Well, no, there was one man who refused, but he was only a small depositor, anyway."

Rohlf said that depositors had agreed to the creation of a trust fund, and to leave 75 per cent of their savings accounts and 50 per cent of their checking accounts in the bank for five years.

In exchange for this, he has agreed to give his personal note, secured by life insurance, personal property and holdings which he values at \$200,000.

So Hayward citizens look at one another and ask "Where did the money go? I wonder how much the bank will pay?"

And every man and woman ends by saying: "Poor Henry Rohlf. I hope he comes out all right."

# RESTORATION OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE

BY D. L. HOSTETLER

(*Canton [Ohio] Repository*)

The little village of Lindentree, less than three months ago deserted and crumbling into decay, today is budding into new life, filled with activity and gifted by nature with almost unlimited possibilities.

The drowsy atmosphere of solitude and antiquity has been replaced by an air of importance. Instead of the chirp of crickets in the chinks of the weather-beaten houses, the chatter of children is heard everywhere.

Spiderwebs have been swept from doors and windows and new panes have replaced shattered window glass. The sleepy stillness is broken five days each week by the school-bell that summons more than 30 pupils to study.

The fresh spring water from surrounding hills, said by many to be the purest for miles, no longer is left to trickle down the hillside to the brook. Today it is piped to the homes of 18 families, prosperous and happy, the present population of Lindentree.

Crumbling foundations of a number of the houses have been solidly rebuilt and the structures are again in good condition. Roofs have been patched to keep out the rain; chimneys are repaired.

Beneath the surface of the 500 acres of land that lay waste for years near the village are layers of good clay, recent drillings show. Clay used in the manufacture of the highest grades of pottery is stored in thick veins, and is expected in the near future to be a factor in the development of the town.

Several veins of coal cross beneath Lindentree, and coal is handy to have when clay is being mined, it is pointed out.

All this vast change Lindentree has undergone in so short a time and all the transformation from years of quietude to its present activity was brought about as if by the touch

of some magician's wand or the overnight work of some good fairy.

When newspapers carried accounts that a Canton realtor had purchased an entire village, and that all the houses would be turned over to any families who wished to occupy them rent free for a year, it was a skeptical public that read and responded. Many asked what the joke was all about.

Hundreds of letters from all parts of the United States have come to Charles A. Kolp asking that he explain the proposition that he had propounded and announced.

"The plan is plain enough. Eighteen families have already grasped the opportunity offered and there are many more who are planning to live in Lindentree before very long," Kolp said.

Any person who comes with good recommendations can get his choice of the houses yet unoccupied. Heads of the families who live there have all found work. Some of them are employed in the vicinity of Magnolia or Sandyville, and several work in Canton. The village is within ten miles of Dover and twelve miles of New Philadelphia.

Kolp said that various sections of the country are represented by the families already there.

Some amusing letters relative to the rent free village have been received from great distances. One man desired permission to convert the village and vicinity into a health resort of national renown. He quoted figures which showed that the place would make an enormous fortune as a Mecca for health seekers.

Many negro people have written stating that the site should be turned into a religious center.

One lady, who said that she was a school teacher and author, wanted to know if there were any railroads passing through Lindentree. If there were not, and if it were a place of solitude, then she declared she wished to live in the village.

"It would in such case be an ideal place where an author could write without being molested and unstrung most of the time," she wrote. "I would like to go somewhere where relatives wouldn't be bothering a person," she continued.

And so, Lindentree, renowned for the offer to live there without paying rent, is attracting attention. It is a haven of refuge from landlords. Who knows what its ultimate history will be?

Already a new brick plant is being built within a short distance of the village. At present there are three in operation within two miles of Lindentree. The first layer of coal has been opened, and a shaft run to the second layer. There are six coal mines in the vicinity of the town.

## THE UNINVITED GUESTS

BY JOHN P. COWAN AND EARLE WAUGH, ASSISTED  
BY COPY READER JOHN J. WARD

*(Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, January 6)*

Two robbers, posing as gas meter readers, gained entrance to the home of Lawrence E. Sands, 5575 Aylesboro avenue, president of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh, at 7.45 o'clock this morning, held up the entire family, compelled Mr. Sands to telephone the bank for \$20,000 under penalty of carrying away Mrs. Sands, then shot and slightly wounded Capt. John W. Sands, aged 35 years, son of the banker, when the younger man tried to escape from the house to summon aid.

The firing of the shots attracted attention in the neighborhood and caused the robbers to flee. They ran to an automobile, with a hired driver, left standing in Wightman street, and compelled him to speed to Craft avenue and Forbes street, where they alighted, and after paying the driver \$10, boarded a taxicab and escaped.

No valuables were taken from the Sands home, as far as could be learned, except \$9 in cash taken from Mrs. Sands' bill fold.

Capt. Sands, who was shot on the left side under the heart, was the target of five shots as he tried to dart out the front door, but is believed not to be seriously wounded. He is receiving medical attention in the Sands home. The attempted escape of the younger Sands and the shooting occurred while the robbers were waiting for the money to be brought from the bank to the home.

Five minutes after the robbers had fled police of the Squirrel Hill station swooped down on the Sands home. A maid employed at the home of H. B. Chess, Jr., 5567 Aylesboro avenue, had telephoned to the bank telling employees that something was wrong at the Sands home. This, coupled with suspicions aroused at the bank by the

telephone messages of Mr. Sands, resulted in the police being notified, while the holdup men were still waiting. They would have been trapped in a few minutes had not Capt. Sands sought to escape.

The entire detective force at once began scouring the city for trace of the audacious highwaymen, but several hours after the holdup had obtained nothing more than a good description of the men.

The two robbers, according to the information at the office of Inspector of Detectives John W. Barry, hired a closed automobile shortly after 7 o'clock this morning from Andrew Garavini, who conducts a cab stand at the William Penn Hotel. C. D. Rodgers, aged 28 years, a chauffeur, was detailed to take the two men to their destination.

Rodgers was requested to drive the men to Wightman street, about half a block south of Aylesboro avenue, where he stopped the car and the two passengers alighted.

While Rodgers sat waiting in the car, the two men proceeded to the Sands home. Walking coolly up the front steps, the larger of the two, a man nearly six feet tall, rang the door-bell. James Lawson, the butler, answered the door.

"We're gas men and want to see the meter," said the leader of the two.

The butler admitted the two men, and they went to the cellar, accompanied by Lawson.

No sooner had the three reached the basement than the two robbers drew handcuffs and clasped them on the hands of the astonished butler. "Keep your mouth shut," they commanded him. Then they marched him to the dining room on the first floor.

While the smaller of the robbers stood guard over the handcuffed butler the other made a round-up of members of the family and servants. Soon Mrs. Sands and two girl servants were sitting in the dining room along with the butler under cover of an automatic pistol.

Going to the second floor the tall thug found Mr. Sands arising from bed.

According to Mr. Sands, one of the robbers, a rather well educated man, came to the head of the stairs on the



second floor and flashing a badge stated that he was a police officer and that as a man was found dead in the cellar of the home all members of the family and servants must be lined up and questioned.

Mr. Sands obeyed and called Mrs. Sands, his son, Capt. John W. Sands, a granddaughter, and two Negro maids. All followed the stranger to the foot of the stairs in single file. When they reached the reception hall the pseudo-detective turned and with a vigorous but still a graceful air, he whipped a revolver from his pocket and commanded the members of the family to halt and keep silent. Those of the household then realized the nature of the visitor's mission.

"Ladies and gentlemen, be seated," said the tall stranger as he courteously moved the best chair forward for Mrs. Sands. All took seats. The tall man in his soft, mellow voice with its educated accents continued:

"I have a matter of grave importance to discuss with you. You realize what I want here. I am no piker and I want money.

"I am not a small man nor will I insult your dignity, Mr. Sands, by asking you to trouble yourself for a meager amount. Yes," and he smiled with a satisfied air as he named the sum—"we are asking you for \$50,000."

The robber paused as if proud of himself and his ideas of big business even in robbery. "Money," he said, "is not of much consequence to me alone. I have thousands of dollars in my pocket at this moment, but now will you kindly tell me whom you would call at the bank and ask that the cash be sent out by a messenger?"

Mr. Sands mentioned the name of one of the high officials of the bank. The robber shook his head. Several other officials were named, but each time the man declined the proffered name. Finally Mr. Sands mentioned C. C. Taylor, cashier of the bank.

"Yes; very good. He will do," said the robber. "You go to the telephone and call Mr. Taylor. Speak in a natural tone of voice; let there be no quaver in it and be careful not to let yourself become agitated."

The bank president explained that it was not likely that

Mr. Taylor would be found at his office at such an early hour in the morning. The clock in the hall at that moment indicated a few minutes of 9 o'clock.

"Call the bank then and say that you are ill and will not be at your office today," commanded the robber.

The call was made and the message delivered. Mr. Sands was complimented for his coolness. Then they waited. In the half hour that passed the shabbily dressed robber stood beside the handcuffed butler, who squirmed about in his seat. Paying no attention to his confederate, the well dressed robber addressed himself to conversation with the members of the family and discussed various measures for getting the money and also what would happen if the cash were not forthcoming. Once or twice the coolness of Mr. Sands nonplussed the suave stranger.

"Boys, it's getting late," said Mr. Sands. "I have not had breakfast. While we are waiting to call the bank, may I not invite you to have a bite of breakfast with me?"

"No, thanks," answered the tall man. "Ours is not a social call. Soon it will be time to start the funds out from the bank."

Mrs. Sands, frightened and nervous, complained of being chilly. Mr. Sands asked if one of the maids might not go to the second floor and bring her a wrap.

"Certainly," replied the chief, "we do not desire to cause the ladies any hardship in the transaction of this little piece of business," and the shabbily dressed partner was ordered to accompany one of the maids after the desired garment.

"We are prepared for every emergency," said the robber when conversation was resumed. "If the money is not forthcoming we shall take Mrs. Sands, bind and gag her and take her in our car to our cabin in a secluded spot where she will be kept until an adequate ransom is paid."

It was now time to call the bank for the money. The robber explained that some difficulty might be encountered in gathering up \$50,000 in cash on a moment's notice and told Mr. Sands to telephone for \$20,000 to be brought by a messenger at once. C. C. Taylor, cashier, answered Mr. Sands' call. He grew suspicious when Mr. Sands asked for the money and began a rapid fire of questions. Mr. Sands

could not answer these and an embarrassing moment approached.

Capt. Sands at this point sprang from his chair, darted behind the tall man and fled out of the front door. As quick as a flash the shabbily dressed man raised his revolver and opened fire, following Capt. Sands through the door. Four shots were fired in rapid succession. One of the bullets struck Capt. Sands in the left abdomen, inflicting a deep flesh wound, and he staggered against the house.

The robber who had done the shooting continued across the lawn and in scaling a fence his coat caught on a paling and he was thrown sprawling on the snowy pavement. On his heels followed the tall man, who knew that the shooting would spread the alarm. Both ran a short distance, boarded their car and dashed away.

Capt. Sands ran to the home of Morton H. Herzog, 5551 Aylesboro avenue, and from there notified the police of the holdup. Dr. Jacob Wolf of the Hotel Schenley, who was on a call at the Herzog home, accompanied Capt. Sands and assisted him to bed. Dr. C. L. Bixler also was called. They pronounced the wounded man in no immediate danger.

Capt. Sands served with the headquarters company of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry in France during the World War, and throughout the Argonne campaign he escaped unscathed. He was cheerful when he was placed in bed by physicians and recalled the irony of his war service without injury while he was struck by one of the robber's first bullets. Capt. Sands makes his home with his parents.

A. Rex Flinn, who lives across the street from the Sands residence, was about to depart for his office when he heard the shooting and saw the men running from the house. He went to the assistance of Capt. Sands and then turned in pursuit of the robbers, but their car had then disappeared.

Bishop Alexander Mann was among the first callers at the Sands home following the holdup, having been called to the bedside of Capt. Sands. The wounded man was reported resting easily at noon, and physicians said they were hopeful of his early recovery.

At the bank shortly after the holdup, it was said that Mr. Sands had called over the telephone and told F. F. Brooks, vice president, he would not be at his office this morning.

A few minutes later a telephone message was received from Mr. Sands by C. C. Taylor, cashier.

"I will not be in this morning," said Mr. Sands. "I wish you would send \$20,000 out right away in fives, tens and twenties. This is very urgent."

Taylor heard the click of the receiver as the man at the other end had hung up, little dreaming that the latter was talking while a gun was pointed at his head.

Brooks and Taylor, however, suspected something was wrong and conferred. A few minutes later a call was received from a young woman employed in a home near the Sands residence, saying that "Something was wrong at the Sands home."

Upon receiving this message Taylor at once notified the police and dispatched the bank detectives to the Sands home in an automobile. The police operator immediately called the Squirrel Hill station, Northumberland street, near Shady avenue, saying there was a holdup at Wightman street and Aylesboro avenue, probably near the home of Mr. Sands.

Lieut. John Dye and Motorcycle Patrolman Edward James, in the latter's motorcycle, and a patrol load of policemen sped to the scene and seeing no evidence of robbery along the street at once entered the Sands home. A few minutes later an automobile load of detectives arrived.

Upon learning that the robbers had fled, Motorcycle Patrolman James and Lieut. Dye scoured the entire district from Homestead to Edgewood, after receiving a report that the robbers had fled toward Homestead, but found no trace of the fugitives.

About 9.30 o'clock Chauffeur Rodgers, driver of the robbers' car, appeared at detective headquarters and told his story.

According to Rodgers, he kept his car in Wightman Street for more than an hour and was getting impatient for his "fares" to return, when the two men came running toward his car.

Leaping aboard, one of the men held a revolver at his head and snarled: "Now drive like h——."

Rodgers, following directions, drove full speed down Wightman street to Forbes street and along Forbes toward downtown.

At Craft avenue and Forbes street where a taxicab parking station is located the men told Rodgers to stop.

Alighting, one of the men handed Rodgers two \$5 bills and bade him continue on his way. The men then, according to information obtained by the detectives, entered separate cabs and sped away. Rodgers drove his car to the City-County Building.

Mr. Sands, who is president of Laymen's League of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Pittsburgh diocese, had recently returned from a trip abroad and had made a report at a meeting of the organization. He is aged 66 years.

After the robbers had fled, a package which they had left behind was noticed on the dining room table. It was found to contain a coil of rope, several handkerchiefs and turkish towels, brought along, police believe, to be used in gagging and binding members of the family should it have been found necessary.

The robbers, after alighting from the big automobile which had carried them from the Sands home to Craft avenue and Forbes street, boarded separate taxicabs. Thus No. 1 ordered his driver to take him to the Pennsylvania Station, and while en route downtown changed the order for destination and said Canonsburg. When the cab reached Oliver avenue and Grant street he rapped on the window and stopped the cab. Paying the driver \$1 he alighted.

The second robber upon entering the cab ordered that he be taken to Finleyville. He stopped the cab at Sixth avenue and Grant street and paying the driver \$1, dismissed him.

When the police learned these facts they began a search of the downtown section.

A description of the two men as furnished to the police follows:

No. 1—Aged 35 to 40 years; 5 feet 10 or 11 inches tall;

weight about 190 pounds; roman nose; wearing a dark overcoat and brown hat.

No. 2—Aged 23 to 25 years; 5 feet 9 to 10 inches tall; 150 to 160 pounds; mole on left cheek; grey cap and tan overcoat; very dirty looking.

That the two robbers loitered at Aylesboro avenue and Wightman street for some time prior to the robbery is the belief of the police.

## THE FARMER-BOY BANDITS

BY WILLIAM R. MINER

(*The St. Louis Star*, May 3)

Fred Moore, Jr., and Jack Thompson sat in the tall grass back of the barn on the Moore farm yesterday morning, Moore listening while Thompson told him how easy it would be to hold up the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank at Festus, Mo., a mile away.

Nobody would suspect a couple of young farmhands, they thought. It was always the big city crooks that did a thing like that. Moore's father, a deputy sheriff, had a .38-caliber automatic pistol. They would take that, they planned.

"Ought to have another gun," one of them remarked, "and an automobile."

Miles Reed, who lived near by, had a flivver. Luck was with the boys when Mrs. Moore asked Thompson to go to town and get a dress for her. Thompson is the son of Mrs. Moore by a former marriage and Moore is the son of the deputy sheriff by a former marriage.

Reed lent them the flivver so that they might go after the dress.

"Got a gun?" Thompson asked him.

"You don't need a gun to get a dress, do you?" Reed asked.

"No," Moore answered, "but we're going fishing afterwards. Fish are coming big this year. We'd like to borrow your automatic."

Reed lent them the pistol.

Moore, from his cell in jail at Hillsboro, told his story to a reporter last night.

"We weren't drunk," he said. "They tell me some people think so. I was sober, that's sure."

"How long had you planned doing this?" the reporter asked.

"No time at all, just that day," Moore answered, his words difficult to understand because of a hare lip.

"How were you going to make your get-away?"

"Get-away? Aw, we weren't going to do anything like that. We wanted the money. I've got a girl, you know, and money always comes in handy. But we weren't going to get away at all. I was going to stay on the place.

"Why, when I was arrested I was driving right back to the bank. We had a kinda slick scheme, but it didn't work. You see, we were going to hunt bandits like hell right after we put the money away.

"Nobody would think we held up the bank. My dad's a deputy, and Jack's father, his mother's first husband, was constable of Crystal City. We'd just call anybody that identified us a liar. We'd tell them they had silica sand in their eyes.

"Everybody knows it's the crooks from the cities that usually rob banks, not the folks where the bank is. But I guess some of those fellows have got it down a little better.

"Thompson is to blame, he urged me."

Thompson was reared in Festus and Crystal City, but came to St. Louis some time ago. During his stay here he associated with members of the Cuckoo gang, according to Sheriff Brady of Jefferson County. He has been home only three weeks.

"I wanted the money," was his only comment on the robbery.

He refused to have his picture taken, saying that he had never been photographed in his life and would not begin now. He is 33 years old, heavy set and ruddy faced, and wore a pair of brown overalls.

As a reporter talked with Thompson, Sheriff Brady entered with three of his deputies. Thompson and Moore had designated a place where they said they hid the money, but a search by the sheriffs had failed to locate it.

"Just where did you say that money was?" the sheriff said.

"It's in the big tree, near the corner of the fence, right where the Ku Klux Klan was going to have their picnic tomorrow." Thompson answered.



Thompson was handcuffed to a deputy, and equipped with flashlights the party started out on its midnight treasure hunt through the hollow trees of the 100-acre Moore farm. A total of \$7,218 was taken from the bank. Of this \$755 was found on Thompson when he was arrested.

Thompson was unable to locate the tree marker in the dark and the night search failed. This morning Sheriff Brady renewed his search and found the money.

Moore, the father, came to the door of his farmhouse and invited a reporter in just after milking time last night.

"They say your boy held up the bank. Did he?" the reporter asked.

"Yes, I guess they are about right," Moore, a big man, answered, his lips trembling. "He and Jack just went and did it. Freddy was never in any trouble before. This is an awful blow for an honest man."

Mrs. Moore, the mother of Thompson, sat on the bed in a blue calico dress and sunbonnet. "It's so terrible for me, and for father," she said, weeping. "Why don't boys ever think of that. But he's my son. I guess I'll get busy now, baking him a nice cake to take up to the jail."

Thompson's sister, who was present, declared that both men visited her at her home at Crystal City 30 minutes before the holdup.

"Jack came in, and I said, 'Where's Ruke?' because we always call Fred 'Ruke,'" she said. "Jack said, 'He's out in the car with a couple under his belt. He doesn't want you to see him when he's that way.'"

"I said, 'I guess that you have got more than two under your own belt, Jack,' but he just laughed and went out."

The story of the holdup and capture was related to reporters by William L. Townsend, cashier of the bank, and by members of the posse organized to catch the robbers.

"I was waiting on Jake Zimmer a little before noon," Townsend said, "when the door opened and a man whom I did not know walked in. He said nothing, just stood inside the door, and I thought that he was waiting for me to get through."

"Louise Beyers, one of the girls employed here, had just

gone to lunch. Helen Guthrel, another clerk, was in my office working on some books.

"The door opened for the second time, and Freddy Moore came in. Now, I've known Freddy and his folks for years. I said, 'Hello, Freddy,' and turned to work again. He stood inside the door, looking around, without a word or a gun, or anything.

Then suddenly the other man who had been standing near the window, drew a gun and said, 'Stick 'em up.' Freddy started putting a white handkerchief over his face then, and tugging at a gun in his pocket.

"The other robber tried to make Jake Zimmer hop over a partition, but he couldn't make it, so I opened a gate and let Jake back with us. 'Open the safe,' 'Get that girl out here,' 'Sit down on the floor,' 'Get in the vault,' 'Keep still,' the bandit ordered.

"The door of the bank opened about this time, and Frank Walz started in. Freddy has a hare lip, you know, and when he shoved his pistol into Frank's stomach he shouted something that sounded like, 'Stink mump.'

"Frank thought it was a joke, but he changed his mind and came back and sat down on the floor with us. The other robber was going through drawers gathering up money. I argued with him all the time, telling him that Walz and Zimmer knew him and Freddy well, and that I knew Freddy like a son.

"Then the door opened again and old lady Diedrich started in. 'Stink mump,' Freddy hollered at her, and poked his pistol at her.

"He poked her too hard and she went over backwards. She fell clear down the steps, out into the street, and ran down Main Street yelling, 'Freddy's robbing the bank.'

"Carol Byrd was over across the street—he's constable and wants to be sheriff—and he came over right away. The robbers ran up Mill street after they left the bank.

"I went down right away and swore out a warrant saying that 'Fred Moore and Jack Thompson on this day did unlawfully and feloniously rob the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Festus, stealing and taking therefrom between the sums of six and seven thousand dollars.'"

Byrd organized a posse, and the town went hunting for the bandits. As Byrd drove out toward the Moore farm he met Fred Moore driving back toward the bank. Moore denied any part in the robbery. Byrd searched the car, but found nothing except a locket with a picture of Moore's girl, which he wore around his neck.

Two business men from the town found Thompson sitting behind the barn on the Moore farm. He feigned sleep. They woke him and told him that they were looking for two bank bandits. He said his name was Jack Vincent.

"In hunting bank bandits you ought to close all the roads," he told them. "And every honest man ought to join in a thing like this. I'll go right in and start calling up places along the road." And he started toward the house.

But he did not go into the house, and that aroused the suspicions of the two men, who began to search him. In his shirt he had \$755, mostly in \$5 bills. He said that it was his own money. He was then arrested.

Automobiles filled with Festus young men and boys started out along the road toward Hillsboro to search every clump of weeds for the money, since the two robbers refused to tell where it was hidden. It was insured.

## THE ESCAPE OF DELL HANLON

BY ROY HUMPHREYS

(*Denver Post*, April 25)

"Don't chirp! We're going away from here!"

With this warning whisper, William Dahlihunt, alias "Slippery Dell" Hanlon, wiggled through a partly opened door in the county jail at 6.30 o'clock Thursday evening and shoved a glistening .45-caliber revolver into the stomach of Guard A. E. Hutchings.

"Don't breathe!" spoke Hanlon, "or you're a goner!"

Then, with a wolfish grin on his lean face, "Slippery" jerked the ring of jail keys from the guard's arm.

Four minutes later "Slippery," with thirteen other prisoners at his heels, slipped through the outer doors of the jail and vanished into the blizzard, leaving three jail guards locked in cells in the jail.

Friday, with the law in full cry all over the Rocky Mountain district, "Slippery" and his jailbreakers with one exception were still at large, battling the storm and heavy odds somewhere, it is believed, beyond Limon, Colo., near the Kansas state line. Mike Quintana, one of the men who escaped with the pack, gave himself up later in the evening.

Hanlon, when he made good his oft-repeated boast that he would escape, took with him his two erstwhile pals, Herman V. Herbert and Thomas Edwards. The other eleven jailbirds that tagged out at Hanlon's heels were lesser fry—stickup artists, burglars, firebugs and bootleggers.

At midnight a sheriff's posse, near Limon, was trailing a car believed to contain Hanlon and three of the men.

At midnight, too, a Denver taxi driver had reported that he took one of the escaped prisoners to Castle Rock Thursday night.

After the jailbreak, police rushed to the jail, but the prisoners had long since vanished into the whirling snow.

Orders for every policeman in town were broadcast and all members of the department went on duty.

Ruth Harris, the alleged wife of Herbert, was arrested and locked up, as was Charles Haas, another pal of the escaped leader. Clara Fendbow, found with the Harris girl, was arrested, likewise, and later police took into custody A. Straface, 26 years old, at Nineteenth and Arapahoe—a frequent visitor of Hanlon's at the jail.

At 6.30 o'clock, while but one guard was in the great rotunda of the county jail, a voice sang out from the lower south ward, where the most desperate of the prisoners are confined.

"South lower!" came the cry.

Hutchings, the guard, got up out of his chair and went toward the grilling plucking his south lower key from the bunch.

"Just a minute!" he answered.

Ralph Oldham, held as a counterfeiter, stood just inside the iron bars of the south lower, with a dish in his hand.

"Here's a dish!" said Oldham.

It is customary to release a prisoner from the tier when he has something to hand to the guard in the lobby, such as a plate, a note, or something that should go to the jail office.

"All right!" said Hutchings.

Hutchings released the great lock that bars south lower and let Oldham out into the areaway. Then Hutchings shot the bolt back and thought, he said later, that the bolt went home.

A moment later Hutchings, suspecting nothing, unlocked the areaway door opening into the main lobby.

"Here," began Oldham, holding out the plate.

At that moment a form pounced out from behind Oldham, and the next minute "Slippery Dell" Hanlon was grinning into the face of the surprised guard, a revolver in

"Don't chirp!" ordered Hanlon.  
the guard's ribs.

Then, slipping through the door, Hanlon brought the

guard around to face toward the rotunda, and at that instant another gun was poked into the guard's back from the areaway.

"We're going away from here," said "Slippery," still holding the gun to Hutchings' stomach, "and if you holler we'll pump you full of lead—better keep quiet!"

Oldham, who had been shoved aside by Hanlon, cowered in the areaway, seemingly dazed by the turn of events.

But not so the other south lower prisoners. Indian fashion and with the redman's stealth, they skipped like shadows past the helpless guard and "Slippery," and scattered in the rotunda.

Each man, it seemed, had a definite task outlined for him.

Thomas Edwards, one of "Slippery's" trusted lieutenants, and convicted with "Slippery" of the robbery of the Powerine filling station at Fourteenth street and Tremont place, ran to the right—a gun in his hand and grim determination on his face.

"Up! Up with them!" he hissed.

Two trusties—Jim de Rose and Ralph Smaldone—quickly put up their hands at sight of Edwards' revolver.

Herman Herbert, charged with Hanlon with the robbery of the Piggly-Wiggly collector at East Colfax and Adams street, ran to the left and pointed a revolver at Jackie Taylor, a youthful trusty who operates the jail elevator.

"Stick 'em up!" grunted Herbert.

Taylor obeyed at once.

Meantime Hanlon took the key ring from Guard Hutchings' cold hand. "Slippery" laughed at the guard's terror.

"Don't breathe!" snapped "Slippery," sarcastically, and Hutchings' hair spiraled under his jail cap.

"This way!" ordered "Slippery."

Then, backed by Charles Errigo, "Slippery" unlocked the door leading into the jail office.

Poking their guns in ahead of them, "Slippery" and Errigo stepped into the office.

Harry Livingston, captain of the guards and acting warden, was eating lunch with George Connelly, another guard.

They looked up at the sound of the click of the lock, thinking Hutchings was returning with the plate.

But they looked into the guns of the jailbreakers.

"What——" stammered Livingston, half out of his chair.

"Not a squeak!" ordered "Slippery," favoring Livingston with a wicked grin. "You boys come this way—if you please!"

Livingston and Connelly, covered by two guns, had no choice but to obey, whether it pleased them or not. They marched out into the lobby, where Joe Russo, another alleged highwayman, and wielder of the fifth smuggled revolver, had Hutchings waiting.

"This way!" said "Slippery," coolly, and as he walked past Livingston he snatched the guard captain's keys.

Unlocking the great steel door in the west wing, "Slippery" bowed and indicated that the three guards, Hutchings, Livingston and Connelly, should file through. They did.

Then, still cool and smiling, Hanlon locked them in.

By this time pandemonium ruled the jail. Prisoners in the other tiers were rattling on the bars, cursing or shouting to their more fortunate companions in the lobby to liberate them.

"Let us out!"

"We'll go with you!"

"Give us those keys!"

But the fifteen men in the lobby were well organized. They paid not the slightest heed to the shouts of the other prisoners, nor to the angry yells of the three imprisoned guards.

"Slippery" stalked out into the jail office.

At his heels his four lieutenants, all armed, followed—Herman Herbert, Thomas Edwards, Joe Russo and Charles Errigo.

"Slippery" halted his conquering force just inside the office. Then he went to the warden's desk and opened the top drawer and took out the big iron key that unlocks the outer door.

Then "Slippery" turned and glanced back into the dark lobby of the jail, as if to fix the scene in his memory.

"All right—c'mon!" he snapped tartly, whipping around from his reveries and jerking open the last door between the jailbird army and liberty.

Then, still in Indian fashion, single file, the escaping prisoners stepped out the door, into the whirling snow flurries.

"Hanlon's gone," said Livingston, watching.

"There goes Edwards!" said Connelly.

"And there goes Herbert!" said Hutchings.

Meantime the racket in the jail was deafening. The other prisoners, some of whom had reached the lobby through the open doors of the south lower ward, were balked in further progress because, somehow, the door from the lobby to the office had slammed shut and locked.

Livingston ran to the west windows of the west ward.

Across the street, on Kalamath, four men were leaping into a big closed car. Livingston, his vision blinded by the storm, believes that was his last view of "Slippery" and three of his lieutenants. What became of the fifth armed man and sub-leader of the jailbird expeditionary column—nobody knows.

Livingston cupped his hands and shouted out onto the street, hoping to attract the attention of neighbors.

Meantime, Mrs. Jennie Ray, the matron, had heard the uproar.

Grabbing up her skirts, she headed for the stairway, leading to the main jail lobby, but a girl prisoner cried out to her:

"They've got guns; they'll kill you!"

Mrs. Ray tossed her head. Below, in the inferno of babble, something was happening, and she had her fears. She ran down the stairs, to find the lobby full of milling prisoners, who parted like an angry sea to let her pass—

"Let us out, lady!" they begged.

"No, boys," said Mrs. Ray, firmly, "I can't do that—where are the guards? Tell me where the guards are—"

A burly Negro clutched her arm.

"See, over there!" he exulted, pointing towards the west wing. "Dar they is! An' don't they look pretty, though?"

Jerking away from the Negro, Mrs. Ray ran to the west



wing and unlocked the door, freeing Livingston, Connelly and Hutchings.

"The police!" gasped Livingston.

Joe Ray, Mrs. Ray's son, telephoned the police station, and when Patrolmen Jordan and McDonald arrived they found Mrs. Ray and the three guards just inside the lobby grilling. The police unlocked the door and liberated the guards.

General orders went out, and all available officers scurried to the vicinity of the jail, but the prisoners had disappeared.

Meantime, upstairs, in the matron's quarters, Mrs. Ruth Cameron, wife of one of the men who escaped, saw him running through the storm. She fainted at the sight.

While police riot squads gathered and then radiated out from the jail in every direction, ordered to "shoot to kill," the police operators at city hall headquarters called all near-by towns and warned sheriffs within a radius of 300 miles.

The radio was called into play to broadcast the alarm.

Robert Maiden, investigator for the district attorney, heard the alarm and, equipping himself with a rifle, rushed to the Golden road, which he patrolled in the storm for an hour, but without bagging a prisoner—none went that way, it seemed.

The word of the jail delivery put police headquarters on its toes. Chief Candish, rushing up and down the corridor, distributed exclamations as he bumped into this officer and that, and green coppers, handling the sawed-off riot guns for the first time, threw the old heads into consternation. Deputy Chief of Police Rugg Williams and Captain of Detectives Washington Rinker set about to organize an efficient man hunt.

Mayor Stapleton and Manager of Safety Reuben Hershey reached the county jail soon after the "break."

"I cannot understand," said Hershey, during the height of the excitement after the break, "where they got the guns!"

Five guns, at least, were in the hands of the prisoners.

"A rigid investigation will be made," said Hershey.

Mayor Stapleton was more positive in his statements.

"This occurs at a very inopportune time," he cried, as he heard the details of the "break."

"Tell me how it happened!" he said to Hutchings.

But Hutchings couldn't tell him—that is, not very succinctly.

"Gosh, man!" he exclaimed, "it all happened so quick I can't figure out just how they did do it."

"If Friday's efforts fail to capture the escaped prisoners, rewards will be offered," Manager of Safety Hershey said.

He did not name the amounts of the possible rewards.

## THE DEATH OF FRANKIE JEROME

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

(Syndicated by the *United News*, January 18)

New York.—A yellow-haired kid with a mashed nose and scalloped lips dipped his fingers in the holy water fount of St. Jerome's Church, crossed himself with the fist that killed Frankie Jerome and went to his knees on the cold marble to pray, when all that was left of the little fellow was wheeled up the aisle to the altar yesterday for the funeral mass that preceded the journey to the grave.

Bud Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., had been very happy for a moment last Friday night when he realized that he had been the first one to knock out the "Bronx Spider." As he bent his towsled head in a shadowy corner of the big church he wished to God he hadn't been the one to do it.

The church was full of people, most of them prizefighters, managers, bottle-holders and ring-siders, and a lot of them had not been to church in so long a time that all they recollected about the procedure was that a fellow is supposed to take off his boiler and kneel down.

John Doherty and Mrs. Doherty, the father and mother of Frankie, were in a front pew with the little widow and her baby girl. Outside the church, the police reserves were handling a crowd of Frankie's friends.

On the night that Frankie dropped Jack Kid Wolfe seven times in one round at the Velodrome, equalling a record that Jack Dempsey achieved at the expense of Jess Willard, these friends had raised a roar that drowned the rattle of the L and the croupy whooping of the tug whistles in the Harlem River near by. Now they were as silent as they had been noisy and the stillness was a tribute to the "Spider," just as the racket had been on that long-ago summer night.

Nine big open automobiles wheeled into file, burgeoning with flowers as the bearers came down the steps with Frankie on their shoulders. It took a long time to get the procession under way because there were sixty-five carriages in the line. It seemed that all the Bronx was going to the end of the journey with the "Spider," the boy who fought in the Great War before he was 21 and fought till his body was worn out in the ring.

Father Ryan got out of his vestments and into his clerical black in time to get aboard the last hack in the procession and lurch over the humpy roads of the Bronx to the cemetery, where he dribbled a handful of loam over the brink of the unfathomable abyss. It thumped on the box that contained the spindling kid.

Father Ryan didn't blame himself at all. He was the one who had first taught Frankie Doherty to turn his thumbs out and his knuckles up and to hit straight with all the drive of his body and character behind every blow. Frankie had been "one of the kids who fooled around the basement of St. Jerome's" about eight years ago, and Father Ryan had tied the first laces about the bony wrists of the bellicose acolyte for a slam-bang bout in the cellar of the church where the altar boys still maul one another for the fun of fighting.

Being a bit of a handy man in a fight himself, Father Ryan taught Frankie how to roll with a punch, how to upset a right swing with a left stab to the shoulder, and how to swing in with a right cross to the nubbin of the chin while his man was off keel. He taught Frankie the rudiments of the business and Billy Gibson when he took hold of the boy as a professional, had Benny Leonard teach him the rest.

"The boy is dead," Father Ryan said, when the carriages had rumbled back over the bridge. "He led a good life. He married a good wife and he was as good as his marriage vows. I wish all men were as good as Frankie Jerome was. There'd be no need of preachers, then. Green be his memory. A square shooter was Frankie Doherty."

## "HYLAN'S FOLLY"

BY HENRY BECKETT AND RUSSELL M. CROUSE

*(New York Evening Post, June 2)*

The searching light of publicity which has fallen upon the city-built Roman stairway on Washington Heights that starts in refuse and leads to thin air and nothing more, today threw its flame upon New York's strangest community, dwelling in the group of shanties that lie at the foot of the \$91,000 architectural enigma, which is called "Hylan's Folly."

Here, side by side, live yesterday and today.

Yesterday is in the person of Mrs. Mary Dolock. She does not know how old she is and her bent figure and furrowed face defy estimates.

She looks down upon the Hall of Fame, the Twentieth Century Limited, and Yankee Stadium, and yet she does not know what a telephone is. Electric lights she considers a neighbor's trick of magic. The radio, to her superstitious mind is more than that. It's black magic. She talks of it in whispers.

Today lives next door. He is Paul Dolock, her brother-in-law. He has two automobiles, a rose garden with a bit of Grecian statuary in it, his own electric light plant, and a radio. He isn't a step behind the calendar. In fact he is far in advance of the stairway that rises majestically at the rear of his home to—nowhere.

Add to these strange contrasts Tony Salvaggi's family, with goats for milk and a patch of woodland equal to any English squire's, and Miss Susie Bisztricke, who bathes in the water that bubbles from a spring, and, fresh as the morning air, trudges off to high school, and you'll agree with Patrolman Martin Connolly, who walks the beat, that here is a curious cross-section of this old cosmos.

Across the gulf lies The Bronx, with its Grand Con-

course, but no Roman stairway. Its modern apartments rent for thousands. The shacks which house the strange community cost their residents \$5 a month, paid to the city that built the stairs.

The one-story frame house in which Mrs. Dolock lives with her husband, Joe, a watchman, lies half way down the bluff from West 184th Street to the shore speedway. It looks as though it had been toppled over the edge and had rolled down, until caught by a snag.

It sags in the middle and slumps at the corners. It is partly buried by boxes, barrels and garbage. The latter includes grapeskins, dumped from the top of the hill, evidently by bootleggers. Fermenting in the sun they fill the air with an unripe odor.

The shack does not seem able to withstand a sturdy knock at the door, on which is painted a red numeral "2," but it did. Mrs. Dolock, old and odd, appeared.

"I been here since before city he come take," she said. "I rent here long time." She explained that twenty-nine years ago the place had belonged to a man named Fullom and that later the city had bought it for park purposes.

It was when Mrs. Dolock was asked about her neighboring brother-in-law that she fell to confidential whispers. He, too, paid \$5 a month rent, she said, but he owned other houses and had two automobiles. He was mysterious, too.

"He gets voices from all over—in the middle of the night," she said, her hand cupped to mute even her whispered tone.

"You mean he has a radio?"

She did not know the term.

"Can that tell what you think?"

"No—it's not as bad as that."

"Well, Paul Dolock, he tell. He know how much money you got in the house, what you do—everything!" Mrs. Dolock shook her head in bewilderment.

She grew more confidential. She told of how he could press a button and make light. Even in his pigeon house he could make light. And once he gave her a small piece of metal to hold and needles went all through her.

She shuddered as though she had dealt with the "Diabolical Ray," over which nations now are fighting.

All the mystery was easily cleared by Mrs. Paul Dolock. To reach her home is no small task. One descends the city's impressive but futile staircase, crawls through a fence and walks a narrow plank, treacherous if covered with ice in winter.

The first greeting is: "Every day we are getting better and better," painted on the pigeon house in red.

The Paul Dolock home is a more sprightly structure. It is airy and light. In a living room there are canaries and goldfinches in cages and a bowl of goldfish.

Mrs. Dolock was hospitable. The mysterious manner in which her husband "made light" was easily explained. Some storage batteries from old automobiles had enabled him to do all this and to add a home-made telephone. The messages out of the air were nothing more than the radio.

The "needles" that were sent through her sister-in-law, she explained, probably came from a piece of metal charged from a battery which her husband had handed to the older Mrs. Dolock in fun.

But even Mrs. Paul Dolock did not know that the staircase and the refuse surrounding it had been in the public eye. She protested against the refuse, and said she would have done so to the city, but she cannot write. She wasn't able to solve the mystery of where the Roman staircase was going. Like every one else, she didn't know.

## **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE**





## "MY FRIEND EL HADJ"

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

(*Chicago News*, December 24)

### Editorial Note:

"The following article is the twelfth of a series in which Mr. Mowrer describes his extraordinary adventures in Morocco on his trip to visit and interview Abd-el-Krim, leader of the victorious Riff tribesmen who have driven back the military forces of Spain in a long series of engagements and who are seeking to create an independent nation. Mr. Mowrer's experiences with Moroccan nomads with whom he dwelt in tents and caverns are set forth vividly and constitute a wholly unique picture of life among the fierce semi-barbarous peoples of northern Africa."

I am writing today about my friend, El Hadj the German. He is one of those strange characters who baffle the emotions. I liked him, yet abhorred him; despised him, yet admired him; condemned him, yet pitied.

Imagine a medium-sized, brown-eyed man in the prime of life, with the shaved, sunburned head and hard, cracked feet of a native, dressed like a native in fez and jellaba, living and praying like a native, yet having a nervous quickness of movement, both mentally and physically, which is the mark rather of the European than of the African—that is El Hadj.

For days we ate together from the same bowl, we slept on the same floor, we galloped our horses side by side at sunset, we squatted, eating pomegranates and drinking tea in the native café, we sat through the long starlit evenings in the courtyard of the government house talking, as men will, of the past, and dreaming aloud of the future. All of that which follows he told me of his own initiative, at intervals, over a period of days.

He was not always called El Hadj the German. He

once had another name, in Cologne, on the Rhine, where he was born, where he went to school, where his family still resides in happy ignorance of the subsequent career of this wayward son.

When he was about eighteen and was attending business college with a view to obtaining some modest commercial position, he got to gambling, fell hopelessly into debt, ran away and enlisted for African service in the French Foreign Legion.

In that grim asylum of unfortunates and adventurers no questions are asked; you are taken at your face value, and you become what you make of yourself.

This was in 1910. For ten years, during the whole of the great war, the former pupil of the Cologne business college served the enemies of his country in Morocco. He served them well. He became a corporal, then a sergeant, then a second-lieutenant, then a lieutenant. He fought against the fierce insubmissive tribes of the Atlas. He was twice wounded by their deadly rifle fire.

He learned Arabic and was intrusted with the purchasing of cattle and supplies for the army. The salary of a French lieutenant is small, and the young officer liked good living. Buying sheep at eleven francs and charging sixteen for them he made a handsome profit for himself.

Unfortunately he was found out. The affair was serious. There was not a moment to lose. He deserted to the insurgents of the Atlas. It was in the year 1920. The great war was over and the lieutenant was twenty-eight years old.

The Ourein tribesmen with whom he sought refuge from court-martial are white savages, whose bravery and whose spirit of indomitable independence is equaled only by their ferocity. They live in tents, they wear large white woollen robes, they let their beards grow wild and cultivate two long locks of hair which fall from their temples; they carry on endless feuds among themselves, and they fight like demons against the French, who have surrounded and are gradually pressing in upon their native mountains.

At first they wanted to kill this European who wore the uniform of a French officer. A crowd surrounded him. The women shouting and gesticulating, were especially

fanatical against him. They tore off his clothes, they snatched his gold ring from his finger, they took a knife and wrenched off two gold crowns from his teeth.

"At least," thought the German, "they shall not butcher me like a sheep."

He was getting ready to fight his last fight with his bare hands and feet when an elderly sheik came upon the scene, intervened in his favor and took him home safely to his tent.

His one hope now lay in propitiating the natives. He never hesitated. He organized and led countless ambushes, thefts and night attacks against the French outposts. With his knowledge of the French organization the thing was relatively easy.

It was profitable, too, not only morally but financially. It brought him not only prestige but riches, for stolen cattle sell there at 120 francs a head and a stolen rifle fetches no less than 2,000 francs.

He was converted to Islam. He was rebaptized. His head, hands and feet were reddened with henna, a sheep was sacrificed and barbecued. He became thenceforth El Hadj the German.

In the land of the Sons of Ourein there is no justice save that of the vendetta. A man who is murdered lies where he falls, until some one of his family comes and gathers up the corpse. He goes unavenged until some one of his family tracks and kills the murderer. It is important, therefore, to have family connections, if only for self-protection.

With 2,000 francs of the first money he made, El Hadj bought a ten-year-old wife in a powerful family. He loved her, though he had to beat her now and then because she had vermin in her glossy black hair and refused to wash it!

Later, as his affluence and his authority grew, he bought still another wife and had thus the protection of one big family more. His dark beard flourished. He cultivated two long locks at his temples. He rode about in white flowing robes.

At the same time his reputation increased. The native warriors looked up to him. They were proud when he

chose them to accompany him on his raids and highway robberies. The women, when he rode into the market place, would cry out, "El Hadj! El Hadj!" and applaud and smile on him.

The French increased his good standing by setting a price upon his head. He came to have what may be called a "big situation" in the mountains of the Sons of Ourein.

His exploits were many. Once he crawled up at night with two other men to a French post, cut the barbed wire with his clippers and drove out 150 head of cattle. The machine guns barked, but the night was dark.

El Hadj lay behind a rock and fired back, while the two others drove away the cattle, down across a valley and up into the hills. One of the cattle was wounded. They barbecued it next day, to the joy of the tribe. And El Hadj's share in this little business came to 6,000 francs.

Once he and two other men lay in wait for a caravan of forty camels. There were four camel drivers, three of whom had guns. El Hadj and his companions shot down these three from ambush. The fourth ran away. All the camels with their packs were taken.

Once he sneaked up at night through the barbed wire of a French post to where a shivering Senegalese soldier sat warming himself over a candle. The startled negro opened his mouth to shout. El Hadj ran a knife into his throat and the silence remained unbroken.

From the gunrack near the door El Hadj passed out ten rifles to his native companion and the two got away without the alarm being given. Ten rifles equal 20,000 francs!

Once a native shepherd, who had just arrived, and did not know El Hadj, tried to hold him up. The two men, each with a finger on the trigger of his rifle, circled round and round each other, but neither fired.

Next day, El Hadj, meeting the shepherd in the market place, decided to give him a lesson. He tore the man's shirt from his back and tossed it into the crowd, where it disappeared. He hit him on the nose and the jaw and knocked him down. This was a novelty in the land of the Sons of Ourein.

The crowd approved their hero. The women, at sight

of the unusual play of fisticuffs and of the red blood flowing, went wild with joy.

Once he was nearly caught by a French ruse. An old woman brought him a letter in German.

"We are serving in the legion," it said, "and we want to desert and get back to Germany by way of the Riff. Please help us."

El Hadj, in all good faith, sent back a reply.

"I will build a fire at noon on the hill opposite the post," he wrote. "At that place I will wait. Come at midnight."

He built the fire and was surprised that it drew no shot from the French. He heard a voice. Another aged native woman from behind a rock was beckoning to him.

"Have a care," she said. "My son sells vegetables at the post. He heard them talking. It is a trap. Even now they are leaving the post on the other side to try and surround you."

"Aha!" exclaimed El Hadj, "so that is it!"

He quickly rallied a dozen tribesmen and, when one of the little French columns came scouting around the side of the hill, on top of which he was supposed to be still waiting, it was surprised by a sudden volley which cost it two or three lives, and sent it scampering in retreat.

Whereupon El Hadj wrote a jubilant and insulting letter to the commander of the post.

His great affair was an ambush. He found among the Sons of Ourcin seven captured French machine-guns, none of which worked. From these seven he perfected one.

A French column was advancing into the mountains—mounted spahis in their beautiful red capes, a detachment of infantry, a train of pack mules and wagons. As they entered a narrow pass, rifles rang out ahead, other bullets spat among them from the mountainside to right and left, while from a crag behind them, cutting off their retreat, came the rapid tat-tat-tat of a machine-gun.

Horses reared, mules kicked and plunged, wagons were overturned, blocking the pass, and men and animals fell helplessly, slaughtered. Virtually the entire column was annihilated. It was one of the worst blows the French ever received in Morocco.

After that, El Hadj was more of a hero than ever.

"You are one of us," said the Sons of Ourein.

There were one or two particulars, however, in which they never trusted him.

One night they captured a young blond lieutenant. They tied him to a stake and built two fires, not crudely, at his feet, but with refinement, one on each side of him, and there he writhed, roasting to death, while the natives gathered about in ferocious ecstasy.

This was too much for El Hadj. He protested. The poor little Frenchman, seeing that somebody had apparently intervened in his favor, murmured weakly, "Tue-moi! Tue-moi! (Kill me! Kill me!)"

El Hadj flung up his carbine and fired point blank. But just as he did so one of the natives struck at the barrel. The bullet, instead of fulfilling its errand of mercy, merely wounded the lieutenant in the shoulder.

"What are you doing?" the natives cried angrily to El Hadj. "Go away! You are only a European after all! You understand nothing of these matters."

They drove him from among them, and the torture proceeded slowly to its end.

Nor was this all. Another time, ignoring the protestations of El Hadj, they took a young German who had just deserted from the French Foreign Legion, buried him to the neck in the ground, poured honey on his head, and left him there to be leisurely devoured by ants and flies.

Despite these slight unpleasantnesses, El Hadj was not unhappy in the Atlas. He had a gun and plenty of cartridges, a good horse, the respect and admiration of his fellows, and, when he sat in his comfortable tent in the company of his two young wives, drinking tea and taking his ease, what more could a man desire?

There came a time, nevertheless, when it seemed to him that the circle of French outposts was drawing much too close. Not caring to be taken and shot by the French, he decided to try to escape to the Riff. This was last June. He had been with the Sons of Ourein four years.

Riding in night, hiding by day, he was seventy-two hours with little food and less water, crossing the desert steppe.

His throat swelled shut, his ears rang, but his will never faltered. He clung to his horse, spurring it mercilessly, and at last, in the forenoon of the third day, was safe in the hands of a Riffian patrol. His good horse, having carried him to safety, died, exhausted.

Abd-el-Krim received El Hadj graciously, but the Riff is a national state, suspicious of foreigners, and he has not as yet a very exalted place in the government house.

He tried to interest the Riffians in utilizing the captured Spanish machine guns, but to the Riffian marksmen a machine gun seems a criminal waste of precious ammunition.

He would like to drill and train the Riffian army, but the Riffians have their own quaint manual of arms and do not care for French or German methods. He busies himself, therefore, with French, German and English translations for the government and awaits the day of greater opportunities. Sometimes he seemed entirely satisfied with his Moslem existence.

"The sultan," he said, "is most kind to me; he has given me a horse and a young, pretty wife. I have the rank and receive the pay of a lieutenant. I have plenty to eat and drink and plenty of leisure."

At other times, however, his shadowy soul was obscured by hesitations and regrets. He regretted, for example, that there was not a moving picture theater in Ajdir. He would like to see a good "movie" again! One night he even told me he loved his country and wished he could go back.

"Why don't you?" I asked. "You would be a hero."

"I am afraid not," he answered, wistfully. "You see, the European war was over, and it wasn't exactly war—all that I did back there. There are certain things—" he hesitated.

"You mean you suspect that your case is one of common law rather than of politics?" I ventured.

"Yes," he replied.

On the day before I left he asked me if I would take a letter to his people in Cologne. But when, at the moment of departure, I mentioned the matter again, he said:

"I have decided not to write, after all. I think they will be happier, maybe, not to know about me."



## THE MEUSE—SIX YEARS AFTER

BY WEBB MILLER

(Syndicated by the *United Press*, November 11)

This story is for the half million or more Yanks who were in the Argonne and the front lines along the Meuse at 11 o'clock six years ago today and the million or more who were just behind the front or on the lines of communication.

Probably some time on Tuesday your thoughts will turn backward to that day six years ago—many with a tug at the heartstrings for the buddies left behind under the little white crosses, and undoubtedly all with a strange, incomprehensible twinge of homesickness or whatever that feeling is.

And probably you'll wonder how the old places look today.

Well, at least the weather is the same—there is that cold, clammy fog in the Meuse valley. As usual it has drizzled all morning—that persistent, chilling rain you'll never forget, and the roads ahead are just about as muddy as ever. You'd recognize all this.

But it's a safe bet you'd never recognize today most of the smashed, deserted villages you marched through those last few days chasing the Germans back out of the Argonne. The peasants have come back—about 80 per cent of them—and have cobbled up the ruins or rebuilt them, and are today busy spreading fertilizer in the fields for the spring crops. Many villages were wiped out and never will be rebuilt. They are only memories, or names on the old-time war maps.

There is a great strip of many desolate miles through the Champagne and across the Argonne, like an immense scar that recalls vividly enough today the scenes of six years ago. It is now a gray wilderness overgrown by dead weeds among twisted strands of barbed wire.

The grass-grown trenches have fallen in, but here and there a rusty broken rifle, a bullet-pierced trench helmet, or a rotted shoe conjure a sharp, grim picture of what happened here.

The shell-smashed fragments of the Hindenburg line in the Argonne are pretty much as you saw them last—a scene of man-made desolation. Hundreds of stumps stand out on trees from which shells blasted the branches. Around the places where the fighting was the fiercest the earth still is pocked with shell holes rim to rim, water-filled just as six years ago.

Those of you who were in or near the Verdun six years ago this morning never will forget how the Germans, as soon as they received the armistice orders about ten o'clock, opened with hundreds of small guns all along the line—how they turned scores of guns upon the town to vent their last spite—how the ruins became an inferno of bursting shell—how many boys were needlessly killed a few minutes before the fateful hour of armistice—and how the Yanks retorted in kind, especially old Plunkett's great 14-inch naval gun mounted on flat cars behind the town which every few minutes blasted a great hole in the fog.

It takes a bit of imagination to recall that scene today. Most of the houses in Verdun are rebuilt and the quiet life of a provincial town goes placidly on as it did for hundreds of years before. The old town will show the marks of the years of bombardment, though, for many years yet, but the transformation since Nov. 11, 1918, is surprising.

Outside Verdun is a great waste of land—where nearly a million men were slaughtered. The rolling hills are furrowed still by the old trenches and everywhere around you find horrid souvenirs representing a human life lost here. The famous forts of Daumont and Vaux are chalky ruins. The half dozen villages that once were in the valley are no more. Nobody seems to know what became of the former inhabitants.

You, who were in the 111th Engineers, remember the heap of stone which once was Boureuilles—you used most of it to repair the roads and the 27th Engineers used the rest when they made their famous record of 90 minutes in

repairing the bridge. Boureuilles is gone forever—a weedy patch.

You of the First Division will remember where Cheppy was—it's just the same today—a heap of stones.

Yanks of the 89th will remember the long building at Bayonville, which was holed like a kitchen colander. They repaired it as good as new.

Remember Cery and Briouilles, where the Fifth Division pushed across the flooded Meuse, right into the spitting snouts of German machine guns? They are repaired, those towns, and you'd never know them. There's a monument opposite the station at Briouilles to commemorate the crossing.

At Dun Sur Meuse, you may remember the quaint upper town on the steep hill, looking down at the lower town that was shot to bits? Today you'd hardly know there'd been a war.

Stenay is the same, and the former owners are back living in the chateau at the edge of town, where the German crown prince made his headquarters and played with his dogs in the garden while the battle of Verdun was raging and hundreds of thousands of men were being torn to bits. The crown prince is on a hunting trip in Bavaria. Wonder what he is thinking about today?

Most of you remember Bar le Duc. Well, the only difference is that the mud that was splashed yards high on the windows by your camions has been washed off. No more M. P.'s. The only excitement is the weekly market day. And the people are just as tight and grasping as ever.

Fismes and the little towns along the Vesle that your artillery shot up so thoroughly are almost rebuilt of the same chalky stone.

The long columns of you who were marching wearily up that broad highway from Bar le Duc to Verdun—the "sacred way," they used to call it—toward the guns booming in the fog that November morning, won't forget it.

Remember an auto that came tearing down the line about noon, with a correspondent yelling:

"It's all over, boys!"?

How the lines halted and a tired cheer went up.

Well, that road is quiet as a lane in a country churchyard now, with seldom a rumbling peasant's cart or a wagon creaking behind a yoke of oxen.

The whole scene is a bit melancholy to anyone who saw it with nerves on edge during the last days of the war. It is difficult to realize that these are the places where occurred the deeds which will be celebrated in American history through coming generations.

Difficult, that is, until you see the endless rows of white wooden crosses on the hillside at Romagne and under the wooded brow of the hill at Belleau Wood.

## THE MYSTERIOUS "MR. A."

BY JOHN L. BALDERTON

(*New York World*, December 1)

London, Nov. 30.—The world has held its curious eyes on a dingy court in London, excited and thrilled at disclosures of blackmail so astounding it seemed nothing could surpass them for interest. And now it turns out that all this has been before the curtain.

Drama—nay, history—of international import has all this time been developing on the roof of the earth, in the Himalayas, where a handful of British officials and a few regiments of soldiers are guarding a restless Indian frontier before which a Bear is once more walking like a man.

Answers are finally available to two of the great questions which have stood forth from the trial before Lord Justice Darling in which the name of "Mr. A.," the mysterious Oriental potentate, was so zealously guarded for "reasons of state."

What are these great "reasons of state"?

Why did the blackmailed Prince, trapped in a Paris hotel room with the pretty wife of a broken-down race track sport, part with £300,000 in checks for hush money when, as the Judge commented, £150 would have been the more usual amount?

The answers to these great questions are found not in London, nor in Paris, nor in other Continental cities the Prince visited, but in Jammu and Kashmir, the northwesterly tip of India, a wild and unenlightened country which would hardly be known through the world but for the fact that lovely shawls come from there—and that its soil harbors gold dust and nuggets.

Jammu and Kashmir encompass much of the Himalaya Mountains system north of the valuable Punjab. Turkestan—Russian and Bolshevik—lies to the north. Eastern

Turkestan—Chinese but Russian controlled—lies to the east. Afghanistan—an independent state—lies to the west. Forbidden Thibet is near by. Jammu and Kashmir are the key to India, with its 300,000,000 restless souls held by a few hundred British officials and only 200,000 soldiers.

The mysterious "Mr. A.," as is now well known the world over, is Hurri (or Hari) Singh, heir of the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, a ruler aged and failing. Hurri, it now develops, is but a pawn in Eastern diplomacy.

The inside story of the famous "Mr. A." blackmail case shifts from houses in Mayfair, hotel suites in Paris, disputes in taxicabs, to the Himalayas, where innocent little "Mr. A.," a "poor, green, shivering abject wretch," as Sir John Simon called him, is a vital figure in the high politics of Asia. The potentate case with "Mr. A." left out, it now develops, would be like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

Hundreds of columns cabled all over the world would be inexplicable unless the "reasons of state" that so concerned the British Government are fully understood. These are but details: How pretty Florence Maude Robinson—"Maudie," the potentate called her—won the dusky Prince's heart at an Armistice Day ball five years ago; how she and her husband, Montague Noel Newton, "the greatest scoundrel unhung," William Cooper Hobbs, that slimy creature of the legal demi-monde, and Capt. Arthur, the aide-de-camp whose villainy outshines all the others, got £300,000 out of the green brown man and collected half of it. Just details.

Why, "Mr. A.'s" little adventure might have cost him not merely a throne but his life!

Let the curtain be raised on a scene far removed from those revealed in the court room. The two most important Shin states of Yaghistan—Chilas and Darel—pay a yearly tribute of gold dust to the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. Tangir in Yaghistan, the Jagir of Punch, the provinces of Ladakh, Baltistan and Gilgit all acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maharajah.

The mention of the tribute paid by Chilas and Darel is strictly relevant here, for some of the nuggets and gold dust

filtered out by savage tribesmen from the wild torrents of the inaccessible and unconquered Karakoram Mountains that run along the frontier of forbidden Thibet found their way in the form of £1,000 Bank of England notes into the pockets of the aide-de-camps, Hobbs and Newton.

Kashmir includes much of the Himalayan Mountain system to the north of the Punjab, and as such guards the northwest frontier of India. What would happen if an independent potentate controlling Kashmir suddenly became seriously annoyed with the British judicial system, or should happen to become unfriendly generally to things British?

Affairs in India, it is generally admitted, are far more critical now than they were when Kipling wrote of "the bear that walks like a man." Russia may or may not be the harmless bugbear she was in the 80's, but there are savage portents of revolt among the seething population in Northern India.

The unrest is supposed to be worst in the Punjab and in Bengal, and the potentate who sits in Kashmir could, if he chose, throw open mountain passes and let hordes of hill men thirsting for plunder in upon the crowded plains. Or, if he were less bitterly inclined, he could entertain Bolshevik emissaries and permit them to use these same passes for their errands, whatever they might be.

The Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, then, is powerful. And when Britain has to govern 300,000,000 people with a relatively small group of officials and an insufficient army it might be just as well if potentates along the frontier were not given serious offense.

Now, the Maharajah, whose name is Sir Pratab Singh, is seventy-four years old. (Incidentally, he is no relation of the famous Sir Pertab Singh, old friend of Lord Roberts and faithful ally of England.) Sir Pratab has always been nominally loyal to Britain. For instance, he took part in the Back Mountain expedition, the Hunza-Nagar operations and the Tirah campaign back in the nineties.

Still he has always thought that his loyalty to Britain was not adequately rewarded, and he was, on his insistence, allowed to reassert his sovereignty over Gilgit, one of his

present tributary states. And even with this concession, it was rumored about a score of years ago that he had designs upon the autonomy of the Akhoond of Swat, made famous in American verse, designs that, however, never came to anything.

The Maharajah is getting a bit old now and his designs aren't nearly as active nor as belligerent as they once were. So the British were inclined to feel satisfied until there arose quite recently a struggle in regard to his successor.

In Jammu and Kashmir the throne does not go from father to son, but is bestowed upon that member of the ruling house considered most worthy. Two nephews, cousins to each other, were rivals for the sceptre thought soon to fall from Sir Pratab Singh's failing hands.

One of these cousins was the mild and soft-eyed Hurri Singh. The British found him friendly and it was reported in London that he would be the proper candidate to look after British interests without ever making trouble. At all costs, thought British powers, Hurri must be the next Maharajah—not his stern, warlike cousin, who was probably old Sir Pratab's favorite. The cousin, the British heard, intrigued with the Bolsheviks.

After much wirepulling and politics of all kinds, Hurri was declared heir by the Maharajah. He was promptly married to the daughter of the Rajah of a neighboring state, the petty Rajah of Dhrampere. There was much rejoicing among the natives—and among the British. And as this happened just about the time of the end of the war, there was general rejoicing throughout the victorious states.

The heir was to have a treat. He was sent forth to see the world. His wife stayed at home. A huge sum of money, said to have totalled \$4,000,000, was provided to see that he had a good time.

There must have been murmurs despite the general rejoicing at the time, because a special tax is said to have been imposed in Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, to pay Hurri's expenses. What roars these rumors would have swelled into had the merchants of Srinagar known the ultimate destination of their contributions!



The \$4,000,000 figure probably isn't too high, even though Hurri hadn't £300,000 cash in London when he signed his famous checks. His aide-de-camp told that he had £600,000 in India. And, it must be remembered that the British Government looks after young potentates seeing the world for the first time, providing them with guardians and mentors in the form of army officers ranking as aide-de-camps.

Probably there never was another aide-de-camp like Capt. Arthur, whom Hurri took to his bosom. It was carefully explained in court, where this scoundrel's name was carefully guarded in order that his master's might not be disclosed, that he was not a regular British Army officer, but it was not denied, as it certainly would have been had it been possible, that he was not picked out by Hurri, but by British officials.

Hurri's grand tour in 1920 didn't create much of a splash. London and Paris, accustomed to lavish spenders, didn't seem to notice the Oriental potentate. There are beautiful young ladies in the highest circles of the half-world who would gladly have been the companions of the master of gold from Central Asia. But they never heard of him, nor he of them. He was accorded official honors in London and had audiences with the King, but he never entered night life here.

Instead, like any wealthy tourist, "Mr. A." took a box in Albert Hall on an Armistice Night. He saw "Maudie." She was wearing a grasshopper costume to advertise an old family remedy that she manufactured. The world knows what followed.

It is evident now what the "reasons of state" were which caused Lord Justice Darling to take his unheard-of course of shielding the names of Rajah Hurri and his aide-de-camp, Capt. Arthur, when even King Edward as Prince of Wales had been dragged openly into court in the notorious baccarat case of years ago.

Now why was "Mr. A." when trapped by "Maudie's" supposititious husband, in such mortal funk that his chocolate color became green? And why did he pay so much money? Even assuming that a new tax could be put on

the bazaars of Srinagar and the vassals of Chilas and Darel, £300,000 seems a lot of cash in order to avoid a small scandal.

Fear of disinheritance may have helped alarm Hurri. But it is more probable that two other worries preyed upon him. One involves the question of caste, and in this connection it must be recalled that a number of intimate questions in Lord Darling's court were put in writing. "Maudie," the King's surgeon, and a woman doctor familiar with the amatory customs of Kashmir were all asked questions in writing.

It is known that Hurri took some remarkable precautions to avoid losing caste through his intrigue with "Maudie," but the threat that he had lost caste or would be believed to have lost caste was undoubtedly made by his rascally aide-de-camp. If his people at home believed he had lost caste only death or life in exile would have remained for Hurri.

The second worry concerned a possible divorce suit against "Maudie" by her husband. If Hurri should have been named (or if he had been made to believe that he would be named) a blood feud threatened him. His wife back home was the daughter of a potentate who was small fry compared with him, but still one possessed of many retainers with crooked knives.

Under the moral code of Kashmir and its neighbors, a husband who commits adultery must be slain—whatever his rank—by his wife's relatives.

All this helps explain the collapse of the attempt by Newton and the aide-de-camp to blackmail poor Hurri further after payment on the second check was stopped. Capt. Arthur had the check, it will be remembered, when Newton went to India to meet him. But Arthur also had the information that Hurri's bride had died. And that Hurri would be in the fastnesses of the North for some months practicing rites for the dead. Newton went home and Arthur followed.

There's no censorship in Kashmir. The press in Srinagar needn't be bridled, because it doesn't exist. There are few outside monasteries in Hurri's dominions who can read.

Up to yesterday no newspaper in all India had published Hurri's name in connection with this notorious case. But the news is around. How news gets around in India with the speed it does was the wonder of white men for generations before Kipling drew attention to the phenomenon.

Anglo-Indians in London, retired soldiers and civil servants who have seen service along the northwest frontier of India say that by occult means every small trader in Srinagar knew who "Mr. A." was three days after Lord Darling announced from the bench that his name was to be kept a state secret and long before more than a handful of Londoners had ferreted out his identity.

Such information, Anglo-Indians say, passes by a form of mental broadcasting in which Indians were expert centuries before Marconi.

It is said as well that Hurri will now seek out all the gurus and adepts at magic in his mountains, where the most extraordinary magic of all the world is supposed to reside, and turn it loose on Capt. Arthur, his faithless aide-de-camp. A horrible death by torment is predicted for this gentleman's end, because he betrayed his master.

Well—Hobbs is already stricken with a mysterious illness. What caused him to cry out in court against harmless spectators, "Don't laugh at my agony, you baboons!" Anglo-Indians whisper that Hobbs is receiving long-distance treatment from a shriveled-up magician in a Himalayan cave.

Now, don't end, but begin an Oriental mystery story!

# KING'S ERMINE AND SOCIALISM'S TWEEDS

BY JOHN STEELE

(*Chicago Tribune*, January 16)

London, Jan. 15.—The splendid pageantry of medieval monarchy and the drab of modern socialism met face to face today when the king and queen in all the gorgeous state of old customs opened the parliament which is to place the first socialist government of England in power.

The significant step of the session was in a notice given by Ramsay MacDonald, labor leader, that he proposed at the earliest possible moment to move as follows:

"It is, therefore, our duty to submit to your majesty that your majesty's present advisers have not the confidence of the house."

That will be the signal for the ousting of the Baldwin ministry and the installation of the first labor cabinet with MacDonald at its head.

The monarch and his consort drove from Buckingham Palace to Westminster in the famous gold coach which reminds one of Cinderella, the king in naval uniform and the queen in a handsome gown of light color, and bedecked with a great array of jewels.

A crowd of labor supporters who had come to the house to see their new representatives arrive for the fateful session gave the king and queen a heartier cheer than had been given any Laborites, thus showing that England still is the land of paradox.

Inside the House of Lords there was the same contrast, The king and queen in wonderful royal robes of ermine and wearing their gorgeous crowns, peers in scarlet and ermine, and peeresses in evening dress and diamonds, while at the steps of the throne stood a crowd of men in tweed suits, some not too new. The latter were representatives of labor, soon to be the governing class of England.

The king's speech from the throne, which was a statement of the policy of the government in power, was longer and duller than usual. It contained a program of minor reform long enough to keep parliament working several years.

Later in the day both houses assembled for real business. In the House of Lords, of course, all was quiet and decorous, but in the House of Commons there was crash after crash of cheering as the leaders arrived.

Prime Minister Baldwin came first and was cheered heartily by the Tories. H. H. Asquith and David Lloyd George had good receptions from the Liberals, but the greatest enthusiasm came from the Laborites when MacDonald entered.

Mr. MacDonald emphasized the lack of a foreign policy of the present government and denied that the Labor party favored any revolutionary plans, secret or otherwise. Continuing, he said:

"Any one with a heart or any common human sentiment, reading the tales of destitution, who has felt no impelling sentiment as a result, is certainly not the type of man or woman we have been proud to associate with the name Englishman.

"We want more skillful handling of diplomacy and more objective observance of other people's susceptibilities and at the same time a friendly but firm assertion of our own interests. We want a European outlook in the background of it all, and, given that, I do not yet despair of Europe."

The real battle will begin on Wednesday, when the Labor amendment will be moved.

In the House of Lords in referring to rum running Lord Curzon said this was a squalid, sordid spectacle which the British government was anxious to end, and was ending, having found an agreement with America which would not imperil the vital doctrine of the three mile limit.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE IN PARIS

BY EDWIN L. JAMES

(*New York Times*, January 1)

Paris, Dec. 31.—In a few short hours the year 1923 will be finished. The boulevards and cafés of the world's gayest capital are filled tonight with joyous throngs, whose laughter seems to drown the warnings of France's pessimistic friends and the hopes of her enemies. Just as Paris tonight turns a flippant ear to those long-faced Puritans who would tell her of prohibition's blessings, France takes less seriously the pains of yesterday and the perils of tomorrow than any other nation on earth.

Your average American lives with the honest intention of having lots of fun someday when he gets somewhere—and often he dies before arriving. Your Frenchman pays less attention to where he is going to arrive, but he has a good time on the way. It is just a different philosophy of life.

France is prosperous. France has no unemployed. The Frenchman's taxes are heavy, but not so heavy as some other folks'. The government is hard up and almost broke, but the country itself is rich. There probably is less domestic dissatisfaction in France than in any other country in the world. France owes America and England a lot of money, but has not reached the stage of worrying about it. And as for France's great, big problem, namely the fear of Germany, it is figured here that France has safely the upper hand for a good, long time to come.

The Frenchman's interest is much deeper in security. There was a certain amount of French faith engendered by President Wilson in the protection offered to France by the League of Nations against a Germany numerically stronger and materially and potentially more powerful. But that faith vanished when the League stock fell, and the tri-

partite agreement went into the waste basket, and now the program of making France so strong on the Continent that neither Germany alone, nor a Germany with possible friends, could dream of attacking her successfully, appeals most strongly to the country, which believes that Germany will respect force only.

As France sees it, Premier Poincaré has done well in that direction. England no longer acts as a restraining force on France, for motives which most Frenchmen always suspected. France from the moment she occupied the Ruhr assumed a dominating position in continental politics which has not been seriously challenged by England. American influence has ceased to be felt to any important degree in Europe, and France has things her own way for the time being.

Premier Poincaré has been building up a strong system of alliances. France now heads the combination including Belgium, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Poland, and keeps her own army intact. How long this combination will hold; how long France can maintain her hegemony on the Continent; how long France can carry the staggering burden of reconstruction without reparation payments; how long before England and America will embarrass her with demands for the payment of her debts?—all those are questions the future must answer. But they do not have to be answered tonight, and so Paris sees fit to laugh out the old year. In any event, Paris would not cry about it, and to any prophet of coming evil the City of Light gives a lightsome retort, "*Mon vieux, nous ne sommes pas encore là.*"

## THE TERRIBLE SAVINKOFF

BY WALTER DURANTY

(*New York Times*, August 30)

Moscow, Aug. 29.—Boris Savinkoff, arch-conspirator, arch-Terrorist, supporter of Kerensky and the bitterest enemy of the Soviet régime, has returned to Russia only to be trapped and to become the central figure in a scene of the greatest dramatic tension, which was enacted last night and early this morning.

Lifting the veil, the Supreme Military Tribunal last night permitted a few chosen spectators to see the final stage of his trial. The trial went on far past midnight. They heard the tired old revolutionary defy the judges and defy death. The court condemned him. But the prisoner's indifference to the verdict of death—for he was the revolutionary, the Terrorist up to the last moment—and his willingness to confess that he had erred in his judgment of the Soviet's stability moved the judges to grant him the right to appeal.

The result was that today the Central Executive Committee exercised clemency and commuted the death sentence to ten years' imprisonment.

General Savinkoff it was who planned the most outstanding assassinations of the old Social Revolutionary murder gang. They killed Minister Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius at the Kremlin gate. They wounded General Dubassof, and only an accident prevented them from blowing up the cruiser Rurik and killing Chukhnin, Commander of the war port of Sebastopol.

There were a score of other killings or attempted killings in those days and behind them all was this little man with the big head with its Napoleonic features and the soul of a fanatic, for he was the incarnation of the murderous conspiracy. He was Kerensky's Minister of War, and when he saw the tide running then toward the Bolsheviki he re-



turned to his old game of deadly plot and murder. The abortive coups of Kornilof and Kanedin were inspired by him. With the aid of French gold he raised an insurrection against the Soviet power in Yaroslav. His orders armed with a revolver the girl Fanny Kaplan, who so nearly killed Lenin in the summer of 1918.

From Poland and Paris General Savinkoff directed a dozen murders of Bolsheviki leaders, and attack upon attack of semi-brigand partisans against Soviet Russia. Then he weakened and returned to his fatherland, and into the lion's mouth, with a forged passport under the name of Stepanof. Immediately the Bolsheviki caught him, and last night they judged him. Never have I seen such a tremendous drama.

Like true artists, the Russians prepare their stage effects unconsciously. I received my precious communication from the Soviet Foreign Office to be ready for "a most interesting story." Accompanied by two other foreign correspondents, I drove with a Foreign Office official to an unknown destination. It was the building where Krasnachokof, director of one of the biggest Soviet banks, was condemned to five years' imprisonment for abuse of his position. There, while the guards, armed to the teeth and with bayonets fixed, took the official papers to an inner room for verification, he revealed what was the scene awaiting upstairs.

Not a line had appeared in the press. Not an iota of this stupendous story—to Russia—had leaked out to the public. In the courtroom were barely 200 persons, representing all the influential officials of the Soviet régime now in Moscow. Acting Premier Kamenef was there with his beautiful wife, as was Kurski, the Minister of Justice; Krassikof, President of the Supreme Court; Minjiniki Elyava, Premier of the Caucasian Federation, and Bela Kun, once dictator of Red Hungary.

It was the keenest first night audience that Moscow could offer. Every man and woman was agog with expectation, intensely conscious of the unrivalled treat before them and prepared to enjoy its piquancy to the uttermost. Nor were they disappointed.

The court entered—three youngish men in uniform, with the supreme judge of the Military Tribunal, Ulrich, in the centre. Then came the guards and soldiers and, surprisingly, two sailors—and the prisoner.

He was a small man, quite bald, about 45, who walked with rather weak and faltering steps. He was dressed in a cheap double-breasted gray sack suit, with a starched white collar and shirt and a thin black tie. His face suggested the pictures of young Napoleon, but was cadaverous and drawn, with deep shadows under the eyes. Savinkoff was quite unafraid, and glanced around with the curiosity of a man taking his last look at human beings and their funny little life.

"Make your final statement," said Ulrich, the preliminary examinations having been held in camera.

General Savinkoff arose from the wooden bench and turned his eyes on the spectators, lazily surveying them. Stanislavski would have turned green with envy just to watch him, for this was a nature that art cannot rival. Like Regulus of old, Savinkoff had left ease and safety to face death, and now the final moment had come. He, a Russian, must speak to Russians in a worthy manner before he died.

Just as the tension became almost unbearable, he began to speak in a low, weak voice, but one which was quite audible throughout the small courtroom.

"I am not afraid to die," he began. "I know your sentence already, but I do not care. I am Boris Savinkoff, who always played on death's threshold; Boris Savinkoff, revolutionary and friend of revolutionaries, to be judged now by your revolutionary court.

"I am here by my fault, my unwilling fault. You represent the Russian people, the workers and the peasants. Judge me for my faults, my unwilling faults, toward Russia."

Then Savinkoff told the story of his life as a conspirator against the Czar. He told it either with consummate art or with utter sincerity. Speaking simply in words that every person in the audience could understand, for to them he addressed himself rather than to the judges, he reviewed

his Terrorist adventures, the death of Plehve, Sergius and the rest; told how he lived always cut off from human life, cut off from the workers and peasants, always under the shadow of a shameful death, always utterly apart from men and women who lived and loved in the sunlight.

Often, Savinkoff paused so long that the whole room quivered with emotion. Was it sincerity? Was it weakness? Was it art?

"Then came the triumph of the idea to which I have devoted my life, the triumph of revolution."

His voice deepened as he turned toward the auditors with a pathetic, hopeless gesture of both hands.

"Then you, who now represent revolutionary Russia, seized the reins," he went on. "I turned against you for four reasons. First, my life's dream had been the Constituent Assembly. You smashed it, and iron entered my soul. I was wrong. Our Russia isn't ready for self-government. You knew it and I didn't. I admit my fault.

"Second, the Brest-Litovsk peace, which I regarded as a shameful betrayal of my country. Again I was wrong and you were right. History has proved it, and I admit my fault.

"Third, I thought that Bolshevism couldn't stand, that it was too extreme, that it would be replaced by the other extreme of monarchism, and that the only alternative was the middle course. Again I was proved wrong, and again I admit it.

"Fourth, and the most important reason, I believed that you didn't represent the Russian masses, the workers and peasants. I lived always in the watertight compartment of the conspirator. I knew nothing of the feelings of the Russian masses. But I thought that they were against you, and so I, who have given my life to their service, set myself against you, also."

General Savinkoff then told, in accents that carried conviction to nearly all who heard him, how he was faced in Paris by an appalling problem. Perhaps he had been wrong in estimating the feelings of the Russian people; perhaps the Bolsheviks did represent them.

"People came and told me about Russia," he said; "that

the peasants and workers were happy under the Bolshevik régime. And I half believed them. Others said the opposite—that my country was groaning under a cruel tyranny. And I half believed that also, until my position became unbearable. I must know the truth or die, I said, and so I came along of my own free will, without bombs or revolvers, without plots or supporters, with only one object—to learn the truth, to see it with my own eyes, to hear it with my own ears.

“Now I know, and my life is cheap as the price of that knowledge. I say here before your court, whose sentence I know already, surrounded by your soldiers, of whom I have no fear, that I recognize unconditionally your right to govern Russia. I ask not your mercy. I ask you only to let your revolutionary conscience judge a man who has never sought anything for himself, who has devoted his whole life to the cause of the Russian people. But I add this: Before coming here to say that I recognize you, I have gone through worse suffering than the utmost you can do to me.”

The last words were uttered in the same low voice as the rest. Then Savinkoff sat down, opened a cheap cardboard box of cigarettes, asked for a light from a guard, and began to smoke. The presiding judge, Ulrich, announced a fifteen minutes' interval.

When the judges, guards and the prisoner withdrew, evidently nine-tenths of the audience believed in Savinkoff's sincerity. The *New York Times* correspondent asked the opinion of Kurski, the Minister of Justice.

“I think he is telling the truth,” Kurski replied. “And what is more, our investigations have shown no attempt on his part to start Terrorist activities here, or to get in touch with anti-Bolshevist organizations. For one thing, there are no such organizations in existence, though he may not know that. Anyway, I believe he is honest.”

Bela Kun did not agree.

“Savinkoff is a bold fellow, who has always carried his life in his hands,” he said. “But he is a romantic creature, not a Marxist. He has been tracked and threatened a thousand times and has lived ever in an atmosphere of

murder and sudden death. Now he is up against it, and, like the true romantic, gives us a beautiful story."

The judges, guards and prisoner re-entered the hall. The second act was tragically short.

"We have heard your statement," said Ulrich. "Have you anything more to say before judgment is passed upon you?"

Savinkoff stood up, a little lonelier and more worn than ever.

"I know your sentence," he said, "and I don't care. I am not afraid of it, nor of death. But one thing I do fear—that the Russian people will misjudge me and misunderstand my life and its purpose. I never was an enemy of the Russian people. I devoted my life to serve them. I have made mistakes, but I die unashamed and unafraid."

He sat down as the audience was inclined to applaud this their worst enemy.

## **SPORT STORIES**



## THE SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACES

BY LOUIS WEITZENKORN

(*New York World*, December 7)

Madison Square Garden for the last six days has been the incubator of a nightmare. Promptly at 11 o'clock last night some cosmic alarm clock rang and the vision of grotesquery which is called the Six-Day Bicycle Race disappeared—vanished into the graveyard of disordered dreams. And when the thing went it took with it scarlet hints of impossible realities.

The nightmare, reduced to its elements, consisted of five tons of hot dogs, Gunboat Smith, pug of another day; the Hon. Johnny Keyes, Mayor of Chinatown; the Hon. Jimmy Kelly and brother, bosses of Sullivan Street; Mark Luescher, "Cordially Mark," of the New York Hippodrome; Bill Meeney, late of the 26th Division, U. S. A., and now chef de Rickard Strong Arm Gendarmerie; Johnny Broderick and Johnny Smith, Mr. Meeney's private or subdivided "massage squad" functioning behind the scenes upon gangsters and pickpockets and drunks who don't want to go home.

There were cigarets, sarsaparilla, sporting journals, Eddie Cantor, Jim Barton, "business men" from Little Italy, popcorn, ice cream, waffles, English mustard, "offishul programs that you can't tell 'em without," real old Kentucky rye wrapped in cross-word puzzle pages and taken from the stem, jazz bands, rear platform quartets, sweat, yells, hisses, boos—14,000 people and their food and drink massed to watch thirty men ride and ride and ride about a banked oval for six days and six nights—all this is called the Six-Day Bicycle Race.

Madison Square Garden, as the last hours of the race drew on, was just this picture. Chronologically it was,



perhaps, more intelligible. It began out in the street, with rain pouring as if in answer to the prayers of dying men on a desert. Taxicabs slid up, cops (sixty of them) shoved and pushed and deleted the ineligible from the milling mass in front of the Garden's doors.

Through the main entrance a fat creek of humanity poured, men carrying babies in the crook of their elbows, a family of daughters graduating from ten to old maidenhood, painted ladies and prim ones, sober men and drunk, gangsters, ex-convicts, murderers, millionaires, actors and actresses, priests—all streaming through the stiles, past Tex Rickard, who stood chewing chocolate, suave, unperturbed, greeting friends with his farmerish twang and acting like a man about to do something exciting, like sharpening a pencil.

The first flood of noise begins in this entrance. Shrill women are yelling to their enterprising husbands, who have concession booths, "more tops fer the pop bottles." A very fat entrepreneur with eyes like hard-boiled eggs à la Maryland, looks through his cream dressed orbs at the cash registers. Program vendors are yowling dismally.

You push through this and wander to the floor beneath the arena. There is plenty of time. The curtain doesn't rise; it's been up since Monday, and endless hours are to come. You wander down, get a blast of burned air from the kitchen-salon where the trainers eat, hurry out past the hot doggeries, trip over men asleep in corners and come upon a 250-pound policeman in a battle with a house fireman over—God knows what.

"You——."

"You——."

Wham! The cop's face stops the fireman's fist, his huge girth rocks, his cap flies off. Crowd. Yells. Blood in the air. "Gawn, outside. 'Sallover. Get the hell out where yuhblong."

"You. . . ."

"You. . . ."

Wham! The fat and jelly-like cop doubles up and, like something blown to mist with powder, suddenly topples out and vanishes through an exit. . . . You pass on and

mount the stairs to the arena. A child's voice from somewhere calls:

"Hey, Mike, I cun see part of de track from here. C'mere!"

There comes a rhythmic noise, a scrape of tires and a click of gears. A Christmas sugar cane on wheels flashes past you, red, white, green, full flavored. A few seconds and it passes again; then again and again and again. You see it isn't a Christmas sugar cane. It's the red and white corpuscles circulating in the blood. It begins to take on an eternal quality. You sense that it will never stop.

It is nightmare. Tex Rickard comes up and explains the sugar cane and the corpuscles. What he says is:

"Walthour, Goulet, Egg, Georgetti. I wish we had a couple of good Jew boys in it. Give me a couple of good Jew boys and a Eytalian and I'll get a crowd in New York that no opera singer would ever draw."

A voice suddenly booms above the rhythmic scrape of the bicycle riders, over the serve and return of conversation.

"Laaydees and gennlmun. I have the gra-a-a-te pleasure to announce that a spectator in Box Forty-Eight has offered Twentee dollars for a five lap sprint."

At-a-boy! A revolver sounds. The crowd hushes and leans forward. In the oval of the arena surrounded by the track you become conscious of a piled mass of standing men and women—standing and turning like little toys upon pivots. Slowly, around and around they revolve, all in the same direction. You realize they are following the red and white corpuscles riding on the track. The corpuscles begin to gather speed. Twenty dollars for the team that wins the sprint, five laps, half a mile.

The hushed crowd suddenly gets a voice. From the pivoting manikins in the oval comes a volcano of noise, an enormous geyser of noise, sounds that are not separate but fused together, rushing upward in volume and, like a female Greek chorus the galleries and the boxes answer, their unharnessed cries falling against the manikins and rolling back into their own tonsils, feeble, beaten.

The banks of tobacco smoke waver under the uprush of this Olympian yell, the clouds part and one sees at last that

there are really people in the roof tiers, where before there seemed only dull white spots that now become faces and mouths.

The rhythm of the riders moves faster and faster. One hears the tug of powerful legs pulling up sprockets and rushing them down, straining at the handlebars, grunts that one hears trailing the flashing riders, the rider, the grunt and then the rider again and the sprint is won. Goullet or Egg or some one else has amassed another ten dollar bill.

The 14,000 settle back again. The monotone in the track goes around at an even, unhurried pace once more. Tex Rickard, the Dante of this Inferno, leads to another circle. This is a box where some one is passing a cross-word puzzle that wraps a bottle. Hot dogs go by on trays, ice cream, waffles, soft drinks and popcorn. Down in the track streams of men carry food, soup, chicken, anything the resting riders want as they lie in their lean-tos, nursed and petted like the prima donna of "The Miracle."

John Ringling comes up. The Hon. Mr. Keyes, Mayor of Chinatown, pauses for a word.

"Things ain't so good down there." Mr. Keyes was gloomy about his bailiwick. "Killin' all the time." He sighs and waves himself off.

"Wilkes-Barre," says Ringling, "is a good circus town. Do you know Dan Hart, the Mayor? He's a good fellow. What became of that lawyer, John Lenahan, the fellow with the biggest head I ever saw, who used to get his fees in \$20 bills and dump them in his wife's lap?"

"Laidees and gennlmun. I take great pleasure in announcin' \* \* \* Box 48 \* \* \* \$100 for a two-mile sprint."

Again the pistol shot. Again the tautening of the crowd. A cheer too for the desperate, bored man in Box 48, who wants a thrill. The riders pound and grind, faster and faster. Suddenly a woman's voice pierces the yowling.

"My boy, my boy! He's killed."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Walthour is spilled!"

"That's his mother. She brought him here in her arms

twenty years ago to watch his pop ride. She's saw the old man break every bone in his body. We're in for a hell of a night now. Get her some whiskey."

They take the weeping mother to her boy, stretched upon his bunk. The race goes on. Box 48 is getting its money's worth. Suddenly the groggy Walthour appears again, mounts his wheel and is off to shouts. The band rises to the occasion of this heroism by playing "Red Hot Mama." The old rhythm returns.

"What's happened to the press club in Wilkes-Barre?" continues John Ringling. "Good bunch, there. Good circus town."

"I used to watch your show come in at 4 in the morning. Never thought I'd meet you. Was satisfied to feed your elephants \* \* \* "

Acute boredom descends. Box 48 is holding back its offers. The riders take it easy. The crowd tries to amuse itself. Some one lifts some one else's derby and it is squashed down upon another head. Jewish comedians are imitated. Then an interlude breaks the monotony.

"Tex," a henchman calls. "Look up there."

"Where?" asks Tex.

"Up there; see, where them two Jews are sittin'? Well, to the left of them. That guy's spitting down on a lady."

"Hey, Meeney."

The chef de gendarmes gets his directions. A minute passes and a face to the left of the two Jews is gone forever—and maybe massaged.

Meeney comes back, leans against the box and talks of St. Mihiel.

"Did you see 'What Price Glory?'" he is asked.

"Yeh. Perfect. Perfect. That's the only show I ever seen where people talked the way they do. You know, the way people talk——"

"Laydees and gennlmun—Pleas-ure—Box 48 \* \* \* "

The thick banks of smoke sway and drift upon the ceiling. A blur of faces behind the fog. A pistol shot. Will Rogers comes in and takes the seat just vacated by an architect. Ike Ward of Hester Street and environs comes; Bernard Rynveld, who wears cuff links given him by the Prince

of Wales; the Memphis Five jazz one of their own speshul compositions.

Tex Rickard and John Ringling have \$180,000 net in their cash boxes.

"Who wants a dog? Red hot, red hot——"

"Laydees and gennlmun \* \* \* " And so until the dawn; until the sun goes down and the stars shine coldly over Madison Square, and 11 o'clock comes and the race ends.

# NELLIE MORSE WINS THE PREAKNESS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

(*Baltimore Sun*, May 13)

Little Nellie Morse, an innocent, girlish horse, won the Preakness yesterday and the diamond stickpin, the Woodlawn vase, the \$54,000 and the watery cheers of some 30,000 diving Venuses and Adonises, who went in swimming with all their clothes on.

Fourteen other horses—all males—also Preaknessed around the swamp. They were seeing Nellie home.

Nellie Morse's owner is Bud Fisher, well known as the artist who did not paint the Mona Lisa. He was aboard the Majestic on his way back from Europe while his filly was at Pimlico taking the coin. Of course, he did not know his Nellie Morse had won the Preakness, and he does not know it yet. His trainer, Alex Gordon, doesn't know where in the Atlantic Bud Fisher is.

He may not even know he has a horse named Nellie Morse, or that there is such a race as a Preakness. He is richer by \$54,000, and he doesn't know that either.

A whole cityful of people, no more related to Nellie Morse than to Lady Godiva, went blah when the nags were coming 'round the bend, yet Nellie Morse's own ball and chain was as completely out of the picture as a bottle of near beer at a schutzenfest in Brooklyn.

This doesn't often happen at a Preakness. Usually the place is crawling with owners. Yesterday it was crawling not only with owners under the fearful strain of having horses in the race but owners emeritus, like J. K. L. Ross, who once won two Preaknesses; Samuel D. Riddle, whom Man O' War made famous; R. T. Wilson, Jr., whose Pillory won two years ago, and Walter J. Salmon, whose Vigil won last year, to say nothing of Edward F. Whitney, owner of the only other suffrage horse ever to win a Preakness—Rhine Maiden, the victor in 1915.

Wearing large Gainsborough hats and carrying parasols

they would have made a chic chorus of owners of ex-Preakness winners. There they were at the track with their victories behind them, while there was Bud Fisher's victory coming down the stretch, and Bud, himself, far, far away. The situation has scarcely been paralleled in Preakness history.

But there were other unparalleled things besides that. Never before has the Preakness been run in six inches of thick waffle-batter. It was as much a regatta as a horse race. It was simply a case of the skipjack, Nellie Morse, beating a lot of bugeyes that didn't carry enough sail.

Old horsemen said they should have postponed the Preakness and staged a race between the Leviathan and the Majestic. Other old horsemen were only prevented from sending their horses home to the stables and entering their speed boats instead by the earnest efforts of clear-headed friends. It was the wettest Preakness of all time.

Alex Gordon said afterward he knew Nellie Morse was going to win by the way she left the dry dock. She took one of those side-wise launchings and scarcely even splashed. In fact, so certain was Alex Gordon of everything that he never knew until a half hour later whether Governor Ritchie had presented him with a diamond stick-pin or a penny savings bank, and he went away and left the Woodlawn vase standing in the rain.

Alex and Johnny Loftus settled the Preakness early in the afternoon. Johnny Loftus, trainer for the Oak Ridge stable, with two horses in the big race—himself twice a Preakness-winning rider (on War Cloud in 1918 and on Sir Barton in 1919)—convened with Alex Gordon (as trainers will) and talked the thing over.

"Nellie Morse will win in a walk, or, shall we say, a breast-stroke?" Alex Gordon said.

"She hasn't a chance," replied Johnny Loftus. "It will be Apprehension, or perhaps Faenza; though most likely Apprehension."

"Ah, but you don't know the speed of this Nellie Morse in a heavy sea," warned Alex Gordon.

"Well, we'll toss a quarter and settle it," said Johnny Loftus.

So they tossed a quiet quarter, these two trainers did, there in a quiet nook at the wild race track, and Alex Gordon called "Heads!" and it came "heads," proving that Nellie Morse would win.

And it doesn't look like a "frame-up," because Faenza finished twelfth, while Apprehension finished fifteenth, which was last.

This proved yesterday to the racing men who heard the story how foolish it is not to believe in signs or conju'ns. The case of the horse named Nautical was only the exception that proved it still more, for, with his name, Nautical should have outrowed every other boat on the course, whereas, in point of fact, he finished next to last.

Nautical didn't go to the post a favorite, but a good many persons, believing in signs and conju'ns, bet on him. Nellie Morse was anything but a favorite; nice name—vine-clad cottages, old farmyard trysting gate by moonlight and everything—but no kind of horse for a race like this. Rustic was one favorite—Maryland horse, Maryland trainer and owner. Revenue Agent was another favorite.

Seven horses were scratched, including Wise Counsellor, the swift Kentucky babe, and Senator Norris, another Maryland horse. In fact, it was "scratch day" for many horses. Their owners took one look at the cruel sea and said, "Heaven help the poor sailors on a track like that!" Even so, 15 horses lined up at the post was a bigger field than ever before in a Preakness.

Everything bigger, better, grander—just like the circus! Actually, Maryland Jockey Club officials yesterday were cheering the rain. Dismal as the weather was, the attendance exceeded that of last Preakness day. The racing fathers—those who will suffer most when the grandstands collapse—grew pale when they thought what might have happened if it had been a fine, clear May day. Something would have snapped, that's all.

As the Preakness field paraded to the barrier the rain had stopped and the sun was shining. The Woodlawn vase, that Lorelei of horse racing, which no winner ever embraces for keeps, had been moved from the mud in front of the



clubhouse to the judges' stand, where the judges sat aloft in wicker chairs like guests in a bay-boat pilot house. There, too, sat Governor Ritchie, Preakness day's annual Santa Claus, who, entirely without whiskers or other make-up, presents the Preakness jewelry.

There was a good deal of bumping around at the barrier. Somehow it always takes twice as long to start a Preakness as any other race. The starter's job is the worst job on the track, anyway, but he seems to shoo them off summarily most always, while in a Preakness they go moving around for minutes at a time as aimlessly as a lot of goldfish.

In a slapping of mud they were off. In a shower of soup they were on. In a glut of glue they were in, Nellie Morse first, then Transmute, then Mad Play. Horses and jockeys were plastered like customers of a green-mud massage beauty parlor.

Lovely ladies slowly closed their eyes. Strong men, safely ahead of angina pectoris for another year, mutely gave thanks. Alex Gordon climbed up in the judges' stand and took off his hat, and stood around and grinned, and put the diamond stickpin in his pocket and posed for the cameras by the Woodlawn vase, and then ran.

And maybe at the Majestic's bar Bud Fisher, all unconscious of the significance of it, was nodding at some white-coated bartender and singing tenor—

They were seeing Nellie ho-oh-ome,  
They were seeing Nellie home.  
It was from Aunt Di-nah's quilting party

Oh, a Preakness owner's life is a terrible life!

## NURMI'S VICTORY

BY DON SKENE

(*Chicago Tribune*, July 13)

Paris, July 12.—Death tried to enter the Olympic games this afternoon in the 10,000 meter cross country race. Thirty-nine perfectly trained athletes representing thirteen nations started this terrific grind under a blazing sun, which scorched the grass and blistered the paint on the massive Colombes stadium.

Fifteen of these men crossed the finish line, eight of them reeling and staggering over the tape like drunken men. The other twenty-four collapsed under the broiling heat from prostration. Five of them were rushed to the hospital in a grave condition and three were reported near the point of death at the end of the race due to the cruelest fatigue and heat prostration.

Paavo Nurmi, the Finn superman, won the race, as cool and unruffled as an Eskimo patiently fishing through a hole in Arctic ice. Five hundred meters behind him came his arch rival, Willie Ritole, another Finnish iron man. Third place in this race which will rank as one of the most grueling track contests ever held, went to Earl Johnson, the Negro bulldog from the Pittsburgh steel works, defying the blinding attack and running as his ancestors did centuries ago in the African jungles.

Harper, the plucky Englishman, finished fourth in a wavering stride. Lauvaux with the tri-color of France around his waist won fifth place with the same courage that held Verdun, while Arthur Studenroth from the Meadowbrook club, Pennsylvania, toppled past the tape in sixth place.

While much agony was crammed into the cross country grind it was the outstanding feature of the day which was filled with world's record shattering triumphs. The world's

mark in the 100 meter relay was smashed three times in rapid succession this afternoon.

In the first elimination heat the four fleet Englishmen—Abrahams, Royle, Rangely and Bichol—covered the distance in :42 flat, beating the record made in the Antwerp games by the Americans, Paddock, Scholz, Murchison and Kirsey. Ten minutes later a quartet of flying Dutchmen, Boot, Broos, de Vries and Van den Bergen, equalled this new record mark.

The heat wherein the Americans ran came last. With each American running like a frenzied greyhound, Hussey, Clarke, Murchison and Leconey set a record of :41 1-5, one full record below America's epoch-making Antwerp mark.

Another world's record went crashing into the discard in today's amazing program when Nick Winter, kangaroo man from the Sydney, Australia, fire department, won the hop, step and jump with a magnificent effort of 51 feet 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. I. Brunetto, who looks like a twin brother of Luis Firpo, sent the golden starred flag of far-away Argentina to second place on the flag pole with a mark of 50 feet 7 1-16 inches, breaking the Olympic record.

While its triumph in the 10,000 meter race allowed Finland to creep up a little on the United States in the point standing, the little Norsemen cannot now catch the Americans, regardless of the result of tomorrow's events. The Yankee victory was assured by the victory of Harold Osborne, Chicago Athletic club star, who won the decathlon with Emerson Norton of Georgetown, second, and Kleimberg of Esthonia third. The tabulation of the results is not complete, however, and the official standing will not be announced until tomorrow.

Thirteen teams of the world's greatest distance runners jogged in parade before the grand stand to the starting point outside the stadium in the 10,000 meter race under the terrific sun rays, which sent the mercury scooting far above 100 degrees.

The Finns were in the lead, the crowds roaring their acclaim as they went by, as unconcerned as if they were going to a picnic. Six sturdy, grim Americans followed. The

French runners wore long vizored caps, made like tropical pith helmets, which later proved a safeguard which saved the French endless suffering. Ryan, wearing the flag of the Irish Free State, ran alone behind the Spaniards, in bright scarlet shirts.

Italy, Mexico, Great Britain, Ecuador and Brazil completed the procession, trotting to self-inflicted tortures worse than the Spanish inquisition. At the start, Nurmi, Ritola and Wide, the Swedish champion, dashed into the lead.

Pandemonium swept the huge arena when the little miracle runner, Nurmi, running in his customary machinelike style, dashed through the gate onto the track. The king of the world's distance runners swept around the turn into the last stretch and broke the tape in the same relentless, flawless form which marked him in his other two Olympic triumphs this week. Without showing the slightest sign of fatigue, and breathing normally, Nurmi bent over, took off his running shoes, and walked back along the edge of the track toward the barren Finnish dressing room. The judges announced that Nurmi's time was 32:54 4-5.

Then through the gates came Ritola, still running well, but worn under his calm exterior by his compatriot's heart breaking pace. Nurmi's poker face broke for the first time during the meet when his lips, for an instant, went into a triumphant smile.

Johnson of the United States finished third, biting his dusky lips under the terrible strain. Behind him, outside the stadium, came the bunch of runners, fighting blindly for their places. As they passed the Olympic tennis courts with the vast framework of iron grand stand, man after man collapsed in a dead faint from the heat.

Jose Andia of Spain got through the gate in fifth place and then collapsed. He recovered and started running around the track in the wrong direction until officials grabbed him. He fought the officials off and fell again into complete unconsciousness.

One of the most appalling sights ever seen on an athletic field was witnessed on the straight way, forty meters from the finish. Matainen of Finland, Studenroth of the United States, and Marsal of France, striving with every ounce of

strength, with dazed minds and screaming muscles, started a nightmare battle for sixth place. All three were stumbling and falling in circles, lurching from one side of the track to the other. The American faltered past the half crazed Frenchman, and then started to overtake the finished Finn. The little Norseman, nearly out of his mind, turned ten yards from the finish and staggered back in the opposite direction. Half a dozen Finnish coaches and trainers violated the rules by frantically waving their arms and flags at their countryman, showing him in which direction to run. The Finn mechanically obeyed the message of blurred arms and won eighth place.

This gave Finland a deciding point over the United States for first place in team standings, but America took the honor of being the only nation to have four men finish when August Fager of the Finnish-American club of New York and James Henigan, Medford, Mass., stumbled across the line, ninth and tenth, respectively.

John J. Gray, United States, considerably affected by the heat, dropped out not far from the end, while Verne Booth was forced to quit by foot trouble.

Marsal, the Frenchman, babbling like a madman, finally collapsed and was carried off the field by his French comrades, who were weeping in pity at his pathetic condition. One by one the rest of the fifteen men who finished made the final few yards and sprawled into waiting arms at the tape.

Wide, Sweden's mightiest runner, was found in a heap with a dozen bleeding cuts from his fall on the rough stones and gravel outside of the stadium. Bergstrom, Belin and Thresson, three Swedish teammates, who trained in icy weather and biting breezes in their native land, also were picked up by the ambulances.

The four Swedes and the Spaniard, Andia, were taken to the hospital vomiting pitifully and moaning from the horrible pain of heat prostration.

Wide, Bergstrom and Andia were all reported dead, and the stands were stunned as the death rumor swept the stadium. Fourteen women screamed and fainted in the unshaded stands and bleachers at the sight of the gasping run-

ners fighting off suffocation and unconsciousness from their unsparing enemies—heat and fatigue. The finest physicians and surgeons from a dozen nations worked like mad with the best restoratives to keep the worst affected men from crossing the last finish line. Two doctors told THE TRIBUNE that only the narrowest margins separated at least three oaken hearted athletes from dying in the attempt to win glory for their flags.

The silent, hatless throngs waited around the dressing-room doors, awaiting word about the condition of the writhing, sobbing victims of the big race. It is believed now that all the men will recover, but many have run their last race. The marvelous Nurmi and Ritola were the only men entirely unaffected.

Because of the tragedy today the cross country marathon race tomorrow will be held late in the evening to avoid the sizzling heat.

The American relay team's record breaking feat today was simply the result of four star runners all at their best. The team was composed of Frank Hussey, Stuyvesant High of New York, the interscholastic sprint champion; Louis Clarke of Johns Hopkins; Loren Murchison, Newark A. C., and Alfred Leconey, Meadowbrook club. They ran in the order named.

The school boy, Hussey, got away with a lead of one yard, which Clarke increased to five yards. Murchison, who until a very late hour this morning was making an inspection tour of the bright lights in the Montmartre cabarets and dives, ran in beautiful form, which upset all the established dope on proper training. Leconey finished in whirlwind style.

"The greatest sprinting the world ever saw—makes us look like a lot of tramps," Charley Paddock, a member of America's 1920 relay team, told THE TRIBUNE.

The Australians went wild with joy over Winter's world's record hop, skip and jump, wherein America failed to get a place when Hubbard, after one trial, limped off the field with a bad heel bruise received in the broad jump.

Osborne's victory in the decathlon came in the final events as the athletes struggled through the second day's

seven hour program. Morton had led the Chicago boy by a slight margin yesterday and had maintained this lead through today's early events, but lost out when he wilted in the 1,500 meter run and fell unconscious across the finish line. Osborne scored twice as many points in this event as his rival and the unofficial results give him the victory.

# THE FIRST WORLD'S SERIES GAME

BY GRANTLAND RICE

(*New York Herald Tribune*, October 5)

Washington, Oct. 4.—Eighteen years ago, a tall, broad-shouldered youngster of twenty, with sandy hair and blue eyes, started East from Coffeyville, Kan., with an old port-manteau and a fast ball, and landed here as a pitcher for the American Leaguers. Today 38,000 persons paid him, even in defeat, the homage due to greatness as the Giants beat the Senators, 4 to 3, in the first game of the world's series.

Among these 38,000 were the President and his wife, admirals, generals, Cabinet members and other officials who help direct the affairs of the nation. They gave him the acclaim that few in this swift, tumultuous existence can ever hope to know. So what does it matter, after all, that Walter Johnson, the synonym for greatness in action and for greatness of integrity, lost his first world's series start?

What is victory or defeat in any single encounter to be compared to a whirlwind of affectionate applause that a Cæsar would have envied? In place of kingly captives hooked to his chariot wheels, he came before the big crowd that packed Washington's stadium with the old fast ball that went singing on its way until twelve Giants had vainly belabored the gentle autumn breeze, and while they beat him in twelve innings of stirring combat he left the field without a sprig missing from his laurel chaplet.

In the heat of action, with the most impressive opening ceremonies ever known in any past world series, baseball came out from beneath its dark shadow to enthrall packed stands with an old-fashioned contest that brought victory to one and defeat for the other by the fraction of an eyelash as the sun went down.

For eleven innings Johnson and Art Nehf, the cool, game



left-hander sent to the front by McGraw, fought out a duel that made even the President forget a campaign was on. President Coolidge and his wife, both ardent fans, sat through this duel enthralled. Home runs by Kelly and Terry in the second and fourth, both line drives over Goslin's quivering, outstretched hands, had counted the only two runs off Johnson's speed up through the ninth, when a single by Bluege and a crashing double to left center by Roger Peckinpaugh tied up the score.

Johnson went along his way adding more Giants to his strike-out list until Hank Gowdy walked in the twelfth, and McNeely dropped Nehf's line drive to center. This was the beginning of the end. After eighteen years of waiting the eminent Kansan with the pitching motion built from the rhythm of Homeric poetry was merely looking over the fence into the promised land where the gates were barred. The Giants scored two runs after this on Young's scratch single and an infield out, and these were just enough to carry them safely through in the first game of the series. For Washington, fighting back with the same courage that carried her on to the pennant, made the most desperate and savage of bids to get back even.

It all began when Travis Jackson lost Shirley's pop fly in the sun for a two-base muff. It continued when Harris singled, scoring Shirley. At this point the uproar was beyond the defensive resistance of any human ear. The mighty racket pounded upon the ear drum with the heavy thunder of artillery. And the vocal cataclysm increased as Sam Rice followed with a long single to center. Here came the fatal break of the afternoon. As Harris whirled on his way to third, with only one out, Rice, in place of playing it safely with the tying run on third, rushed headlong to second, tearing by the coacher at first in a mad race to best Southworth's throw that had him headed off by a full stride.

It is here the ball game, from a Washington viewpoint, blew up with a loud crash. If Rice had only curbed his impassioned enthusiasm to get along Harris had the tying run in his pocket, all ready for quick delivery. As it was Leon Goslin tapped a slow bouncer to Kelly, who came in

fast for a great play that nailed Goslin at first by something less than the span of your hand.

The hand to hand battle between Johnson and Nehf was worth a cross-continent tour to watch. They were pitching for all they had in their systems before the high life of the nation. Just before game time President and Mrs. Coolidge took their places in the leading field box back of a line midway between home and first as a platoon of infantry and another platoon of marines, acting as escorts, stood at attention and the flag was raised in center field. For just one moment an autumn breeze came up and sent the flag spinning at full length with its rippling rolls of red outlined against the skyline blue. And then, as the breeze died down and the flag became furled, there was an omen that Washington thought about. The President threw out the first ball and the game was on.

Johnson, from the start, was plainly nervous. When you have worked and waited, toiled and struggled and fought eighteen years for a certain day and that day finally comes, one is apt to feel the heavy pressure of destiny. Where Johnson was nervous, Nehf was as cool as a wind across the barren lands; cool with a blighting effectiveness that Washington could not solve for a long, long time. Johnson was restless, wandering about, now and then warming up, over-keen to win for the 38,000 who had just paid him one of the greatest tributes any man ever knew. The hardest thing in competitive sport is to make good for admiring and acclaiming friends.

In the second inning, he gave Kelly a high fast one, inside, and Kelly thumped it on a line to left. Goslin whirled and ran until stopped by the short three foot fence. He could have gathered it in with just one more stride. Halted by the wooden barricade, Goslin made a desperate leap to bring the ball down but failed by inches as it sailed into the crowd just an inch or so above his glove. Goslin and the ball disappeared into the crowd together. But the ball counted most. Two minutes later Terry, the Giant first baseman, caught another Johnsonian fast one and, although a left-hand hitter, whaled the ball on the same line to left. Once again the ball disappeared over the low fence into the

crowd for another Giant home run and New York was leading 2 to 0.

It was not until the fourth inning that Nehf, the cool and canny, yielded his first hit. In the sixth McNeely dumped a double down the left field line and two infield outs brought him home. Was there any clamor? Was Babel quiet? Is a Yale cheer leader silent when Harvard is thrown for a loss? Has a political candidate anything to say? Does a golfer ever speak of the putts he missed? Our ears are still throbbing. In the meanwhile Johnson held the even tenor of his way. He was fanning Giants as slaves once fanned Algerian kings. He had them in the phantom swing, paddling the balmy ozone with earnestness and vainless zest. But he was apparently pitching against a forlorn hope until Bluege singled in the ninth and Peck drove him home with a long double to the left field fence that knotted the count.

Did we mention the fact that there had been a racket in the sixth? We take it back. Here came the cyclonic thunder of the day. Here came the crashing artillery of 38,000 human voices in one of the wildest vocal frenzies any one ever heard. Hats went into the air. Cushions sailed out upon the field. Fans from the center field bleachers, no longer human, rushed out upon the grass to embrace one another. Here was baseball at its highest point. Here was conclusive proof that the game must be preserved against all enemies and still held as part of the nation's life and recreation. There was no sordid club ownership here. There was no players' greed for more gold. There was the enthusiasm of the thousands who for the moment were dipped into bliss that doesn't come too often to the multitudes. Washington had come from behind and tied the score. Washington was going to win. What else mattered? It looked that way in the tenth when with one out Harris and Rice both singled.

Johnson at last was within one lone hit of the eighteen-year-old dream. Goslin whopped a terrific drive over first that brought on an uproarious cheer until it finally curved foul far down the line by less than two feet. Then Goslin passed out. Judge started another outburst when he,

also, slammed a line drive over first that curved foul by less than a stride. Here was the break of battle and the fortunes of war. Either blow might just as well have been a clean hit. But raw fate has no thought of what might happen on beyond. Judge's line blow curved foul and then he, too, passed on and out. Here was a great chance gone.

Johnson finally rolled up twelve strikes, but when he passed Hank Gowdy, always fighting to the last ditch, after Hank had drawn two strikes, the guillotine was ready to descend. He had two strikes on Nehf when the star Giant pitcher chopped a short blow to center. McNeely covered the ball, caught it, held it for a moment, but finally dropped it as his knee hit the turf. Even then he might have nailed Gowdy at second, but he lost the ball, fumbled it upon recovery and then threw wild past second, while Gowdy raced to third and Nehf to second.

This was the final thrust that finally brought the brilliant Johnson down. There is no armor against fate. No human is impervious to the assaults of unfavorable destiny. Both men scored later on. It was after this that Washington's game and savage rally came within a breath of tying the score and, despite Sam Rice's poor judgment in racing to second, only a brilliant stop and throw by Kelly saved the day.

## THE CARPENTIER-TUNNEY FIGHT

BY ED VAN EVERY

(*New York Evening World*, July 25)

Gene Tunney, the American light heavyweight champion, won over Georges Carpentier of France last night on a technical K. O. in the fifteenth round of a contest that actually out-thrilled the memorable Dempsey-Firpo fistic drama of last September, which took place in the Polo Grounds, as did last night's hectic affair. While Tunney was the winner you will find many of the ringsiders today strong in the opinion that the verdict should have gone to the Frenchman on a foul in the fourteenth round. Although Georges was soundly thrashed, he somehow still remains the great magnetic and colorful figure of the prize ring. A great soldier, a great fighter, a great actor is Georges Carpentier.

In the climax of the big fight of last year, when Firpo drove Dempsey through the ropes, it seemed that modern boxing had given us its greatest thrill. But last night we saw Carpentier beaten so badly in the tenth round that he seemed dead on his feet, and the crowd was yelling frantically to the referee to save the lionhearted Frenchman from further punishment. We saw the referee jump between the men and push Tunney away as he struck at his foe with blows that you could see Gene hated to deliver, and then we saw this soldier of France suddenly flash into a snarling wolf, into whose body had been grafted the heart of a lion.

Georges pushed Andy Griffin, the referee, away, while a disdainful yell of "No!" fell from his bleeding lips. He dashed toward Tunney and lashed out with two desperate right-hand swings for the jaw of his opponent.

Twice Carpentier had been down, once for the count of nine previous to the intervention of the referee. He went down again for the count of nine in the last minute, and, as the bell clanged the end of this terrific round, an unin-

tentional push sent him dazed and exhausted face forward on the canvas.

Somehow he came up for the eleventh round and also for the twelfth, in which he actually outfought Tunney. He lived somehow through another awful beating in the thirteenth. And then in the fourteenth came an anti-climax, and a finish in the fifteenth that gave the gathering of some 30,000 a picture such as has never been seen before in a contest with nature's weapons.

In the fourteenth round occurred the blow that has followers of ring affairs asking—was it fair, or was it a foul that dropped Carpentier in this round? The question will be bandied about for weeks and provoke innumerable arguments, and it will make for the success of a return match between this pair, plans for which got under way last night in the presence of the writer.

The blow in question was fair. That is my firm opinion. It is based on many good reasons. The blow was a left uppercut which Tunney delivered to the pit of the stomach and which sent Carpentier to his knees and brought a cry of foul from his corner and from all sides of the ring.

It happened that this writer was directly on a line so as to get a clear and unobstructed view of the punch. It was to the pit of the stomach, as we have already said. Apparently the blow was right on the line of the trunks. We are positive it did not land below the waistline. We are positive it was not a foul blow in the sense pretended by Carpentier and imagined by his admirers.

For one thing, if Georges had been struck in the groin with a blow of such terrific force as the one delivered by Tunney his legs would have buckled up under him and they would have been paralyzed so he would not have been able to drag himself to the centre of the ring as he did when the bell clanged for the fifteenth round. We have seen so many accidents of this nature, both in boxing and baseball, and are even permitted to express an opinion based on personal experience, we know whereof we speak.

Incidentally, the personal examination of Dr. William Walker, of the State Athletic Commission, revealed no evidence of a foul blow. Of course external appearance is

not altogether actual proof, but we know that Dr. Walker, a man of large experience in examinations of this nature, was soundly convinced, even though his examination may have been merely a superficial one, that Carpentier was not actually affected by a foul blow.

Carpentier, it is a matter of record, has been declared the winner quite a number of times on a claim of foul when he has been on the losing end of a contest. In view of his wonderful display of fighting heart all through the battle, and particularly in the tenth round, we have no desire to dwell on this angle of the business.

Of course Descamps and the others behind Carpentier rushed to the fallen boxer and dragged him to his corner. For a second or two he sat on his stool showing evidences of agony that were merely facial. Then followed a great to do of examining Georges' cup with Georges falling half fainting through the ropes, of calling to the referee to see the so-called evidence of the dented cup, of appeals by Descamps to the spectators. It was a wonderful picture indeed.

And then came the final picture—the stand in the fifteenth. The gong was barely heard above the pandemonium of shouts. Carpentier, bent of knee and heavy of foot, brought himself to the centre of the ring and lifted his hands wearily to fighting position, his eyes half closed and his face a mask of agony.

Tunney stood before the Frenchman helplessly. He could not bring himself to strike the pitiful figure before him; Gene has not the heart for such a cruel business. The referee moved between them and motioned that the fight was over. Carpentier was pleading to continue, though he plainly couldn't, and there seemed to be tears in his eyes. Nearby we could hear a young woman weeping convulsively.

Finally they got Georges back to his corner amid indescribable scenes on the part of the wrought up actors within the ring and the aroused spectators. Tunney was brought to the centre of the ring and pronounced the winner by a knockout amid a bedlam of mixed cheers and screams of foul. No one heard the announcement "thirteen seconds of the fifteenth round."

Then Descamps tore the aluminum cup loose and madly dashed about the ring gesticulating to the crowd, shrilling a string of invectives in French that none could hear, and finally in a great frenzy throwing the cup out among the spectators, the cup that was supposed to show a dent as evidence that Georges had been the victim of a foul punch.

A half hour later when we had come from the dressing rooms following interviews with Carpentier and Tunney the crowd was still banked about the ringside. There were arguments and arguments everywhere. A little later we saw Georges being carried down the steps of the business offices where he had been taken from his dressing room.

Outside on Eighth Avenue the street was black with people waiting for a sight of the beaten boxer. As he was led through the gate the mob rushed toward him with shouts of congratulations. Some one started banging on the sheet iron fence with a hard object and a swarm of police charged the mob and drove them back while Carpentier and his caretakers fought their way to a waiting automobile. He drove away at last amid much cheering.

Tunney's lack of aggressiveness at certain stages and his slowness to take advantage of a number of good openings when he had Carpentier in trouble is the only thing that saved Georges from an early knockout, and this with all respect to his wonderful display of gameness when the end seemed certain. Tunney at 173 1-4 had a weight advantage of one-quarter of a pound.

Nearly all of the rounds went to Tunney. Carpentier got over his vaunted right any number of times, but the blow had little effect on the American. As a matter of fact, Carp's right smash to the head was usually followed by a stiff counter on Gene's part.

Almost from the first Tunney played for the body and the pounding the Frenchman took around the mid-section was at times terrific. It looked like the end for Carpentier in the fifth when he went to his knees momentarily from a right cross to the jaw, and in the sixth he was taking a bad beating and hanging on desperately. He was so tired in the eighth that after missing a left he fell to the floor.

Carpentier started what was apparently a do or die effort



in the ninth and he put over his fast straight right to the head fully a dozen times, several of the blows seemed to have everything he had left behind him. Tunney was hardly budged and Carp's hopes looked decidedly forlorn, even though he won this round.

And then in the tenth came what looked like the last round for Georges. Early in this round Gene nailed him with a short right hook that bobbed the Frenchman's head back and sent him sagging forward. Gene followed this punch almost immediately with a short, powerful right-hand smash to the point of the chin, and down went Carpentier.

Georges was hardly able to drag himself to his feet and he was belted from side to side under a shower of blows. He was soon beaten to the floor again but was up almost immediately. Georges' eye, which had been cut in the second round, started bleeding and blood was pouring from his lips. Tunney pounded him all over the ring for almost a minute and it did not seem humanly possible that the Frenchman could hold his feet. He was swaying about like a drunken man when the referee tried to put an end to the cruel business.

We have already mentioned how Georges went down again for the count of nine and was on the floor again at the bell. In this round, it seemed that Gene must have punched himself out trying for a knockout. He was tired and slow in the next two sessions and Carp made many a heroic gesture with his right and won the twelfth.

Tunney started getting to the body in the thirteenth and then came the dramatic fourteenth and the picturesque finish in the final round.

## **FEATURE STORIES**



## A VISIT TO TEAPOT DOME

BY JOHN GUNTHER

(*The Chicago Daily News*, March 24)

Casper, Wyo., March 24.—Forty-two miles from Casper by flivver or mule pack, midway between the Laramie Rockies and the Montana border, in the heart of the desolate Wyoming wasteland, lies a shallow basin with perhaps a hundred million dollars in it.

Officially this basin is known as United States naval oil reserve No. 3. But familiarly every one knows it as Teapot Dome.

Remote and inaccessible, the Dome stretches for 10,000 acres in a land where rattlesnakes are more plentiful than motor cars, where clouds of alkali dust sweep across the camp from the sagebrush prairies, where good water is scarce and a good living scarcer.

The Dome is about three miles wide and about nine miles long. In this twenty-seven-odd square miles there exists, lives and has its being exactly one tree—a sufficient index to the somber aridity of the region.

To the north are the great Salt creek petroleum fields, where 871 wells rise in a gesture of industry; to the northwest is the wide-open, rip-roarin' oil town of Lavoye, which rivals Chicago in its proportionate murder rate. To the east and south stretch illimitable miles of drab prairie, hardly fit even for grazing.

Heavy snows have blanketed the Dome and the surrounding hinterland with a deceptive crust of ice, mud and frozen oil. Storms have tied up the roads so badly that it takes nine to ten hours to make the forty-two mile trip from Casper by automobile—railroads being unknown. In summer winds step up and take the place of rain.

"They have a twenty-foot pole at Salt Creek with a log chain at the top," said one of the drillers. "When the chain

stands out at right angles to the pole, the wind is normal. When the links start to snap off, the wind is considered strong."

Near Teapot Dome are three one-street "towns"—Lavoye, Midwest and Teapot. Each makes a specialty of alkali dust, hard liquor and gunplay on Saturday afternoons. Lavoye is populated largely by cowboys from western rodeos, with enough brass on their belts to equip a battleship; truck drivers, bronzed and in a hurry, who help to make the railroads unnecessary; riffraff and roustabouts from the wells, and enough camp followers (female) to turn a pink light red.

But these "towns" are almost as inaccessible as Teapot Dome itself. The real jumping off place is Casper.

From Casper, a typical six-cylinder oil town which has tripled its population in five years, the road to the Dome winds through small canyons (called "coulees"), across ranges of sandstone hills, and along the flatness of the prairie for forty-two miles. The distance, as some one pointed out, is not as the crow flies. No crow could follow that road.

This correspondent, who, according to Sinclair officials, is the first newspaper man ever to make the trip and to gain actual entrance to the Dome itself, jumped off from Casper in company with a chauffeur appropriately nicknamed "Speed." "Speed" put chains on his car and said that with luck he could make Teapot by noon.

The road is a muddy gray ribbon bisecting irregularly untold frozen miles of plain. It is the only means of communication to the fields and the three "towns," and, as such, it has been worn heavily by trucks which push through with supplies and mail. Most of it is mud. Where it is not mud it is indistinguishable from the surrounding land.

In Russia the enveloping countryside would be called a steppe; in Alaska, probably, it would be described as tundra. But here in Wyoming the native nickname is sagebrush prairie—stretching flatly and almost illimitably to a horizon dimly outlined on one side by the Casper mountains and on the other by the Big Horn Rockies.

Near Casper a sheep ranch extends seventeen miles to

back country. Seven flocks of 3,500 sheep each roam the prairie. At this spot there are fences on both sides of the road—the only example of such luxury in hundreds of miles. Near this spot, too, was seen the only human being, truck drivers excepted, encountered on the forty-two mile drive—a pipe-line rider, a lonely horseman slowly patrolling the underground oil channels.

“Speed’s” car stretches along the road, purring like a dynamo. Lurching through the mud, it reels and slips, with the rear wheels spinning within their chains. On either side is blankness.

There is no vegetation, once out of Casper, except occasional spots of greasewood, tumbleweed, and the clumps of shriveled brush. There are no habitations except one or two ramshackle huts built by squatters and long since deserted. There are no water tanks, windmills, farmhouses.

Nearer the Dome the country breaks up in an upheaval of the prairie. The coulees are more numerous and approach the size of canyons. Limestone and sandstone cliffs jut out in fantastic formations. Even a few stunted evergreens, climbing the slopes of the gnarled crags, wrest a living from bare rock. And thirty-five miles from Casper the first sign of water appears—a muddy, ice-bound rivulet flowing down a gully—Teapot creek.

From a slight crest in the road a better perspective of the snowy plain, dotted with the dark purplish sagebrush, shows once more a white flatness and a vague horizon. The hard crust of ice and rock stretches to the foothills of the Rockies. And underneath this limitless hard crust, thousands of feet down, is oil.

“Speed” points to the oil fields a few miles away, across a ridge of rock and through a sea of mud.

“Mebbe that’s what makes this road such a tough, black-and-blue son of a gun,” says “Speed.” “This here ground is just cake. Underneath is millions and millions of barrels of oil. I dunno what the geologists say, but I reckon, sir, we’re ridin’ right on oil—oil that got crusted and hard and mixed up with the surface.”

Once more a jutting lip of rock cuts off the road. “Speed’s” car burrows through it, flounders in mud on the

down grade, and in the distance are seen suddenly the spindly, conelike derricks of the oil fields. Dotting the ground, they appear far below like children's toys. And where the derricks are thickest "Speed" points out, on one side of the basin, lies Teapot Dome.

Two perhaps surprising facts arise rudely to stare at any visitor to Teapot Dome. They are:

1. Teapot Dome has no resemblance whatever to a teapot.

2. Teapot Dome has no resemblance whatever to a dome.

It is generally assumed that Teapot Dome got its name from a neighboring rock, supposed to sketch the silhouette of a teapot in bluish-white sandstone. This is quite true.

It is not so generally known that this rock, which rises to a height of perhaps seventy-five feet and commands picturesquely the surrounding waste land, is at least nine miles from the nearest oil well, a few hundred yards off the road to Casper.

And it is not nearly so generally known that a heavy storm three months ago knocked off the spout of the teapot.

This disaster, coupled with slow erosion, heavy winds and wet alkali dust, has permanently marred and blurred the outlines of the rock, so that all resemblance to a teapot, real or fancied, has ceased. Now the block of sandstone looks like nothing in the world so much as a huge tooth turned upside down, with three jagged roots protruding—like a prehistoric molar left to decay by some primeval mastodon.

Nor does Teapot Dome look at all like a dome. Geologists call it an anticlinal valley, which means that it resembles closely a shallow oval basin, nine miles long and three broad, rimmed on three sides by craggy sandstone ridges, known as escarpments. To the north the fourth side, the "dome" blends into the great Salt Creek field, with only a few juttings of rock as boundary.

Seen from an elevation at a distance, the Dome looks like nothing so much as the long shallow crater of an extinct volcano. Also from this elevation may be seen a rocky ridge stretching irregularly across the reserve from the

northeast to the southwest, more or less bisecting it. This ridge is known as a "fault." And of this "fault" more anon.

Originally, of course, Teapot Dome was truly a dome. Millions of years ago some geologic upheaval thrust rock beds upward to a domelike eminence. Erosions wore away the protuberance; in the end the anticlinal valley was formed. But, underneath the ground, strata of rock and sand and shale—and oil—still follow the domelike structure.

This manifestation, it may be noted, is familiar through all the Wyoming oil country, where most of the petroleum fields and deposits are known as domes. Within a few hundred miles are Sage Creek Dome, Old Woman Dome, Mule Dome, Greybeard Dome, Poison Spider Dome and many others of similar picturesque nomenclature.

The highest point of each of these subsurface domes, according to the hypothesis of field engineers and geologists, is the principal drilling spot for possible oil. Here gas and oil will accumulate, and, if it is backed by water pressure, it will be most conveniently accessible.

And, early enough, the Teapot field was found to be oil producing. And at the "crest" of its "dome," soon enough, oil squatters appeared.

A survey of the various steps by which the Teapot properties was acquired from the United States navy by the Mammoth Oil company, headed by Harry F. Sinclair, will appear later in these articles. The Mammoth people entered soon after the territory was leased to them in April 7, 1922, and the first gusher was brought in on Oct. 5, 1922.

The few months following saw an amazing activity. From a barren waste, without water, without industrial facilities, even without roads, the Dome was transformed to a teeming oil field. Pipe lines, warehouses, a commissary, water tankage, local highways appeared over night, sprouting like mushrooms. Twenty-two wells were drilled in the first fifteen weeks.

Today sixty-one producing wells are on the Teapot reserve, twelve gas wells, four water wells and four drilling wells—a total of eighty-one. To handle tankage twenty-



one steel tanks have been erected, all but four of them of 80,000 barrels capacity. A system of pipe lines has been developed connecting the Dome with the great Sinclair tank farm at Clayton, Wyo., fifty miles away.

The gross production to March 1, 1923, has been 1,437,060.91 barrels of crude oil. The sixty-one producing wells are now pumping from 3,600 to 4,000 barrels daily.

To the layman this appears to be a great deal of oil. But in every sense to the Mammoth people it has been a bitter disappointment. Which brings us back to the "fault"—the ledgelike ridge cutting off the northern half of the reserve from the other.

From the first geologists suspected that the oil in the reserve would flow northward (underground, of course) from the fault, seep underneath the arbitrary topographical "boundary" on the surface, drain beyond this boundary and flow into the adjacent Salt Creek oil beds to the north—hopelessly lost and continually draining away.

Not only the geologists, but the Salt Creek operators, discovered this drainage soon enough. Most of the 871 Salt Creek wells are operated by the Midwest Oil company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Wells soon began to appear just beyond the Teapot boundary—sucking up Teapot oil.

The first operation of the Mammoth company, upon acquiring the reserve from the navy, was the erection of "off-set" wells—wells drilled just within the boundary, immediately opposite the rival wells in Salt Creek. These Teapot offset wells, necessary to catch Teapot's own oil drainage, now number twenty-one. Whether they are catching all the drainage is a grave point of dispute.

These offset wells, paired exactly with the corresponding Salt Creek wells, make the northern Teapot boundary a double series of precisely aligned derricks, as seen from the aforementioned elevation. Not more than 400 feet apart, similar in height and structure, tit for tat, they stretch along like two rows of silently jealous and infinitely wary sentinels.

'In this shallow basin, then, in this long crater-like valley, lies Teapot Dome—probably the most famous oil field the

world has ever known. Here, according to original estimates (which have subsequently been revised), were waiting \$100,000,000 in oil. Here is the central focal point of a great national scandal.

And here, too, as will be pointed out shortly, is one of the greatest disappointments in all oil history.

## THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE GANG

BY JANET MABIE

(*Christian Science Monitor*, August 23)

Plymouth, Vt., August 22.—This village, cupped in the golden silences of fir-wrapped hills, has been transformed into a colossal whispering gallery, a neighborhood where the days are a mosaic of portentous trifles. By the magic alchemy of speculation the most insignificant occurrences are transformed into events of epochal importance. The little family, gathered together for its brief, often pathetic interval of hardly-won rest in the white house under the spreading maples, may conduct itself as simply as it pleases. But if the embroidered versions seep through, it must positively be astounded at the significance placed on its most trifling acts by the whispering gallery.

Before the post office, where Miss Florence Cilley, the postmistress, has composed herself philosophically to the extraordinary aspects of the most dramatic chapter in her career, is the Green, made forever historic by the strange scenes for which it has become the stage. The Green is just a small triangle of close-shorn grass, rapidly being transformed by the beat of countless feet into a plot of scuffed brown. A thoughtful individual has set out four long, ocher settees, probably from the Sunday school room of the white church. Frightfully hard seats they are, but they might be ancient hassocks of Spanish brocade from the satisfaction the visitors derive in occupying them.

The gallery begins to assemble early in the morning. Campers, their automobiles bulging with tents and water pails and canvas sacks, arrive earliest with many gaping children and an expectant air. They try to look casual but don't always succeed. The "wet wash photographer" as the newspaper men call him, early sets up his flimsy little tripod where he secures the best view of the house as back-

ground for the pictures visitors are charmed to have him make. He comes from back up in Vermont somewhere and this is an assignment bestowed upon him by fortune. He is a mild little man, with an optimistic viewpoint and quite a command of knowledge of the President's personal habits and temperament and the success of his business has evidently caused him to decide that Plymouth may best be his permanent residence. He may sleep under a haymow but that's a trifle. By the time the fortnight is over he can probably afford a custom-built motor and a camping equipment like Henry Ford's.

Campers are not all. There are correctly gowned matrons in shining closed cars driven by imperturbable chauffeurs. They come down quite early from the Inns up in the mountains. They are hunting a lion quite obviously but they save their pride by murmuring "Just passing through and must mail a letter . . ." but it fools no one.

The Coolidge neighbors scarcely appear in the gallery with the exception of two or three who practically must. One lives on the edge of the green and he can't very well remain marooned in his house for the fortnight. Another is by way of being the village oracle and his right to remain in evidence is obvious. The Oracle tells people, "Yes, there are 29 people in the town. That lady over there counted them." And no one disputes him. Because there are only four houses in sight and that seems a fair distribution.

Furthermore, to the neighbors, Cal Coolidge is no source of wonder, even now that he is President. Mr. Wilder—who lives at the edge of the Green—may have rocked Cal on his knee when he was a little shaver, but even he only smiles vaguely and says, "What if I did?" Colonel Coolidge is a source of curiosity but of little information. He will shake hands willingly enough and he will listen to conversation, but he has a baffling habit of turning questions into more questions and, to forthright visitors from, say Kansas, that sort of thing is pretty disconcerting.

The best permanent stand is the glassed-in porch of the combined post office and store. It commands an excellent view of the Coolidge porch and the swing where Mrs. Coolidge sits frequently to crochet and read, in the after-

noon while the President is asleep or when he is walking over the hills. She sits there, a placid figure in all white or all black, occasionally turning the red-edged leaves of what must be a Bible. She looks down the road at the people standing endlessly on the green only occasionally. She must hear, far too distinctly: "There—she's turning another page," and "Now—quick—you can see her while she's looking this way. . . ." It must be a great bore. She must hear the utterly tasteless things that ring from the side porch and the green from time to time. But she is in Vermont and in Vermont people are silent and philosophical.

The trifles are what cause the greatest excitement. Mrs. Coolidge's drawing a pail of water from the tap at the edge of the narrow porch hints broadly of some approaching state crisis. The slightly bewildered valet, wrapped in a long overcoat to cover his blue smock while he hurries to Mr. Slemph's office over Miss Cilley's store, must be bent on some errand involving kings and queens and Soviet Russia. It is good training for the cultivation of poise among the visitors. Because after they have seen the screen door opened a certain number of times and the President or his wife or his son or—best of all, some unknown person who may be an ambassador or something like that—emerge it is easy to show a veneer of casual disdain, as one who should say, "Oh, nothing can startle me now. I expect the Prince of Wales is going to pitch quoits with John Coolidge in an hour or so."

Mrs. Coolidge keeps busy in spite of the piercing whispers—loud as shouts—that mark her every visible act. She motors in the morning. She and John have gone to a neighboring hill, and, shielded in silence and the pungent spice of pine woods, have picked enough blueberries to fill a shiny tin pail. When she walks back, up the long incline of silver road, with tall Jim Haley on one side and tall John Coolidge on the other, she bows and smiles to the ecstatic gallery, but she does not speak. Young John looks permanently uncomfortable under the pitiless glare of observation, and for the most part has devised a useful and precautionary habit of going out the back door—or maybe it is

a window—and disappearing behind the cheese factory, a hurrying and embarrassed figure in white knickerbockers who can't go to Woodstock to play golf with a friend because he doesn't know how to play golf, and anyhow, "Grandfather keeps me busy in the garden and around. . . ."

The President walks early. He says nothing to the correspondents or to the gallery as he returns with his body-guard. One day—it is the only time any one has seen him do such a thing—he did stop and say, "Want a picture?" when Rachael Congdon of Amsterdam, N. Y., pointed a camera at him. Rachael is slim and graceful as an aspen and has a golden tan and clipped hair and is about 14 years old. And Rachael has the distinction of being the only person known to have secured a posed picture of the President.

Late in the afternoon, when the purple shadows have lengthened across Messer Hill, and the blackened roof of the house of the first Coolidges down in the valley a little way is blacker as the sun slips away the neighbors feel a little more free to move about. But they don't stop to stare at the white house. They look resolutely the other way, as if trying austere to set a good example. The telegraph key in the room behind the store ticks restlessly. The ice cream—to be had only three days a week—is all gone long ago. The beat of feet in the room where the President was born has drummed to nothing. The register—it takes a new one about every other day to care for the steady stream of visitors—is filled with new signatures and new blots. The President sits and swings idly in the hammock, staring hard at the whirling windmill on the fencepost of the garden across the road. Somewhere a cowbell tinkles a little and is still. . . . The gallery murmurs and dwindles. And by blue dusk it is almost gone.

## THE DEATH OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

*(Newark Evening News, December 13)*

A tottering cone of brick in a jungle of pine, alder and matted undergrowth; some crumbling walls of stone; a few waterside banks or mounds covered with rank verdure—of such are today the visible evidences of a New Jersey industry that in its days of glory provided among other things ordnance for two of the nation's wars, gave employment to hundreds of skilled artisans, created sturdy settlements and for a century or more composed an epoch.

In the days of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 the bog iron of South Jersey was fashioned into cannon and cannon balls; into stoves to heat the houses of the forefathers of the Republic; into frying pans and pots to cook their food, and pipes for the carrying of water supplies to centers of population. Furnaces and forges were land marks along the Great Egg Harbor, Mullica, Atsion and Tuckahoe rivers and in that vast, indeterminate region known only to people hereabouts as South Jersey. Around them sprang settlements of homes and from them radiated means of transportation to the nearest seaports. But after 1850 the whole industry collapsed and vanished and today of it all no sign is left except the reminders listed above.

To complete the picture of departed glory, industries which followed and were built upon the wreckage of the bog iron era themselves became obsolete. After the forges and furnaces sank from view saw mills and cotton mills took life and played their part. Now even they have fallen into decay and in a territory thousands of acres in extent there is waste and desolation. The old mills stand stark in the sunlight, the wheels lie rotting to the sky and the great ponds which at a time long past provided the power are some of them drained and weed grown. There is a pathos about these dead and gone industries that no traveler through that section of the state can miss.

One of these days some strong pen will write the Epic of

the Bog Iron, the history of the men who first raised the industry to a high estate and then saw it sink into nothingness; the career of the great families which owned their manorial tracts of land in that domain and kept high state, devoted to hospitality and the pursuit of the game of which the land is even yet full; of those men of heroic mold who built themselves fine mansions in the wilderness and raised sons and daughters to be among the leaders of that and subsequent times.

All through the short but stirring history the names of Richards, Ball, Colwell and Walker recur and today their manor houses may be seen in old age and faded glory, and in the old graveyards of Mays Landing, Batsto, and Weymouth crumbling headstones mark their resting places.

Some time in the late seventeenth century some worker in iron from the old country discovered in the creek and river bottoms a substance that resembled iron in its crudest form. To the amazement of the Indians, who had up to that time used the stiff and sticky substance as material with which to smear their bodies, this man took a few handfuls of the stuff and in a crude pot of earth or metal reduced it to iron. From the raw material thus won from the soil pots and pans were fashioned and the industry was born.

But it was not until about a century later that the forges came into their own. Then Washington, in bitter need of cannon and ball, utilized the bog iron of South Jersey. In City Square, Philadelphia, stand a number of old cannon which bear the Weymouth forge mark. And many a ball rounded in the forges of Atlantic and Burlington counties found their mark in British ranks. Again in the War of 1812 the bog iron forges played their part. But with the discovery of magnetic iron in Pennsylvania and the Lake Superior district came the downfall. By 1850 the last forge had put out its fires and the epoch was closed.

Just what is bog iron ore, anyway? Geologically it is a mixture of limonite with other hydrated oxides of iron, intermingled with clay and sand. It is brownish-yellowish-red, soft and earthy, and when dried becomes a red-brown powder. It colors all waters with which it comes in contact, such as is the case with the Rancocas Creek.



Ore is found in bogs and swamps, often immediately beneath the grass roots. It lies on the bottom of shallow lakes into which swamp waters drain, in their movement bringing with them the ferruginous deposits of the hillsides. The most important deposits of bog iron ore in South Jersey lie along the Little Egg Harbor River, in Burlington County, centering about Atsion. One tract stretches from the headwaters of Atsion Creek in a wide belt southward to Landing Creek. Its width is about three miles and its total area some sixty square miles. There is another tract along Wading River and its branches which is as large as the first, but in which the ore deposits are not so abundant.

There are three kinds of bog ore, known as seed, loam and massive ore. In the manufacture bog ore often was mixed with magnetic iron ore. There are other tracts in the state, in Morris, Monmouth, Middlesex and Warren counties. The process of smelting was the simplest kind, being a mere heating in crucibles to precipitate the ore from the mass of sand and clay.

At one period there were in Burlington, Atlantic, Cape May and Ocean counties fourteen forges. At Tuckahoe, just over the line in Cape May County, stands today all that is left of one. At Atsion, Weymouth and Batsto the only reminders are grassy banks of the ruins of mills that succeeded them. At the tiny settlement of Stafford's Forge there has been preserved the great 800-pound hammer head with which the red hot billets were molded into shape. This huge weight is made of bog iron and its quality is shown in the fact that although exposed to the weather for more than fifty years there is hardly any rust on it. It is the proudest possession of John T. Gray, who now owns the tract on which the old forge stood.

Three miles outside Mays Landing stood a hundred years ago the Walker forge, of which today no trace remains. At Weymouth the site of the forge became a sawmill and then a paper mill. Now even the latter is in ruins. At Atsion the only reminder of the forge that once made the name of the place known all over the state is a shallow trench through which once flowed a branch of the stream which provided the power. There the big cotton mill which

stood on the site is now a cranberry house, and the mansion nearby built by a Richards about 125 years ago is but a shell of its one-time grandeur. Only the dam and pond remain to tell the story of past activity.

Both Weymouth and Batsto are today mere wraiths of the settlements they once were. Both have a sort of unearthly beauty. At Weymouth the ruined paper mill and sawmill are mere stone walls open to the sky. Since 1900 no industrial life has wakened the echoes of the enclosing forest. Even the lovely lake that up to about ten years ago lay between the hills has vanished as the result of the blowing out of the dam after a heavy rain, and no one has felt the need of repairing it. On the hill to the west stands the old Richards-Colwell mansion, far gone in decay, but wrapped about with some of the noblest oaks and hemlocks to be seen anywhere, mute survivals of its happier day.

Which brings the story to the point of telling something of this Richards family of which mention has been made. Weymouth, Batsto and Atsion were created by them. In the little cemetery at Batsto lie all the old men and women of the clan. All but the first, Owen Richards, who came from Wales in 1718 and founded the dynasty. He lies buried near Philadelphia. Owen Richards had a son, William, who had a son, Samuel, born at Valley Forge, Pa., in 1769. He was the first of the Jersey branch of the family. He built the big mansion at Atsion about 1800. His estate covered about 75,000 acres, and included the Weymouth tract. He conducted forges and furnaces. He had eleven children and died in 1842. He is buried at Batsto.

One of his children was Sarah Bell, who in 1836 married Stephen Colwell, born in 1800 and died 1871. Colwell succeeded his father-in-law as manager of the Weymouth Works, which had been established in 1800. The original owners were Joseph Ball and Charles Shoemaker. The first manager was the Lewis M. Walker who later built the forge near Mays Landing. Colwell took charge about 1840. In 1866 he built the first of the stone paper mills, the walls of which still stand. The second mill was erected in 1869. Stephen Colwell had a son, Charles R. Colwell, who con-

tinued the business and built the big house that stands on the hill overlooking what used to be the lake. This house was built about 1850 and in its prime the estate must have been a beautiful place. In 1907 Dr. Henry van Dyke took a canoe trip down the Great Egg Harbor River and wrote a sketch of it for Scribner's Magazine. In it he notes paying a visit to the Colwell house and tells of meeting a "Lady in Black," who was the wife of one of Charles R. Colwell's sons. Dr. van Dyke says that even then the house was showing signs of decay. Today it is even farther gone in decrepitude. A caretaker was in charge when it was visited recently.

Samuel Richards had a grandson, another Samuel, who is credited with the founding of Atlantic City. This man and his career are a story in themselves. With others, mostly Philadelphians, he opened, in 1854, the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, now under control of the Pennsylvania system. It was a successful enterprise and put Atlantic City on the map forever. In 1876, however, differences arose among the directors and Samuel Richards, his cousin, Charles R. Colwell and others, resigned and organized another line. This was the famous "Narrow Gauge" that today is recalled by the Reading line, laid on its old right of way. The "Narrow Gauge" was begun and finished in 1877. It was not a success. It aroused some bitter enmities and a year later Colwell was named receiver. In 1883 it was sold under foreclosure and finally reached Reading's ownership and a standard gage. Incidentally both Richards and Colwell lost a lot of money—some say most of what they had.

The railroad adventures of the second Samuel Richards have little bearing on this story except that from the date of the collapse of the "Narrow Gauge" began the downward course of the fine mansion and estate at Weymouth. It still was a splendid home, filled with handsome furniture and family portraits, but its best days had passed. The house was built with galleries running all around it in the Southern style, with connected service buildings and with summer houses placed on the bank overlooking the lake. Many noble trees, still there, were planted, and a winding

driveway led down to the mills. Free hospitality ruled for years and many a gay party drove over from Philadelphia to spend a week or so among the stately oaks and fragrant pines, and to enjoy the matchless hunting the territory afforded.

Today the roof needs repairs, the galleries are sagging a little, the service buildings are neglected. Rank grass grows knee high where once closely clipped lawns spread all about, and the shrubs that were gay in spring time with blossoms are overgrown and run to wood. Even the lake is no more; a dismal bog is traversed by a thin trickle of creek, and the dam is broken and gaping.

In the heyday of the mills which now are crumbling walls of stone there was a lively settlement of some thirty-five houses. It is related by old timers that on Saturday nights in the general store the clerks weighed out four to five barrels of pork, 2,500 to 3,000 pounds of flour, forty to fifty bushels of potatoes and a hogshead of molasses. Today about a dozen of the old houses are still standing, but in the last stages of dissolution. Since 1900 most of them have been unoccupied and their windows and doors are mere holes through which the wind and rain enter unimpeded. The old "Main Street" can be traced by rows of willows, themselves far gone in senility. In truth, it is a deserted village.

The visitor will look in vain for any trace of the railroad tracks over which, by mule power, the forge sent its products to Mays Landing in the days of its greatness. Yet men still alive remember that railroad that wound its way through the woods to the shore of the Great Egg Harbor River, six miles away, where sailing vessels awaited their cargoes for Delaware River points and farther away. Thus Weymouth in its season of decline and fall.

Over at Batsto something of the same faded grandeur exists. Of an earlier period than Weymouth it has to a certain extent felt the hand of the restorer. There the first forge was built by Charles Read in 1766. Some years later Joseph Ball of Pennsylvania bought it and about 1784 William Richards, another of the family and a relative by marriage of Ball, became the proprietor. He added a

casting foundry, built a fine mansion on the hill overlooking Batsto Pond, and lived in considerable state. That mansion is now submerged in the great house that Joseph Wharton, the Philadelphia iron man, built around it about 1876 and which still is a fine home. Some of the old stone outbuildings still stand and the mill dam has in its banks stones of the original forge. All about is quiet country overrun with game of all sorts, and the lovely pond lies under the gray sky of autumn in all its old beauty. In the cemetery just outside the settlement the gravestones bend over the resting places of the Clan Richards; the settlement itself is not far from the state of Weymouth's dead and gone village. Batsto lives in its past, awaiting the hand of some lover of wild places to bring it back to sound and activity.

The third of the trio of forge sites of the Richards family is at Atsion, where little remains but the mansion of the original Richards and a brick factory which marks the site of the forge. After the forge came a sawmill, after the sawmill a cotton factory, after the cotton factory the present cranberry house, run in connection with a nearby Wharton bog. Yet Atsion, too, had its great days. In 1765 the Colonial Legislature empowered one John Estell to build a dam across the river and about 1767 the Charles Read of the Batsto forge built a furnace. It passed in 1773 from Read to Ball and in 1784 Samuel Richards took it over at the same time he acquired the Batsto plant. When Richards died in 1823 it passed to his son Jesse, who conducted it until the Pennsylvania iron drove it from the field. In 1876 the whole tract was purchased by Wharton.

In the day of Jesse Richards the forge enjoyed a boom. As late as 1834 the furnaces were turning out bog iron at the rate of 900 tons of castings and 200 bars of iron yearly. But in a few years the era had passed and bog iron became a memory.

Down at Tuckahoe, where the Tuckahoe River marks the dividing line between Atlantic and Cape May counties, there is the last actual forge. It is mostly the tall chimney that once reared its head above the works. It was built about 1800 as the Etna and continued in existence until

1850. Of all the forges that once belched smoke and fumes in that section of the state it is the sole relic maintaining some sort of shape to tell the present generation what the old forges looked like. It stands beside the stream about a mile from the high road, a forlorn survival. In a few years, unless some care is taken of it, it, too, will disappear.

Aside from the ruins of the stately old Richards house there is not much of interest left in Atsion, but Weymouth and Batsto are saturated with sad charm. No one can view these tattered old homes in Weymouth's "Main Street" and not feel their shadow of gloom. To any person of imagination a deserted house, in which men have been born, and lived, and married, and died is a haunt of memories. When a whole settlement of such homes lies open to the storms of winter and the heat of summer the effect is cumulative. An ancient man living in one of the houses in solitary grandeur was found to relate past history. Up to 1900, he said, the village was a counterpart of many others in the county which still exist. The general store whose doors today sway unsteadily on rusted hinges was on a Saturday night the meeting place for everybody. On that bridge over the dam youths and maidens walked in the evenings and gazed over the limpid lake. The fame of the Weymouth paper mills filled the land; today its alumni are scattered far, but always of good repute as workmen.

When the great folks on the hill had their big parties the whole town turned out to view the guests arriving in handsome carriages and remarked on the fine feathers of the city dwellers. The whole population worshipped in the little frame church down the road, today standing forlorn in the midst of its old gravestones. That church, the ancient relates, was built in 1807, and records still in the possession of its officers show that it was put up in one year by a man and a boy. The man was paid \$1 a day and the boy fifty cents. Less than \$550 completed, that church cost. And still in good working order. Most of the stones in the churchyard bear dates in the '60s and '70s. The place is tidy and well kept; somebody cares for the old place.

Batsto, seen in the slanting rays of a westering sun, is

pure beauty. Its dam is intact and its lake spreads its soft bosom to the sky as in better years. Its "Main Street" is not deserted, but no paint brush has swept those wooden houses for thirty years or more. It is a wreck of a village, rimmed about with woodland and hill, its sawmill—when it is at work—giving forth agonized sounds as steel teeth meet hemlock knots. A small boy informs visitors that only last night he had seen six deer drinking by the shore of the lake. And that the fishin' has been fine all summer. Perch and some pickerel; once in a while a black bass.

The great house on the hill is in the hands of caretakers. Yes, once in a while the family comes down from Philadelphia for the hunting. There is plenty of game in those woods. Yes, the deer are plentiful; you can't grow sweet potatoes or late cabbage around here; they come in the night and eat them up. That old stone building over there is what used to be the store, and those other buildings were the barns and the mills. Down there by the dam you will find some old timbers and some broken walls. That is where the old forge used to be, he had heard tell.

That was a long time ago, before his time, says one of the custodians. There is not much hunting around here; the estate is pretty well posted. Yes, the lake is full of fish, but the whole place is under preserve. Pretty quiet around here most of the time.

Once in a while an automobile whirs over the dam bridge, for Batsto is on a good gravel road running from Hamonton to Tuckerton, and one also can get from it to the White Horse Pike by way of Elwood. But few of the cars stop. For Batsto is moribund, and complete dissolution seems not far away. Yet lovely with the loveliness of enchantment. Who knows, there may be a Sleeping Beauty in the place!

A strange silence lies over all. The houses on the high road are obviously inhabited, yet not a living creature, aside from the boy and the caretaker, has been encountered. At the sawmill logs await splitting and there is a big pile of sawed boards about the doorway. One takes for granted that it is in operation. But not this afternoon. The trees on the hillsides are bare and the undergrowth is brown with

the coma of autumn. Over the artificial pond created in bygone years by some departed Wharton for a skating place, possibly, a thin film of ice has formed, thrusting itself into the sedge grass on the banks. Perhaps the whole town is frozen, as in the old days corpses were treated.

It is time to be getting back to lights, and movement and people.

So lies in the past the industry of the bog iron. Gone are its forges and furnaces, asleep in the graveyards its masters and leaders. Only remain the bleak old manor houses and the tall trees planted so many years ago by a generation long forgotten. The substance wrung from the creek bottoms and the flatlands had its day, and now it is lying fallow, neglected, unwanted, superseded. Once it joined in the roar and shock of battle, now it has departed, victim of a new era. But it had its noble time. That can not be taken from it.



## THE GIRL OF THE ATHLETIC NOSE

BY JULIAN SARGENT

(*St. Paul Dispatch*, August 2)

Bob Mills, president of Mills & Bell Motion Pictures, Inc., 821 University avenue, wasn't greatly bothered when the policeman came in with a scenario four inches thick and wanted him to read it.

But at the end of his encounter with the girl who had "exercised her nose" he was hanging on the ropes.

Mr. Mills is a genial soul, and doesn't find many flies in the ointment; however, he does sometimes wish it were more generally understood that the Mills & Bell business consists chiefly of making industrial and propaganda pictures, and that the establishment is not trying to offer St. Paul a second Hollywood, where budding genius can gallop in and rest its unappreciated head.

Take the case of the girl who had exercised her nose, for instance. She hardly belonged to the inexhaustible B. V. D. class (beautiful but very dumb), because she had too much nerve to be entirely dumb. Mr. Mills strongly suspected she had never had stage or screen experience; but she was in the horrible category of aspirants who read everything they can get their hands on, in "plain, sealed envelopes," telling how to break into the movies. To make matters worse, the part that had appealed to her most was the advice that "all it takes is nerve." This had appealed to a natural aptitude in her.

Thus we have the picture: Beautiful girl with no experience but lots of nerve, tripping lightly on a pair of gazelle ankles up to the desk of the genial Mr. Mills.

"Out of a job, temporarily," she caroled. "Had to come back here in a hurry by airplane from Hollywood to look after a sick mother. Anything doing around this joint?"

Mr. Mills crouched a little, and, as they do in the movies,

his eyes became "mere slits," out of which there was a "glint like tempered steel."

"What can you do?" he asked, in a "dangerously quiet voice."

"Watch me!" she exploded. "Using the eyes and the mouth to get thick emotion across is easy. Any daughter can do that. But how many girls have you ever seen who can tell a story with their nose?"

"I don't know," Mr. Mills responded, becoming weak. "I don't know."

He was about to explain that it wasn't his business to know girls who could say it with noses, when she broke out again:

"Of course not! Nubbody but a trained actress can use her nose. I've exercised mine! Want to see it?"

Mr. Mills stared at her nose. It didn't seem dangerous.

"Yes," he said. "Unleash it and let it do its stuff."

"This will be consternation, anger, outraged innocence, like I'd been kissed by the wrong guy," she prefaced.

She threw her head back, caught it just in time, and suddenly her nostrils went out like the sides of a prairie broncho when the saddle is put on. Her nose, instead of looking like the front end of a yacht, looked like the front end of a canal boat. If she had cared to lean her face against a piano and imagine herself being kissed by the wrong guy, she could have gotten a job any time as a furniture mover with Ballard.

Mr. Mills merely gasped, and sank deeper into his chair.

Letting the tension off the nasal consternation, the young woman explained that she would now use her nose to register penetrating suspicion, such as a wife would show when the maid said she didn't break the plate.

"Look at the upper part of my nose," she admonished.

Suddenly something queer happened to what the engineers have nicknamed the "bridge" of her olfactory protuberance. The skin shivered and huddled together like water spanked by a cold breeze. "How's that?" she wanted to know, returning to normalcy.

"It's wonderful—wonderful," whispered Mr. Mills, with one arm over the top rope and his feet dragging in the

press box. "I am sorry we have no use for trained noses around here. I would advise you to take your nose elsewhere, or else use it to smell with."

But the procession of lithe and pretty girls, and burning-eyed boys, and mothers with future Jackie Coogans and Wesley Barrys, that files through the door of Mills & Bell Motion Pictures, Inc., is not the only thing that helps to keep life jazzed up in that hard-working establishment. A stream of manuscripts flows in by mail, kissed and sent fondly on their way by ardent women with the urge to "write for the movies." Not a few of them come from wives of well-known business and professional men in the Twin Cities, who have lounged back among the purple pillows and day-dreamed how nice it would be to piece out their housekeeping allowance with a hundred thousand or so every once in a while in royalties.

The copper already mentioned came sleuthfully in on his number 11's one afternoon and silently laid down a pile of paper four inches high in front of Mr. Mills. It was thumbworn, indicating that it had been read by the entire family and adjacent neighborhood. From the policeman's opening remark, Mr. Mills gathered that family and neighborhood had unanimously told the writer he was hiding his light under a basket. "It's the crime plot of the ages," the cop mentioned to Mr. Mills.

The latter turned the mass sideways and let the edges of the leaves flip across his thumb. Opening it cautiously, he saw it contained a fully typed continuity, cast of characters, scene plot and synopsis.

"Oh, you don't need to read it all," said the policeman. "Just read the synopsis."

## THE KANGAROO COURT MEETS

BY GEORGE A. FLANAGAN

(*Newark Sunday Call*, July 27)

The Four Corners clock struck 12—midnight.

All of the other clocks in town struck 12.

That is, sooner or later.

At one minute after 12 precisely the notes of a bugle rang across Military Park. The tune was "Assembly."

It was a blast of the bugle that called to order Newark's strangest hall of justice, "the Kangaroo Court." When this court convened there was not a soul in the Chancery Chambers in the "Pru" building; the Federal Courts in the Post-office building and the Chamber of Commerce building were deserted, likewise the Court House, and even the busy Traffic Court had adjourned for the night.

The Kangaroo Court held sway before the recruiting tent in Military Park, and a veteran, wise in army life, was the Judge. Lawyers and clerks were absent, while a few down-and-outers looking sleepily on from a nearby park bench comprised the familiar "crowded courtroom." A "noo recroot" or a "stranger from another outfit" was the culprit.

As the "Judge" himself described it, "it was easy to get charges against 'em. Some little rule they broke, you know. Then we would try them—with a jury if there were any other lads in uniform about—and without if there weren't. We would always find 'em guilty—no getting out of that, always guilty."

Having found the prisoner guilty, according to custom, the Judge imposed sentence, in addition to levying a fine of one cigarette. This fine, on a busy night, would keep the court officials "in smokes" for a week.

In one of the better known and established courtrooms, if the Judge should impose an unusual or bizarre sentence, all of the newspapermen would desert their game of cards in the next room and come scurrying in to find out about it.

No reporter could have played cards while the Kangaroo Court was in session.

If the offense was light, the Judge would sentence the offender to a tour of Military Park, saluting every person who passed. This penalty was usually reserved for such times as when a train arrived at the tube station. When this punishment was not practicable, the "guilty one" was forced to kiss the firm-cast lips of General Kearny. Kissing on the cheek was never permitted.

Graver offenses merited graver corrective measures. A prisoner who suffered from too much dignity was invariably given a boisterous tossing in a blanket. Such treatment was calculated to have a beneficial effect on the "enlarged dignity complex."

On two occasions were the maximum sentences imposed. The first of these was the case of the prisoner who was sent out to wake up five of the huskiest who slept on the park benches and insult them to their faces.

Private J——, designated as No. 77778 for the sake of formality, started on his errand, approaching a deep-chested six-footer, a man with a Bull Montana face and a cauliflower ear. Lack of a shave made him seem even more ferocious, and there was a perpetual scowl on his face, while his rhythmic snore sounded deep and awe-inspiring.

Now Private J—— was not in a fighting mood at the time, nor was he bolstered up by corn whisky. Somehow, the chill of the night had sapped all of his courage and he felt especially weak and unfitted for his task. He tried to balk, even thought of running away, but the half dozen marshals of the court saw to it that the justice meted out by the judge was duly enforced.

Timidly, a hand was placed on the shoulder of the down-and-outer. The down-and-outer did not awaken. It finally required the roughest of shaking to break him from his slumber, and every time that Private J—— shook he felt a cold chill race up and down his spine. Finally the big man on the bench sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"You're a pink-eyed kangaroo," said Private J——. "Go to the devil!"

"Thank you," replied the down-and-outer, turning over and falling asleep again. The entire ensemble collapsed.

A week later the famous Private Blank case came up for trial. As the hour was not too late, the courtroom was packed, and on account of the gravity of the charges, "lawyers" were employed by both the defendant and "the State."

Few legal battles in any court have ever approached that contest of wits. Blackstone was invoked, "I object," "objection sustained" were frequently used, and at the end, in a gallant effort to save his client, counsel for the defense fell back on a plea of insanity.

Both sides rested, and the jury went out—to a nearby saloon, where they deliberated for a half hour and then filed back into the courtroom.

"What is your verdict, gentlemen?"

"Guilty of halitosis in the first degree, your Honor," said the foreman of the jury.

"In view of the prisoner's youth," solemnly decreed the Judge, "and taking into consideration his good character, we will not strain the quality of justice and will impose the minimum sentence provided by the law. Private Blank, I sentence you to immediately propose to Miss Soandso, who is a waitress at the Spoonandplate Restaurant across the street. Marshal, lead the prisoner away."

The court adjourned to see the sentence carried out. No punishment could have been more severe to poor Private Blank, who was of the extremely bashful sort who lower their eyes in confusion when a pretty stenographer winks at them while passing on the street. To propose to anybody was incredible, and Private Blank felt disgraced for life.

As in the case of Private J——, however, there was no getting out of it. With a thousand misgivings Private Blank went into the Spoonandplate Restaurant and began a flirtation as decreed.

The waitress was game and the victim's face turned alternately scarlet and white, tinged with green, as he realized that the fatal moment for the proposal was at hand.

"I love you, Mary, and I know you love me," he repeated what he had been told to say, not knowing how the words

ever left his lips. "Mary, dear, I know where to find a Minister. Meet me tomorrow night at 8 o'clock at the corner of This street and That street and—let's get married! Mary, d——." He choked.

Mary Soandso was not as young as she would have liked to have been, although she did her best with cosmetics and false hair to preserve the appearance of youth and beauty. In face and figure she was not exactly what is considered beautiful.

Unfortunate girl, not being attractive to men, her whole life had been a long, hard battle, fraught with many wiles and deceptions, to win for herself the good graces of some man. Up to now she had utterly failed and she was discouraged.

Here was a man, a young man. He was very good-looking and a soldier boy. How handsome he looked in his spick and span uniform, the brave and dashing hero!—Mary's ideal of a husband was one who had fought her country's battles and who came back in a blaze of glory and wearing a dozen pretty medals. Imagine, such a man was proposing to her this very minute. Golden opportunity was knocking at her door. What would you do?

Of course, she accepted!

When the Kangaroo Court adjourned for the night it was the custom of the court to see that a regular visitor, Slim the Hobo, was safely put to bed.

"Where to now, Slim?" queried the Judge.

"Guess I'll saunter over to de hotel and go to bed," answered Slim. "I usually sit around de lobby a bit, but it's getting late and some of them other guests is liable to take my room."

"Your room? Where's that?"

"From de lobby you walks up a flight of stairs, turns to your right, cross de long hall, and there you are. Last night there was three guys sleeping there and two cats."

"Can you get in this late? Do you have to ring the bell?"

"Naw, I got me keys. See? (Exhibits keys). I gotta drag wid de manager."

"Sounds good, Slim. How's the accommodations?"

"Excell'nt. Faces de seashore one way, faces de mountains de other way, and is close to de heart of de city. Nice and cool on hot summer nights. De only trouble, de other night them windows was open, and it rained in on me."

"When are you going there?"

"Right now. I usually hails a taxi but on a beautif'l night like this one, I prefers to walk and enjoy de inwigo-ratin' fresh air. Good night, gentlemen."

Then he walked over to "the hotel" which was in plain sight.

Slim's hotel was the old bandstand in Military park.

The Kangaroo Court no longer convenes, for the judges, marshals, jury and prisoners all are now in camp at Sea Girt. There justice is dispensed by the K. K. K., the K. O.-K. O.-Klan, a mysterious organization which causes soldiers to wake up in the morning and find that they have been carried, cot and all, a mile up the road from camp.



## FIFTH AVENUE'S CENTENNIAL

BY JOHN STUART

(*New York Sun*, November 17)

Fifth avenue is having its centennial birthday party. And there are not a hundred candles on its cake but a million lights, each brighter than a hundred candles. That is the kind of lusty youth Fifth avenue is.

In this first hundred years of its life it has grown from the weedy main street of a straggling provincial city to be the main artery, the principal market place of the metropolis of the new empire of the West. It lives up to that character.

This is not a history of the street, it is the story of the avenue today. And through its length you will find the story of America of today. You will find the best things of all the world and of all time levied on for her greatness, not brought at some conqueror's chariot wheel, smeared with blood, but won by industry and intelligence, brought by the argosies of steam and electricity and oil, argosies by land and sea and, soon, by air.

Washington Square, in name, in form and in tradition, tells the story of the avenue's beginning. There stands the arch of the first President and about it gather the sedate and pleasant houses of the early Knickerbockers. Some of their descendants live there still—a sort of Faubourg-St. Germaine.

Through Fourteenth street to Thirty-fourth street throbs the hum of New York's great basic industries and through that part of Fifth avenue hurry and jostle the sons and daughters of other lands brought here not as conquered slaves but as men and women seeking freedom. The names along the walls tell the story of the success of their quest.

Then comes the great market place itself. The wheels of industry down below Fourteenth street and east and west

and north and south as far as wheels of industry can be found would slow, perhaps stop, if it were not for this place. When something is sold on Fifth avenue it must be made to sell in every market in all the world. And every kind of thing that can be sold to the ultimate consumer thereof is sold in that little more than two miles.

Looms in Britain, needles in France, chisels in Italy, picks in Kimberley, sledges on the Siberian steppes, titan blast furnaces in Pittsburgh and the rolling plains of wheat and corn in our own land would rust, wither or decay if this great market did not keep them humming to fill its demand and the vaster demand its approval creates.

And as men search the utmost corners of the earth for things to bring to Fifth avenue, so too they search the utmost corners of the past; so too they explore the future.

Whether it be a thing as utilitarian as a pot or kettle, whether it be a thing as purely ideal and ornamental as an ancient carving or a medieval painting—you will find it on Fifth avenue and find it in the perfection of its kind, a perfection demanded by this greatest and most discriminating of forums.

That perhaps is the motivating ideal beneath the Fifth avenue of today. It is deeper, wider and more significant than barter or trade for gain. It involves a striving for perfection and the frequent attainment thereof, as nearly as perfection may be attained.

Perhaps that is why the soul of Fifth avenue expresses itself in beauty. No sensitive soul can fail to thrill at the spectacle of this street shining in the clear blue light of noon, glowing and throbbing in a dusk of gold and crimson, or glittering at night beneath its myriad lights. Twenty years ago a sensitive Frenchman gazed up its length of brownstone and cried:

"Sacre chocolate!"

The same man gazed not long ago and was dumb. Fifth avenue had been transformed. Great cliffs of steel soared high on either side, carved and hewn and piled of the good gray stone, the glittering marble and the brick and tile that builders for ages have used in beautiful houses. This, obviously, was a Fifth avenue for ages to come. And as

he walked its length he found little perfections of detail here and there that set him dumb and agape again. For another Ruskin might well write a tale of the stones of Fifth avenue no less precious than "The Stones of Venice."

Throughout its length massive granite shoulders tell of strength and permanence, airy flights of line tell of grace and skill. Here a doorway with its very form invites to learning or to wealth or to beauty. There a window glows a welcome to discriminating taste, to appreciation of great art. Ever and anon the cheerful purr of music and the tinkle of tableware invite to hospitality and cheer. More than one tall spire points the ancient lesson of devotion to a God above.

These attributes of the avenue reach their best in its upper reaches. There are the homes built by the men who wrought and made the great market place possible. There stands the chateau of the Vanderbilt dynasty of railroads. And what would Fifth avenue be without the spreading nets of rail? It would be a narrow, dark arcade, like the Merceria of the dead empire of Venice.

There stands the palace of the Astors, who opened the trade of the Pacific. And without the trade of the Pacific Fifth avenue might have been no longer than the short three blocks of the Rue de la Paix of Napoleon's empire. Beyond stand the great houses of Clark of the copper mines and of Phipps and Frick and Carnegie, princes of steel. And without copper there would be no electric lights; without steel and all it has done Fifth avenue would be but a Piccadilly or a Regent street in England's iron empire.

Between these are scattered over the mile and a half between Fifty-ninth and Ninetieth streets the lesser homes of lesser lights in finance and trade. And many of these lesser homes present to Fifth avenue facades of a charm that the greater houses should be proud to share. Some of the homes, great and small, are soon to give way to another manifestation of the life of the newest empire.

They are to be replaced by towering multiple homes, apartment houses. But with the modern skill that has been acquired by the craftsmen in height, the New York archi-

fects, and with the lovely outlook across the park, it is safe to say that upper Fifth avenue will not suffer either in beauty or in distinction.

On a summer evening one can look into the red west from an upper floor at Ninetieth street and see a dream city hanging beneath sky and water, as one does at the top of the ancient Adriatic. It is not the Adriatic, only the reservoir; the domes and towers are not those of Santa Maria della Salute, but of Central Park West. But beauty is there and beauty tells its story.

New York, and Fifth avenue in particular, strikes back more to Italy than to the great cities of the North. Fifth avenue from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth speaks more of the stout old palaces in the Via Garibaldi of Genoa than of Nash's stucco or Mansard's tiles. And though there is Tudor Gothic and French Renaissance—even a Teuton horror or two—along the park there is too a mine of fine Italian Gothic and Renaissance for the searching eye, and that view across the lakes speaks plainly of Venice. Perhaps it is not accident. Those old cities in the shelter of the Alps were great commercial republics too.

Still further along, beyond Ninetieth street, rise other symbols of the life of America, great hospitals. There the suffering can be tended with a knowledge and with means which are not assembled together in any other center of healing in the world. There medical learning grows in a way to rival any of the great Teutonic clinics, with none of their horrors or experiment on the poor. There poor and rich alike can find relief.

What has gone before would picture Fifth avenue as material. It is true that the material dominates its dead stones. But in the Metropolitan Museum of Art have been assembled examples of all of the beauties of all the ages. With the addition of the American wing to the museum it is doubtful if there is another gallery in the world that can claim its completeness. There are pictures and statues elsewhere whose individual supremacy can never be challenged, pictures and statues whose justly jealous peoples will never let them come to New York. But no great master of the arts, from ancient Syria to Montparnasse, is unrep-

resented in the collections there. They embrace great pictures and great statues typical of the greatest masters and the greatest schools. America has made no mean contribution to the plastic arts, and the Metropolitan alone has an adequate representation of these.

Further down stands the library with its vast treasure of learning. Only in original sources, perhaps, is it now inferior to any other library in the world.

High up on the avenue is a beautiful temple to the ancient faith of the Hebrews. Scattered here and there are speaking shrines of the faiths of England and of Germany, the great Protestant sects. And at Fiftieth street rises the pure and simple Gothic of St. Patrick's.

And from end to end there pulses a busy and beautiful stream of human beings. Here, more than ever, speaks the relative greatness of America today. Women go to Paris for art in frocks and men to London for skill in their clothes. But in Paris only the women of the great wear the clothes Americans buy and in London, however sound a man's things may be, they are never pressed and trim and prosperous looking unless he is "great" enough to have his own valet. The much vaunted midinette of Paris is drab and tattered beside her sister, the New York stenographer. And the "clark" of London is a scarecrow beside his compeer, the office boy of New York.

Those who know the Avenue in all these guises know much of the spirit of the nation. From the simple strength and purity of its first efforts, about Washington Square, to the gilded power of those great days of 1918, Fifth avenue speaks a great and thrilling thing. And as you look at the patch of blue sky above the Washington Arch or above the tallest building of them all, as the keen air bites and stings and moves you, you will be able to paint on that background a great picture of a future.

Fifth avenue, amid the ages of empires, is only a hundred years young.

## NEW THEORIES FOR OLD

BY A. M. ROCHLEN

(*Los Angeles Times*, April 27)

Two important and distinctly American contributions to pure science have just been rounded into shape at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena. The busy world, in its empty haste and never-ending race for thrills and amusement, has taken no notice of these achievements, and yet behind the technical language in which they necessarily must be clothed, lie drama, romance and mystery galore.

The discoveries deal with atoms—the bricks of the universe—and the miniature worlds called electrons that whirl and vibrate inside the atoms. It is a notable fact that they have reached the stage where they can now be presented to the scientific world on the eve of the triumphal departure for Europe of Prof. Robert A. Millikan, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics and executive head of the institute, whose work on the electrons has made these accomplishments possible and brought him the 1923 Nobel Prize for Physics.

And it is quite characteristic of scientific progress that while one of the Pasadena discoveries will have the effect of settling one world-wide controversy, the second is certain to start an international discussion and disagreement. But as storms of conflicting theories and experiments always lead to subsequent additions to humanity's store of knowledge, both are welcomed by scientists all over the world.

The first discovery, condensed into plain language, is that light energy travels in definite amounts and obeys the same laws that govern matter.

The other has to do with penetrating radiations—nature's X-rays, and appears to establish, among other things, that radio-activity on this planet comes not only from within the earth but also from its atmosphere.

A better understanding of electronic activity, involved in both subjects, is just one more step toward the ultimate solution of the greatest drama, mystery and romance mankind has ever known—and that is knowledge and control of the fundamental forces in the universe. The great question of today, according to Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, is "Is there one primordial substance from which all the varying forms of matter have been evolved?" While the California Institute of Technology scientists are reluctant to speculate, none will deny that the discoveries of the type made in the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics may furnish the data from which the answer some day will be made.

Dr. J. A. Becker, national research fellow in physics, a graduate of Cornell, is the man who designed and carried out the experiments involved in the first discovery. Dr. Russell M. Otis, also research fellow in physics, and a graduate of the California Institute of Technology, did the major part of the experimental work on the other subject. Both worked under the general direction and supervision of Prof. Millikan and Prof. E. C. Witson, of the department of physics of the institution, and were assisted by other members of the faculty.

It was from Dr. Becker a man still in his twenties, with penetrating eyes and a lot of patience, that I learned the story of the Compton-Duane controversy and the work done at the California Institute of Technology on the subject of scattered radiations. Dr. Becker sat in his office, surrounded by the instruments in which he and his fellow workers have been able to make the elusive electrons perform stunts that stir the imagination.

The controversy has been agitating the physicists the world over, for it involves what practically amounts to a new conception of radiant energy and its behavior.

About a year ago Prof. A. H. Compton, now at the University of Chicago, first announced his theory, Dr. Becker explained. More than twenty years ago, soon after the discovery by Prof. Roentgen in 1895 of the X-rays, it was learned that the X-rays, like ordinary light, have the peculiar property of making anybody which they strike become a new source of X-rays. Everyone has seen a bright sun-

beam in a partially darkened room and watched the dust particles glitter and dance about in the beam. Few have realized that were it not for the particles we would not be able to see the beam at all except where it left and where it finally struck an object. In other words, the dust particles scatter the light waves, and the scattering of the X-rays is a very similar process.

Until quite recently physicists have been uncertain just what particles are responsible for the scattering of the X-rays. Prof. Compton, in his theory, advanced the thought that it is the free electrons—individual electrons which, for various reasons, have been torn out of the parent atoms and are roaming in space—that cause the scattering of the X-rays.

“Prof. Compton studied what was likely to happen when a quantum of X-rays of a particular wave-length struck an electron,” Dr. Becker continued. “Now a quantum of radiant energy is the smallest unit of energy that can take part in a reaction between light and matter, just as an atom is the smallest unit of a chemical element that can take part in a chemical reaction. Compton predicted that the wave-length of the scattered quanta of X-rays will be determined by what they strike.”

In other words, if light travels in gobs—in small chunks—the color with which it will come back after striking an obstacle will be determined by what it strikes. If it runs into an atom, tiny in itself but huge in comparison to the quanta, it will bounce back without any change in color. If, on the other hand, it strikes a free electron, whose mass, or size is 1800 times smaller than a hydrogen atom, or 360,000 times smaller than that of a mercury atom, it will come back with a reduced wave-length—which means a different color.

Imagine, as an illustration, a number of huge lead balls grouped with some small air-filled balloons. If you threw a handful of small rubber balls at the group those striking the heavy lead balls would bounce back fast, while those striking the lighter balloons would bounce back more slowly.

Compton's theory was important because if it is correct



it changes the conception of what light is and how it travels, and proves that light and matter obey the same laws. It suggests, also, that if his theory is correct, there is no essential difference between matter and energy!

Prof. Compton tried out his theory. He shot a beam of X-rays at a piece of metal and found that the wave-lengths scattered by various elements actually changed. Prof. P. A. Ross of Stanford obtained the same results. He found that for every line that entered his scattering substance, two came out. One returned with a changed wave-length and one unchanged.

This simply meant that some particles of light—quanta—were scattered by the atoms and some by electrons.

Then came a startling announcement by Prof. William Duane of Harvard. Prof. Duane, the pioneer investigator of X-rays in this country, announced that he had performed a long series of experiments and was unable to obtain the "Compton shift." But he said he found something else. This he called tertiary radiation. Prof. Compton went to Harvard and there repeated his own experiments, and to the amazement of himself and his followers, was unable to find the shift at Harvard, although he had no difficulty of obtaining his results at home.

It was at this stage of the controversy that the work at the California Institute of Technology was undertaken. In a few weeks the group of energetic, wide-awake young scientists were able to obtain experimental evidence that promises to clear up the whole mystery and, incidentally, add to our knowledge on the subject.

The Norman Bridge experiments showed that both Compton and Duane were right. Duane probably failed to get the Compton shift because he used too low an intensity of X-rays, and the Pasadena scientists were able to obtain both results on the same photographic plate!

"Should further experiments here bear out the ideas which have thus far guided us, we hope to be able to tell more about the way in which electrons are torn out of their parent atoms, how they roam about between the atoms before they are captured by another atom and some of the rules of the game that is being played in nature between

radiant energy and matter," Dr. Becker said yesterday.

"One of the rules these experiments have confirmed," he added, "is that radiant energy—light waves—does not travel in continuous streams but that it goes along in minute bundles of energy called quanta and that when these quanta strike matter they act much the same as a tiny chunk of matter."

The discoveries made by Dr. Otis and his associates in the study of what the scientists call penetrating radiations promise to be of great value in solving some of the problems confronting wireless and radio communications. While perhaps not so revolutionary in its conclusions, the achievement is surrounded by many interesting adventures.

Incidentally, it promises to involve the Pasadena scientists in a brand-new controversy, with Prof. Kolhorster of Germany.

It was Kolhorster who first announced the startling theory that gamma rays exist in the atmosphere in increased intensity in proportion to the distance from the earth. These rays have been called "nature's X-rays" and are shot out by the radio-active substances known to exist in the earth. The question that at once arose was "Why, then, should these rays become stronger away from the earth?"

"Our problem," Dr. Otis declared, "was to find the source of the radio-activity we know is present in nature. We wanted to determine, if possible, whether the radiations we found in the form of gamma rays came from the sun, as has been thought heretofore, or from another source in the atmosphere."

Scientific calculations told the physicists that if the gamma rays come from the sun they have to penetrate atmospheric resistance equal to two and one-half feet of lead. But it was an important problem, for untold possibilities lay behind the answer to this question.

The first step was to check Kolhorster's statement that the penetrating radiations—or nature's X-rays—grew stronger the higher one went. A marvelous instrument, the electro-scope, was used, and extensive tests were made by Dr. Otis and associates, under the direction of Prof. Millikan.

To appreciate the experiments that followed and realize

the accuracy with which the tests were made it is necessary to understand the electroscope. The manner in which the radiations are captured, made to break up the atoms and thus measure themselves, is as fascinating as the rest of the things told me at the institute.

There is nothing pretentious about the electroscope. It looks very much like a sprinkling can with the neck in the middle instead of the top. The one used by the Pasadena scientists is about a foot high, and five inches in diameter. It is made of brass and the neck-like thing is the microscope tube through which the inside of the can is watched.

Radiations are measured by making use of the fact that the gamma rays split the molecules of air into two parts, one charged negatively and one positively. The rays accomplish this by striking the atoms making up the air inside the can and creating sufficient agitation in the atoms to dislodge the nearest electrons from their accustomed places. And while these electrons are shot out of their orbits, the electroscope counts them!

The electroscope accomplishes its magic-like task in this way:

Inside the instrument there is an air-tight chamber in which are suspended from an insulated point two quartz fibers, smaller in size than the spider's web threads. These fibers are plated with platinum to make them conducting. The fibers, now covered with the metal, are charged with negative electricity by being connected to an ordinary radio "B" battery. Negatively charged bodies, as is well known, attract positive charged bodies, and vice versa. Picture now the gamma ray—nature's X-ray—as it passes through the brass and finds its way inside the chamber of the electroscope. As it strikes molecules of air it tears out the negatively charged electrons—the ones nearest the outer rims of the atoms in the molecules of air. The molecules, having lost some negatively charged electrons, also lose their balance and become positively charged.

Don't forget the negatively charged platinum-covered fibers. The fibers now begin to attract the positively charged molecules of air. The disturbed molecules are just simply drawn to the fibers and stream toward them. Then

they will pick up the electrons, thereby reducing the charge on the fibers.

Dr. Otis has calculated that at sea level there will be about 20,000 of all molecules drawn on the fibers each second.

Having all these things in mind, remember now that when the fibers are first charged they spread apart through mutual repulsion because both had negative electricity shot into them. In the meantime the impact of the molecules against the fibers—molecules that were made positive by the action of the gamma rays on them—dislodge negative electrons from the fibers, thereby reducing the charge. And as the charge is weakened the fibers come closer together. The only thing that remains is to measure with the help of the microscopic scale in the tube how much the fibers come together in a given length of time. This will determine how many charged molecules have been pulled on to the fibers. And the more rays penetrate the electroscope the more molecules are drawn to the fibers.

Armed with the electroscope, Dr. Otis, a young man, with good lungs, went up in Army planes from March and Rockwell fields, to the altitude of 19,000 feet. Way up above the clouds, at every 3000 feet, he made tests and brought back data to show that the German scientist was correct. Captive balloons from Ross Field also were used. These experiments were made in 1922 and 1923, and left no doubt that Kolhorster was correct, but gave no inkling of the source of these radiations.

So the Pasadena scientists tackled the next step in the problem. Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the country, was selected for the tests. This was an expedition of adventures and hazards. The electroscope itself is not very heavy, but a large battery and other equipment had to be packed along. With Dr. Otis were Prof. P. Epstein, I. S. Bowen and L. Mott-Smith. At the altitude of 13,000 feet the party had to abandon the pack animals because a large ice slide broke the trail. The equipment was carried on human shoulders and the party progressed upward.

For two days, sitting almost on the top of the world, the Pasadena scientists took observations every two hours.

The most startling discovery as the result of these observations was that the radio-activity apparently did not come from the sun.

"We found," Mr. Otis said, "that the radio-activity was just as strong at night, when the sun was directly under us and the whole mass of the earth was beneath, as it was in the daytime. Therefore we had to discard the sun as the direct source of penetrating radiation."

Last summer Prof. Millikan and Dr. Otis went up to the top of Pike's Peak to continue their experiments. This time it was possible to take plenty of equipment and part of it was a large quantity of lead sheets. Lead, it is well known, is the densest element we have to stop the penetrating journeys of radio-active waves.

Once on Pike's Peak, Prof. Millikan and Dr. Otis again put the electroscope to work. A series of experiments in which the instrument was sheeted in lead, up to 300 pounds, were made. The gamma rays, which make up nature's X-rays, travel in straight lines only, and to get inside the electroscope where the rays can be measured they had to get through the lead barriers. These experiments showed the radiations were not penetrating enough to have come from beyond the thin layer of atmosphere which envelops the earth.

And then, while in the midst of these experiments, good fortune that sometime accompanies the investigators on their trips, sent along a full-fledged snowstorm and gave the Pasadena scientists some additional "dope." They noticed that the snowstorm temporarily decreased the radiations inside the electroscope. The explanation of this phenomenon, according to Dr. Otis, was that the snow acted as a huge sponge which for the time being absorbed the radio-active particles in the atmosphere, held them captive and brought them down to earth.

The fact that the snow probably originated not very far—comparatively speaking—from the earth's crust seemed to substantiate the belief that the origin of the radio-active substances giving out the gamma rays was not the sun but something else in the relatively small belt of atmosphere around this globe.

The total result of the Pasadena experiments and studies was that radio-active particles giving out the gamma rays probably come from clouds of "star-dust," heavenly wanderers that accompany us on our journey through space.

But the interesting part of the situation is that the German Professor Kolhorster has not been idle. He, too, went into the mountains last summer. He climbed some of the glaciers in Switzerland, and made extensive studies. Part of his experiments was to cut deep holes in the ice, and his deductions from these experiments were that the rays were penetrating enough to have come from the Milky Way or some of the great spaces beyond.

Thus, there appears a direct contradiction and the making of a new controversy. The holes in the ice in which the German apparatus was placed were nine meters deep. "We believe his results on the ice can be explained on the grounds of local radio-activity of the glacier itself," Dr. Otis said.

One of the remarkable accomplishments of the penetrating radiations study at the California Institute of Technology was the development of a special electroscope, weighing only 150 grams—about five ounces. This little instrument was sent up in large top balloons, measuring about two feet in diameter on the earth's surface. The device was carried up to the height of nine miles, where the instrument recorded on a photographic plate the radiations, atmospheric pressure, and the temperature. In tests made at Kelly Field, Tex., by Prof. Millikan the temperature at nine miles above the earth's surface was found to be 114 degrees below zero F.

The importance of knowing more about the radio activity in the atmosphere becomes apparent when it is realized that it is probably the gamma rays, coming from the radio-active substances, that interfere considerably with the radio and wireless communication.

These gamma rays do their harmful work by ionizing the air. In plain language this means that the gamma rays in their dash through the atmosphere have struck countless molecules of air and have dislodged the negative electrons in them. And this makes the air conductive in spots where

the ionization took place. As the California Institute of Technology experiments have shown that more ionization takes place at higher altitudes, and the ionization is distributed irregularly, it might result in a general deflection upward of radio waves and a corresponding loss of energy received at the receiving station on the earth's surface.

Time alone will tell just how much the Pasadena experiments will do toward the solution of the problems arising out of modern scientific progress.

# THE PANAMA CANAL FIGHT

BY WILL IRWIN

(Syndicated by the *North American Newspaper Alliance*, Dec. 8)

This is the first of a series of daily articles in which Will Irwin, who has been called the foremost of American reporters, analyzes testimony relative to the railroads' application for "relief" under section IV. of the Interstate Commerce Act. According to Mr. Irwin's interpretation the success of this effort would mean the elimination of the Panama Canal as a commerce-carrying waterway. The rate question involved is touched on in a bill which went to the House after being passed by the Senate.

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## INSTALLMENT I.—THE CANAL AND THE RAILROADS

Two important public inquiries of the last few months got scant public attention, except in a few regions whose commercial interests they affected most directly. Senator Gooding of Idaho, having introduced a bill to amend the fourth section of the Interstate Commerce Act, caused his committee to take testimony from railroads, shippers and other interested persons. At about the same time, the great transcontinental railroads applied for "relief" from certain provisions of that same act; and the Interstate Commerce Commission held in various cities public hearings of the matter.

I who have read the testimony can certify that these proceedings were exceedingly dull—except perhaps to interested persons. They lacked the human and personal quality, the sense of life in conflict. They lacked even the spice of scandal—just a set of shippers and Chamber of Commerce men on one side, a party of railroad experts on the other, intoning statistics on rates, differentials and tar-



iffs or introducing volumes of tabulated figures. Yet behind these prosy proceedings ran a great American drama, of which this act was perhaps the climax.

The application for relief from Fourth Section rules meant a concerted effort on the part of the transcontinental lines to put the Panama Canal out of business as a competitor. The Gooding bill, framed primarily, perhaps, in the interests of the Intermountain states and other intermediate points, was also a measure of defence for the canal. Give the transcontinental railroads their way and this, the greatest of American engineering enterprises, must henceforth serve only for the purposes of national defence and of foreign commerce. One of its primary purposes, the provision of cheap freight transportation between coast and coast, must necessarily be thwarted.

I have called this crisis the climax of a drama. It is an old, old piece; it has been playing since the first locomotives came into competition with the antique, stern-wheeled river steamer of the '40s and '50s. Its antagonists are the American railroads on one side and our inland water transportation on the other. So far, the railroads are the winners. Perhaps it is the memory of this uniform success which has emboldened the transcontinental lines to attack a new and dangerous competitor, our Panama Canal.

Now, faced by the facts of a situation which has hitherto been as blind and obscure to me as to most of the American people, my own memory goes back four years to a little but revealing glimpse of one American river. In the autumn of 1920, the New York-Philadelphia train was crossing the Raritan. I sat with my eyes glued to the parlor-car window. After six years of war-torn and peace distracted Europe, I was trying to see my own country with fresh vision. The river burst on us in a flash—green banks with glimpses of country estates through the tree-tops, a cool, blue surface patterned with the undulations of gentle current, and on it—a single rowboat! Though the straight course of the current permitted a view for many miles, no other craft but that.

To the front of my mind came a general observation which had been tickling my subconsciousness during this

whole swing of the country. I had been missing something. My memory flashed back to the Rhine, where even during the blighting days of foreign occupation the smoke-clouds of river freighters blurred every vista; to the Rhone where strings of barges with the products of Switzerland, Burgundy and busy Lyons made black threads all along the beryl-colored flood; to the Scheldt where innumerable small craft fed the greatest port of the Continent; to the Thames, crowded like Broadway with traffic.

Beside these remembrances I put my glimpses of American rivers. All presented to the casual eye the same aspect as the Raritan. I had crossed and recrossed the Missouri, I had motored down the banks of the Snake, I had viewed twenty miles of the Mississippi from the bluff above St. Paul; and I had seen on their waters no craft bigger or more serviceable than that rowboat of the Raritan. Our waterways, compared to those of Europe, looked incredibly wide, and very lonely. America was not using its rivers, Europe was. Why?

Perhaps: I have already answered that: because the American railroads do not want to use our rivers. Water transportation competes with rail transportation. In the item of bulky, imperishable freight, it competes on terms which the railroad cannot meet in a fair fight. Always, the railway traffic manager has looked upon the inland steamboat as the proprietor of a village grocery looks upon the new chain store. It may be sound economics, but it is taking the bread out of his mouth. He fights it, humanly and naturally, with whatever weapons he has.

Using poor and loose strategy in former years, much better strategy as they consolidated their power, combined, adopted permanent policies, the railroads have done their best to wipe the traffic from inland waterways. And that best has been very good indeed. When the railroads reached the Mississippi, they found it alive with craft—that old system of river steamboating which Mark Twain has immortalized. By the end of the century, a little cotton-freighting on the lower river told the whole story of transportation on the greatest North American waterway. For a time, they swept the Ohio as clean as a board. Virtu-

ally, they ended freight transportation on the Sacramento; they prevented its beginnings on the Snake; they left to the lordly Columbia only a little agricultural traffic from one valley in Idaho.

The railroads have won such complete victories mainly in the South and West. Speaking in terms of economics, the West is the railroads; population and wealth have sprung up only as the transcontinental lines have opened the way. To a lesser degree, this applies also to the South.

In those regions, there are no other accumulations of capital strong enough to buck the combined power of the railroads. In the East such accumulations do exist; and here and there, where the railroad policies have encountered effective opposition, we find an exception to the rule. The so-called Steel Trust wanted cheap water transportation in and out of Pittsburg; and they got it. The Monongahela carried last year 23,000,000 tons of coal and coal products; and this in spite of the fact that the territory is crossed by seven great railroad lines. Cheap water transportation made Pittsburg what it was and is. This, however, is the extreme and golden example of inland water transportation. So, too, the Great Lakes have kept and built up their own traffic; partly because their coasts are international, partly because their transportation system was strongly entrenched when the railroads arrived, and partly because powerful commercial interests wanted them used as waterways. The same commercial forces have kept in operation our few but active Eastern canal systems, such as that of New York State. Yet even in the East, the railroads have won by an overwhelming score.

They have the inland waterways about where they want them—all but the Panama Canal. At last, after years of bad luck with slides and war, the Canal is beginning to fulfill one of the purposes for which Roosevelt and its other creators intended it—to furnish slow but cheap transportation of bulky and imperishable commodities between coast and coast. The transcontinental railroads, which have always carried on guerilla warfare against it, seem to have massed for an assault. Hence, presumably as preparation for a rate war, the application for "relief"

from that fourth section of the Interstate Commerce Act which forbids a railroad to charge more for a long haul than for a short. Hence, on the other side, the Gooding bill to amend this fourth section so as to make this kind of relief difficult or impossible.

The struggle now going on has made some odd antagonisms and strange political bedfellows. It has lined up Spokane against Seattle, Fresno against San Francisco, Sante Fe and Phoenix against Los Angeles, Chicago against Pittsburg. It has combined the United States Steel Corporation with certain Western radical senators and congressmen, the independent steel producers with the transcontinental railroads, Chicago with San Francisco. Most of these are vitally and personally interested parties to the struggle, fighting not for or against the canal but for their own pockets. But the larger issue is the survival of the canal as a coast-to-coast waterway. And that interests every American.

## OBEYING THE LAW

BY CHESTER G. HANSON

(*Los Angeles Times*, November 24)

If it had not been for the woman on the sidewalk in the Broadway tunnel and the woman with the brown hat in the limousine, a "Times" reporter sent out to investigate the result of the police drive on Los Angeles speeders would have come out of it with a clean record.

As it was, he found that one way to get into trouble is to obey the traffic laws to the letter, as the police require.

For more than thirty miles he piloted his flivver through all kinds of traffic districts—business district, congested district, residential district, school district, this district, that district, and even districts that even the expansive mind of the traffic experts could not have contemplated.

Taking the clew given by Capt. Heath that a speed limit of fifteen miles an hour doesn't mean sixteen miles an hour, the reporter went out to "obey the law."

Going south on Broadway, at the regulation speed of fifteen miles an hour in the congested district, he got the "razzberry" from drivers behind him, apparently for not "stepping on 'er." At two downtown crossings, moving at the same speed, the traffic cops gave him some impatient wiggles from the wrist and a pair of what might be styled soiled looks, as much as to say, "Why don't ya pension that poor cripple you're driving?"

Getting south seemingly forty or fifty miles before a left-hand turn could legally be negotiated, "the big open job" was steered back over Spring street to Sunset and back to Broadway. Approaching the tunnel, which this driver has traversed like thousands of others hundreds of times at twenty miles an hour at least, his eyes froze on a verbose sign in black and white which warns the motorist that anyone driving through the tunnel at more than eight miles per hour will be fined \$100.

"Fifteen miles an hour doesn't mean sixteen!"

The roaring power plant on wheels was tuned down to eight miles per hour, and the journey commenced. Following the State law that slow-moving vehicles should keep to the right of the road, the Ford hugged the curb.

At lawful speed the jiggling juggernaut slowly overtook one of these angular females on the sidewalk. As the car approached so much slower than might be expected, she gave an apprehensive look over her shoulder. Just before the car caught up to her she gave another hurried look and edged over toward the tunnel wall. As the car came abreast of her she gave the reporter a haughty stare that said, "Don't you dare to think of it, young man!"

About this time the tunnel became a bedlam with shrieking horns, engine whistles and everything that the motorists behind could bring into play. But the trip through was completed at the regulation eight miles per.

If timid women are to be saved from imaginary advances and the feelings of outraged motorists are to be considered somebody ought to remove the signs at the entrances to the tunnel.

The lady in the limousine was encountered on Wilshire Boulevard, the residential district where twenty miles per hour is legitimate. Everybody, it seemed, was trundling along the old "boul" at not more than twenty. For a time, the reportorial car led the parade of law-abiding autoists. Until the limousine driven by the lady was reached. She was doing about eighteen miles.

As the reporter was about to pass her, she decided to take all the law allowed. The two cars raced neck-and-neck at twenty. There was nothing else for the reporter to do. He had lost his place in line, and the lady was doing the limit, as was he.

"Twenty miles doesn't mean twenty-one."

He looked across appealingly at the lady at the wheel. She was relentless. For at least four blocks the race went on, the whole procession of cars moving as a unit. There were some tight squeezes from cars coming in the opposite direction.

Finally a wicked idea popped, and the Ford leaped for-

ward, cutting in some distance ahead of the limousine at twenty-seven miles per hour, just as the whine of the motorcycle cop's siren broke the peace of the afternoon. The lady in the limousine swept by with a te-hee in her teeth.

As for sticking to the law on business streets where the street cars run, it gets you into a peck of trouble. Take that portion of Western avenue, north of Wilshire—a business district that calls for fifteen miles an hour. After a time at that speed you come upon a street car stopping to handle passengers. You stop. The street car starts and you do likewise. In between blocks the street car makes on the average twenty-two miles per hour. You loaf behind at fifteen miles per hour. The street car stops, you come up to it and stop, too. The same thing goes on block after block. You can't pass the street car unless you violate the law.

The reporter trailed a car for at least a mile in this fashion and his was only one of at least a dozen cars forced to do the same thing, like a swarm of bees after a bear that breaks up the hive. And why should a street car be permitted to make any speed it can and the automobile held down.

An accurate check on Hollywood Boulevard showed that the law-abiding motorist, if he wants to make any time, will get wall-eyed keeping track of the various speed districts he is passing through and governing the speed accordingly. One block is residential with a twenty-mile limit. The next is business with a fifteen-mile speed. The next is all vacant on one side and a high hill on the other. Your neck gets sore wagging your head from the speedometer to the scenery.

And while letting your eye stray to the buildings along the road to determine whether they are stores or dwellings, you suddenly wake up to the fact that you have just run over a school stop. When you least expect it, up looms "Stop . . ." and you slam on the brakes, endangering those behind you, only to learn that the lettering on the street sign begs you to stop and see Giggly Goofus in some sort of a motion picture. Why do the authorities let the press agents get away with that kind of stuff?

What it is going to do if it keeps up is to produce advertisements in the newspapers something like this:

"Wanted—Well-trained Ford that knows the Hollywood Boulevard run. Will pay cash or will swap Buick that has been broken in on North Broadway-Pasadena avenue run, or what have you?"

Anyhow, no matter what the motorists' personal opinion may be on this antispeed drive, the obvious fact is that the great majority of automobile drivers are certainly being good dogs for the time being.



## THE GROUND HOG

BY W. C. STOUFFER

(*The Roanoke World-News*, February 2)

When does the ground hog slip into his hole? About six or eight weeks ago we were asked that and we shook our head in despair, after trying to think back to recollect whether ever hearing of a g. h. slipping into his earthly aperture to enjoy soul communion from the beginning of cold weather until February 2.

"It would make an interesting story, chock full of human interest," it was suggested, and we promised ourselves and our interrogator to go forth with the idea of seeking knowledge so that we could write with authority and erudition upon this subject. Time went on and we didn't turn in the "story" and we suppose that our questioner long ago thought the promise had been lost in the shuffles of the season.

We have a memory like an Iroquois Indian, and so for three weeks we've been slashing and sashaying here and there, in our dignified way, attempting to find out just when a ground hog feels that it is his duty to quit associating with society in general to seek solace in some dark and dank and disreputable underground rendezvous, but the only satisfaction we obtained was that of knowing there is something mighty mysterious about the ground hog.

"Squire," we asked Squire Lankford, of Vinton, "would you mind telling us when the ground hog goes into his hole?"

The Squire lighted up a heavy Havana-filled, blew circles of smoke, and replied:

"I don't know; I've chased 'em in holes and tried to smoke 'em out, but I couldn't say whether they came out again after I left."

The thought came to us that Dr. E. L. Keyser, secretary

of the Ground Hog Club of America, which meets in the Masonic Temple, and who is an expert on ground hogs, might be able to give us the information we wanted and so we buttonholed him.

"I got the ground hog's cage here now, and later in the week—I mean—day, I'll have Mr. Ground Hog placed in a show window. He'll attract a thousand or so persons to that window. It'll take a flock of traffic cops to relieve the congestion, once I get His Majesty before the public," Dr. Keyser said, and we hadn't even fired a question about anything.

"But what we want to know, Doc, is when does the blamed ground hog go into his hole? Everybody knows that he is supposed to come out on February 2 and tell whether we'll have six weeks of good, bad, or indifferent weather——"

"Now, let me see," Doc went on. "Well, I'll be dad-blamed if I ever did think of that—when he goes into his hole. I've always been interested to know when he comes out, and if he did come out."

Out of the office we went, under the escort of Dr. Keyser, and there we met an old gentleman who was introduced as "Dad," and who was pushing an iron wheeled cart that was kept close to the curb. "Dad's" a member of the White Wings, or some such organization that looks after the cleanliness of the streets.

"I've caught ground hogs, caught them in holes, but I—well—they must go in there sometimes. Now, the date they go in—I won't say; I don't know. Once I caught a ground hog and a 'possum in a hole. The 'possum was frozen."

But we felt discouraged, because we always thought that merely to "Ask Dad; He Knows" meant just what it said it did. But "Dad" didn't know.

Samuel T. Rhodes, the insurance man, was broached just before he went into his new quarters in the Anchor building. Mr. Rhodes didn't know.

Some persons said the chief of the ground hog tribe issues a general order on November the twenty-sixth of each year, telling all the ground hogs to crawl into some dark

hole somewhere to hibernate and think things out for themselves.

One man said there's a certain kind of haze that sweeps over a full fall moon and the ground hog sits around of evenings waiting for this haze and when he finds it he knows that it is time to get in out of the weather, which he promptly does.

Another said the ground hog is better than the United States Bureau of Weather. Back in June he can figure out the exact minute the first frost is going to sweep down to make persimmons, pawpaws and English walnuts fit to eat, and he makes his plans accordingly. A ground hog, he said, has got more sense about things like that than any human being in the world.

"When," we persisted, "does the ground hog go into his hole?"

"Dad" didn't know; the man in the street didn't know; and the Lord knows who does know. Anyway, the ground hog is bound to go in his hole some time or other. If he didn't go in he couldn't come out. That's logic, is it not?

## DAWN IN THE CITY

BY BOB FRENCH

(*Toledo Blade*, May 24)

The dawn of which the poet sings always happens at the same hour, about 5.30 a. m., and it always happens in the country. In the latitude where Toledo spreads itself on the map, you can have your dawn anywhere from shortly after midnight until shortly before noon, depending upon the time of year and the violence of your alarm clock.

Along about Christmas the city worker, after a long period of blinking at the morning's mail, gazes out of his office window and remarks:

"Good Lord, it's broad daylight. Almost time for lunch and not a thing done yet."

The same man, scurrying home to bed six months later sees the skies turn pink over Ironville way, and he knows it's not the blast furnace but the first sign of the westward rushing sun. And he comments somewhat like this:

"Well, it looks like it was going to be a fine day tomorrow. Now for a good night's sleep."

At this time of year the sunrise comes just as the city is waking to its daily toil. If you should stand upon a downtown corner as the morning sky shows pink in the jagged strips high up between the buildings, you would realize that this is a more mysterious hour than midnight, when churchyards are supposed to yawn.

All-night restaurants throw their gleam across the sidewalks. It's nearly daylight in the open country now, but mist and smoke and dust of yesterday seem wedged in the city streets. Huron street has a dignity that is missed in the swirl of noontime. Its tall buildings, massive, symmetrical and of an even altitude, stand out black against

the brightening sky. Here is Toledo's real business canyon, you decide.

Now comes the earliest of the city's workers. These are the pioneers, who prepare the stores and workshops for the armies that are to follow. They are middle-aged as a rule, and of somber mien, but this is hardly the time for hilarity. They hurry with a grim and unenthusiastic haste, for none of them have time to spare. Getting up while the city sleeps isn't easy, and they stay abed until all the margin of safety has ticked away.

One of them hustles by and you look upon him as you would have looked five years or so ago upon that mythical individual who woke the bugler up, during those shell-shot mornings in France.

"Say," you asked suddenly and on the impulse of the moment, "what sort of a job have you that brings you out at this unearthly hour?"

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine," comes the prompt and portentous answer. What proposal could be fairer than that? Getting up early is bad for the disposition, despite what the bucolic poet has inserted into his outpourings on the sunrise.

Into a restaurant you wander, a jump or two ahead of the doughnut wagon boy. Here at last is a happy individual, and he shows it. He wanted a doughnut wagon job when he was seven years old, and is one of the few who achieved his earliest ambition. He sings at his work, and the restaurant is still as the grave by contrast after he clatters out with his empty trays.

"That bird must get up pretty early," you say to the waiter.

"No earlier'n me," he answers. "I been up an hour already."

"Must be tough getting out so early," you insinuate. Here is one to talk to, anyway.

"Oh, it's hard for a week or two, then you get used to it. A feller'll get used to anything."

"Must be awful in the winter, eh, what?"

"Huh, that's where you're wrong. It's easier in the winter. Then you can go to sleep any time you want to, but

on those hot summer nights, when you can't get any sleep until early in the morning, I tell you getting up just when it's turning nice and cool just about puts the cleaner on you."

It's getting lighter now. The screech of the early street cars grows more insistent as they bump around the corners. Wagons and autos roll past, loaded with vegetables for the Huron street district, and empty huckster wagons are hurrying there for the morning loads. Window cleaners stand out on the sidewalks and wield their long handled weapons. They shiver as they plunge their hands into the cold water, but they aren't hampered in their work by hurrying crowds.

Madison avenue stretches away up its hill, gleaming and oil stained in the middle and oil soaked and littered at the curb. Ye gods, what a chance to park the old bus now! Not an automobile in sight, save one, which bulks large in the gloom beside the Gardner building, like a noontime vista of 20 years ago.

Once every 15 minutes a pedestrian is due to tramp down Superior street and you wait for him. You don't know who he is, or if he's ever been out before at this unseemly hour, but you know he's coming. The law of averages, which decrees that you must win one pot out of 17 in a four-handed rummy game, works inexorably. Here he comes, his hands in his pockets, his feet clumping strangely loud. He looks like a burglar on his way home from work, you think, and as he passes, he thinks the same of you.

The man without a cent comes out half frozen from some poorly sheltered nook where he spent a restless night. He shrinks far down into his clothes and wonders how it can be so cold in May. Slowly he walks, pausing on the curb every few moments and gazing back down the street. Whichever way he goes is the wrong way. He sidles up to a show window and lingers there many minutes, examining the display. That kills a little time. When the sun warms things up a little it won't be so bad.

He gravitates to the river and scans the Cherry street bridge, clear of traffic, thrown across a background of pinkish sky. Between Summit and the river many cars are parked, dusty and weather beaten, with license tags of

other states. They belong to tourists sleeping in nearby hotels, the vanguard of the army which will take to the roads when summer comes.

The sky is turning a lighter blue, the sun burns its way through the fog banks over the bay and its yellow light strikes high up on the tallest of the downtown chimneys. The policeman on the beat begins to think of going home as he watches the tide of traffic growing higher each minute.

"Lonesome on a night beat?" he answers: "Oh, not so bad. You see, there's always somebody who wants to talk to a copper at night. Time passes pretty fast that way, and sometimes we hear something worth listening to. It's a great deal more lonesome in the daytime, I've always thought."

Another of the workers of the daybreak hour who found things different from what you thought they were.

## SIX MEN WHO WERE HANGED

BY HOMER THOMAS

(*Oakland, Cal., Post Enquirer, August 16*)

Deeply buried in all of us are lusts of the primitive man. They may be quiescent, we may not suspect they are there, but a time comes when they rise to confront us and to mock our smug belief in our personal civilization. Until last January I would have called you mad had you suggested I would experience a pleasurable sensation in anticipating and witnessing an execution. Now I know myself better. I know that a part of me is a sleeping savage. Once the lash of civilized savagery roused the savage and showed him to me. I was surprised. I did not recognize this other self that had slept beneath the veneer of civilization. It happened without warning.

"You are going to Folsom to see Alex Kels hanged," said the editor.

Of course I was shocked, but the shock was accompanied by a then unrecognized sensation of pleased anticipation. I did not know it was the savage stirring. Hanging had always been invested with secretive glamour; as a newspaperman I knew the public relished reading accounts of executions and this ability to enjoy the supreme misery of another human being, I shared.

I had no knowledge of what I was to see. True, I pictured to myself the details of an execution. But I shudder now to think of that picture which with my mind's eye I then viewed with so much equanimity.

The weather was gloomy the day I left Oakland for the big prison at Represa. Winter winds were flung from the bay upon the city. The fog was low and made the sidewalk wet. Men and women waiting on the corners for street cars huddled together under damp awnings, and because I knew that I, of all these men and women, was to see a man



killed the next day, I was strangely lonesome. Before I left Oakland I heard conversation about the execution. It was in a coffee shop near the railroad station at Fortieth street and Shafter avenue. A cup of coffee, I thought, would cheer me. The waitress, bringing my order, talked over her shoulder to a loungee at the counter.

"I think the man's crazy," she said. "I'm sorry for Mrs. Kels." That was like a woman.

"He deserves what he's getting," replied the man. "Any man that——" But I didn't listen for more. The bad weather, this conversation, nervous expectancy had made me rather miserable.

During the ride to Sacramento I was busy picturing the events through which I was about to pass. How would I feel when I entered the death chamber? I visualized myself fainting. Would I really faint? Two friends had fainted at an execution some months earlier at San Quentin. I didn't want to faint. It would hurt my pride. But I worried a great deal. I had been the first newspaperman to arrive at the scene of a triple lynching at Santa Rosa some years earlier. I recalled with relief that I had not been overcome by that ghastly night spectacle. But I had been pretty badly shaken.

Folsom prison is situated in a valley that even in winter is beautiful. Red Madronas dotted the hills. The manzanita bushes flamed with bright berries. Rain made the slopes green with the first grass of the year. The big stone walls of the prison seemed incongruous in the pretty valley.

Newspapermen were cordially received at Folsom. Warden Smith seemed eager to make us comfortable. In fact, the half score of newspaper correspondents were given almost as much attention as was Kels, the condemned man. The last farewell between Kels and his wife took place a few minutes before I arrived. The newspapermen, used as they were to cruel scenes, were badly shaken. I think mutual misery of anticipation made us confide in each other. We all admitted our fear we might faint. You see, it was mysterious, this thing that was to happen. It was the unknown, and consequently we conjured many

visions and were frightened at what we saw. Now that I look back, how short of the actuality we were. After the effort of dinner we returned to the warden's office and waited for the late bulletins from the death cell.

I think we relished for a moment the horror of learning the man who was about to die ate heartily while we, who were only to watch him die could not eat. We dug the scalpel of our questions into the warden who was grim and rather nervous, though he tried to be nonchalant. He rehearsed, step by step, the methods of an execution. So well did he know his business that he varied only by seconds from the actual time required to kill Kels. The time for an execution at Folsom was 13 seconds faster than at San Quentin, he said. Right there the impression most interesting to me at all executions presented itself. How scientific they are, these paid executioners. How carefully they analyze the problem of execution, how much time they give to perfecting their method. Here in this prison men studied hangings as a chemist studies the reactions of elements dropped into his test tubes. To mathematical certainties these men calculated the length of rope necessary to hang a man. Not by inches could they be mistaken, else very unpleasant things would happen.

As the warden talked I thought of conditions as I knew them to exist in the cities. Men were hungry and poorly clothed that very night because mankind had not solved the problem of living. Babies were dying in factories and swamps because men still were greedy for wealth and stopped not to reckon the cost of their greed. The battle against disease needed more minds; that night in Folsom I saw many miseries of humanity, all calling for mankind's supreme strength of intelligence. And yet—— The warden was reciting in monotonous voice the advance story of tomorrow's execution.

"Six seconds after he reaches the cell he will be dropped——"

Six seconds! The devil! Would Kels not resist? How could this warden predict by seconds how long it would take to kill Kels? You see, I don't know much about hangings or condemned men.

Well, we sat in the warden's office until midnight looking through the black album that holds the pictures and records of the 44 men hanged on Folsom gallows. Then we worked until morning preparing for you the stories of Kels' last night on earth. We didn't sleep, though some of us tried to, just before dawn.

More correspondents arrived early Friday. Kels was losing his nerve, so the rumors ran. No, that report was wrong. He was composed and ate a "hay-baler's breakfast." We never did know. The man wouldn't see any of us. We saw him only when he staggered, impeded by hobbles, through the door of the death chamber. We saw him alive only six seconds.

We still cling to some of the mental habits of savages. We still make an execution a ritual. We invest our executions with so much ceremony. The ceremony is not appreciated either by victim or witnesses, and I don't believe the executioners enjoy it. It must be just habit; men are slow to change habits. There was the formality of giving Kels a big breakfast, as though a man couldn't die as well on an empty stomach as a full stomach. There was the conventional black suit, made especially for this occasion, in which Kels was dressed.

Guards marshaled us and the hundred or more persons without press invitations into little groups and led us to the prison theater. Ah, that was ironical. First to the theater of make believe drama, then to the room where deadly drama was enacted. How long we waited I don't know. It seemed to be a long time. We smoked many cigarettes. We laughed in strange, high pitched voices. We were not natural. We tried to fool each other. Nor was the excitement only mental. My knees twitched and my neck kept twisting quite beyond my control. My throat was dry and rapid, intense little convulsions afflicted the pit of my stomach. Without the mental excitement I would have been ill.

"Gentlemen, there are so many of you that all can't get in." It is the captain of the guard speaking. He shares the excitement. His announcement calls forth a sigh of disappointment. "Please do not crowd, gentlemen." He opens

his arms to keep this mob from swirling into the corridor. "Wolves, wolves," murmurs Gray of the Examiner at my elbow. "I am a wolf," I tell myself, looking at the tense faces of these men. "I am going to faint," I warn myself. We are in the corridor. Somewhere at the other end Kels was being led toward us.

"Murder, it's murder." The scream was ghastly, awful. The long corridor echoed it. Long wails, sobs, shrieks followed the cry. I was frightened. The cry seemed to strike at the pit of my stomach. Kels must be crying. Shaken as I was, I felt a flash of satisfaction. I hadn't been able to visualize a man led to death without a struggle.

But it wasn't Kels. Men who were locked behind cell doors were howling their hate at the prison officers, even as in the dim days of the world's youth the fledgling man howled his hate against the hordes of the jungle that his puny strength dared not attack. Kels walked between the howling men, a crouched caricature of a man, bent double by the thongs about his waist, arms and legs. We knew he would die "game," as men say.

We hurried into the death chamber, which is narrow, cold and white-washed.

At the end was the gallows. You must recoil when you first see the scaffold. The scaffold has nothing beautiful about it. It is crude, ugly, made for split second efficiency, not for architectural artistry.

Supported by two guards Kels entered from the side. On the stair was a table with a glass and bottle of water on it. That, too, is ironical. The warden offers the condemned man a drink. What aid is water to him? Why console his dry throat with water? I am puzzled about that. Kels mounted hastily, glanced at the rope, looked at us, and in two seconds or so was masked by the black, silk cap. Warden Smith fluttered his handkerchief. The lever was pulled, the trap was sprung, and Kels dropped heavily, swung about.

The doctors went about their business of counting the heart beats. The priest intoned a prayer and looked as though he were going to faint. The guard who had adjusted the cap chewed gum and did not mind the fly that

buzzed noisily about his head. Some one coughed. The warden kept his back turned, and his back was stiff, as though he was making an effort to keep control of himself. We stared for 15 minutes at the body. Then the warden dismissed us with one word, "Deceased." Waiting for us to leave, just outside the door, was the undertaker's table, manned by two scared trusties. We hurried to the telephones to tell you how Alex Kels died.

All hangings are very much alike, I found. The next one I saw was the execution of 20-year-old Aurelio Pompa, a handsome Mexican youth with the blood of Castile making his eyes sea blue. He died bravely. I was sick to think I must see done to this boy what had been done to Kels. To make it worse, I considered mitigating circumstances. Even the widow of the man he had killed asked for clemency. And the boy was so young.

Pompa walked firmly up San Quentin's gallows. He glanced, with contempt, at the rope, looked his executioners in the eyes, and waited.

San Quentin's gallows are in a large room of the old furniture factory. Around the scaffold ropes were stretched. They remind you of the ropes around a prize fight arena. The spectators gather around the scaffold. Quite a crowd is here, for a bitter fight has been made to save Pompa. Marin County was in the first bloom of spring that day. The fog had lifted before I arrived at Sausalito, and the trip to San Quentin was through gardens and hillsides profuse with flowers.

Life was everywhere, new, hopeful life, and only in the old furniture factory was the spring day gloomy. We walked through the patio-like courtyard, where San Quentin prisoners have their beautiful gardens, on our way to the factory. Down a flight of stairs that remind you of childhood cellar experiences when you went into unknown black holes at a companion's dare, beyond the world of flowers and bright sunlight. Here water makes the flooring damp and the shadows are forever cold. Dirt is everywhere, and you notice for the first time clubs in the guards' hands. Prisoners look coldly at you; they hate you, despise you. I could not meet the eyes of these contemptuous felons.

"The old man told me about this at 2 o'clock yesterday," says a veteran reporter. "By 3 o'clock I was drunk. I stayed drunk until this morning." He stumbles on the stairs. "I wish I were drunk now."

We are led through the deserted printing shop. A black, iron door, a door that seems forbidding, with a sinister personality almost, blocks us. We stare at the door, and we smoke more cigarettes, look at our watches, and laugh in high pitched voices.

The door is opened and we enter. A few minutes later Pompa is on the platform. I think his youth and cold contempt made the executioners nervous. They did not adjust the rope properly. It slipped when he dropped. His neck was not broken and he strangled slowly. We agreed he must be conscious. He kicked and lunged, and his efforts to obtain air made whistling, unpleasant noises. Three men fainted. One of them was a guard. This relieves your nerves. You want to laugh; you want to jeer at the guard. You feel like saying, "See, I am sick, but I do not faint. I am a better savage than you. I do not like this, but you are a guard, you must like it. Yet you are sick." You remember you are here on business. You move closer to see if the neck really did not break in that awful fall. The warden whispers in your ear the names of two men who fainted. Good, they are just private citizens. What business have they there? Isn't the boy ever going to die?

At last it is over. The youth could not struggle forever.

James Hendryx died with a smile on his lips. He smiled when he walked up the steps, and he smiled kindly, tolerantly at one of the executioners, who, by what impulse I do not know, patted him on the back. I wish he hadn't smiled. I can't forget that smile. It made one man faint.

On my next assignment to the charnel house two men were hanged simultaneously—William Bringham and Willard Thompson. They also were "game," and smiled and jested before they left the death cell for the death chamber. By this time I knew just about what would happen, and the night before I was sick with the visions that

persisted. I no longer found a pleasurable curiosity in hangings. We who watch the state's executions know hangings for what they are, and the knowledge is not pleasant.

Have you ever shaken hands with a murderer who is about to be hanged? I don't suppose so. Neither have I, but I wanted to shake the withered hand of old Mariano Casarez, the oldest man ever hanged in California. Mariano, a Mexican, was 70 years old, and he was quite content to die, though he said he was innocent of murder. I spent the last night with him, and we chatted of many things, of old Mexico, his homeland; of stomach aches and cigarettes, of California of the old days. We talked in Spanish, and between puffs at a cigarette, the old man smiled and bowed and was very much the Spanish gentleman. No, he was not afraid to die, for he was old and sick, but I must believe when he told me he was innocent. Why should he take the trouble to lie about it? Was he not going to die tomorrow? A shrug, yes, it was quite useless to waste breath on lies.

He told me of his wife and children in Mexico, who did not know he was about to be hanged. He was dying, this old, old man, this alien, without the comfort of a last farewell because, he said, he did not want to make them unhappy.

The gas lights flickered and made shadows on the walls and threw fingers of shadows through the slats that make the death cell. The day had been warm and the cold night caused the wood of the old structure to creak and groan as it contracted. The noise bothered me. I couldn't help thinking that grisly gnomes were playing hide and seek on the gallows. You think foolish things in a death cell at night. The old man smiled sympathetically at me. He felt sorry, he said, that a young man should be in so dismal a place. Reed and Clark, the death watch, watched us closely. Clark, who does not like death watch details, was restless and paced back and forth. He said he couldn't sleep. Mariano expressed regret. So much inconvenience, these executions, he remarked.

Long into the night I talked with old Mariano. The old brown face, wrinkled with the years, the twinkling eyes, so

brown and soft, the gray thatch of hair—I'll never forget them.

"Like a soldier, I will walk up the steps, and I will say, 'I am not guilty,'" Mariano promised me. "*Buenas noches, mi amigo, buenas noches and dulce sueno.*"

Good night and sweet dreams! Imagine yourself in my place, told that by an old man whom I must see hanged. Good night and sweet dreams!

We left him there, to spend the last few hours alone, so lonely among thousands of men, his destiny upon him, and none to stand by his side.

Through the prison yard we hurried, cold and shivering, and morose. The other reporter, Eddy of the Call, suggested coffee. Over our cups we talked together of life and death and the mysteries that have puzzled men, and in anguish of body and mind, I know, we caught a glimpse of a day to come when such things as murders and executions and so much human misery cannot be. It was not sentimentality. We had seen something that stirred us mightily; it was awful and almost majestic in its drama.

You see, I am telling you just what I thought, and still think, because I had to see men killed to satisfy our law. If I am too bold in my confidences, remember this, what I have seen, I have seen, and I know this business of execution. It makes me serious, and I must tell you sincerely just what I feel.

Next morning I went back, accompanied by Eddy, to the death cell, and again chatted with old Mariano, who still was courteous, still unafraid, still protesting his innocence. I was there when he made final confession to the Spanish priest and when he made his peace with God, and even then he denied he had murdered a man.

Then came the time to say good-by. The death clothes were waiting. In half an hour Mariano must walk to his death. The death cell door was open and we stood near each other. Pity overwhelmed me. Whether or not this old man was guilty did not matter just then. I saw only the brave old man, the wrinkled face, the brown eyes, the thatch of gray hair, and I knew what an execution was. Could the thing they were about to do repair in any way



the crime? It does not matter, the right or wrong of my attitude then. Something of the vision I had seen the night before as I drank coffee and talked of the mysteries, came to me. I was tolerant as tolerance has never before or since controlled me. I would shake his hand. Surely this last little gesture would not rob the state of its full quota of punishment.

"Good-by, Mariano," I said, and he answered, "*Adios, amigo.*"

I held out my hand. Mariano's eyes flashed gratitude. I know the gesture made him happy.

"Stop that," Reed pushed between us. "Don't you know you can't do that?"

It was useless to argue. "Good-by," I said, "*Adios.*"

As I hurried to the sunlight I heard Mariano call, "*Adios.*"

The thing I feared happened. When they led Mariano into the death chamber half an hour later his eyes roved over the crowd. He looked all around. He saw Eddy and me. We were hiding behind a big, broad-shouldered business man who had come to see the spectacle.

We could not be less brave than Mariano. We met his eyes. Then did I come nearest to fainting. Mariano smiled. The guards were strapping his feet. He moved his lips. "*Adios,*" I read. I smiled back. The black cap was put over his head. So died Mariano, the man whose hand I was not allowed to shake.

These things I have seen. These things I see waking and in sleeping hours, and sometimes so great has been the effect upon me that when I am playing with my little boy I wonder: could those men, too, have been soft, delightful little humans? Were they ever babies? What then made them killers, and what then made other men their judges and their executioners?

## THE FEUD CODE OF HERRIN

(*Newark News*, September 6)

Herrin, Ill., Sept. 6.—Except for the pitifully tragic evidence of six new mounds in the cemetery, not far from more than a score of other graves illy tended and neglected, the situation in Herrin would be a childish farce comedy, with the nation laughing instead of standing aghast.

Ku Klux and anti-Klan, "law and order" versus "personal liberty," these are but empty phrases and titles cloaking the real issue, which is not an issue at all. Herrin's streets are filled with armed men today, because Herrin's men, and women, too, are sprung from a stock of pioneers who in the absence of law and ordinance depended on a quickly drawn gun to settle all disputes; it is the old feud spirit of West Virginia and Kentucky that rules this Illinois mining town today. Herrin is not lawless. It is simply that its inhabitants consider themselves above the red tape and Latin phrases of the courts when it comes to the quick settlement of a controversy.

Not that the law is not invoked when it serves some immediate end, witness that each side issues warrants in wholesale lots against its opponent. Bail bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000 are outstanding against the scores of Herrin men under indictment, and it appears to an outsider that the whole town could be bought outright for that amount.

That is what helps make the situation so grimly funny. The factions here, call them Klan and anti-Klan for the sake of some identifying designation, are manned by men with a childlike faith in a vague set of principles. Actually, the killings of a week ago have nothing to do with the Herrin massacre of 1922, except in that the feud spirit burns strong, kept alive like some corrupted vestal flame from the fires of an ancient day when there was no law except that spoken by the quickest-drawn gun.

Herrin is peopled almost entirely by descendants of old

American stock. Scarcely a member of the anti-Klan forces is not potentially eligible to that organization. The Catholics and foreign born are a voiceless minority. They do not figure in the matter at all.

The anti-Klansmen, too, are probably almost eligible to join the S. A. R., and their wives could all be Colonial Dames, so far as heritage goes. But the only heritage nurtured by either side is the feud spirit their fathers engendered in the hills of Kentucky and West Virginia.

"Law and order" is a phrase which either side interprets according to its own convictions. Rev. Dr. I. E. Green, pastor of the Hurst Baptist Church and spokesman for the Klan—he is editor of the Klan Herald and chairman of the publicity committee of the Law and Order League—points to the undeniable fact that Herrin is bone dry and that the saloons and brothels which flourished flamboyantly two years ago are closed, in proof of the good work the Klan has done. Sheriff George Galligan, a Protestant white American, frankly admits that, but asks whether the game is worth the candle.

The elimination of disorderly houses has been purchased by blood and terrorism and has substituted for the old title of "Little Egypt" the more opprobrious name of "Bloody Williamson" for this county. But its inhabitants seem far from bloody, disregarding the armor. The men perform all such social functions as visiting or shopping or attending a movie show simply clad in blue denim overalls and jumpers. At evening they sit on cabin porches in their stocking feet, surrounded by dogs and children. Men and women speak in a soft drawl, even when excited.

So it all comes down to a practice of taking sides and of impressing the opposition by the very elemental method of murdering its members.

That was true in 1922 when Herrin first gained national notoriety. There had been a 100 per cent strike of the coal miners, who comprise fully ninety per cent of the population. George Henderson, a miner, was shot and killed on June 21 of that year. That shot blew the lid off the long slumbering feud instinct. The Lester strip mine, operated by non-union labor imported from Chicago, was besieged.

The "aliens" surrendered and were being herded toward town from the mine when the mob got out of hand, and when the echoes of the ensuing fusillade died out there were twenty-two dead. That was Herrin's way of resenting intrusion, but there was no Klan here then. In fact, the labor element frowned on the Klan, in accord with other unions. But Henderson was avenged.

State's Attorney Delos Duty failed to convict any one for the massacre. It is anomalous that today the Klan element, composed of the self-same group of isolationists whose tactics brought on the wholesale shooting, condemn Duty for failing to convict any one at that time.

That was the first of the three chapters so far written in blood of Herrin's present feud spirit. The first manifestation was of unionism against non-unionism. Chapter two was headed "Law and Order Versus License." Sheriff Galligan, elected on a strict enforcement platform, was accused of not working as zealously as he should in suppressing the liquor traffic. The Protestant Ministerial Association began to preach and Herrin began to take sides. Taking sides is as natural to these childlike people as eating and sleeping.

On one side, strict respect for the letter of the law burned high and fanatically. The minority was for easy going tactics. It appears that the Ku Klux Klan, a feeble organization at first, sensed the possibility of the situation, and a membership campaign suddenly was launched.

Then came Glenn Young. In the latter part of last year he suddenly appeared in Herrin and took command of the Klan's activities. He was hailed as the peerless leader and at the head of 800 Klansmen swept the county with a series of raids which brought him a tremendous personal popularity, a bitter hatred and, specifically, five indictments returned Thursday by the Federal Grand Jury at Danville, charging him with impersonation of a federal officer, which tops other indictments for carrying deadly weapons and other offenses.

Dr. Green declares that Young was sent to Herrin by Roy S. Haines, which the prohibition director denies. As a matter of fact, deadly weapons are openly carried on Herrin's streets every day by hundreds of men.

At any rate, the third chapter now opened. It was Klan and anti-Klan with the latter and minority party headed by Sheriff Galligan. The sheriff did not give two whoops about "the issue," of Catholicism or ascendant Jewry. He was anti-Klan, and admits it today, simply because that organization usurped his legally delegated powers.

Soon there appeared in Herrin strange men, whose motion toward the right hip pocket was instinctive. Galligan was accused of importing gunmen from East St. Louis and deputizing them. Carl and Earl Shelton, deputy sheriffs, were said to be among these new "aliens." And when, on February 8, Constable Cæsar Cagle was called out of the Masonic Temple on some ruse and shot dead, the Klan forces attempted to fasten the crime on the Shelton brothers.

No evidence was presented in court that the Sheltons had anything to do with Cagle's death, and last Saturday, when the two were brought to trial, Tim Cagle, father of the murdered constable, asked that the case be dismissed.

In the meantime, Young, who with his wife had been wounded while riding in an automobile near Herrin, left the county. Jake Skelcher, suspected of having shot the couple, was murdered as he rode into town in his car. The feud spirit had now "avenged" Cagle and the Youngs. Let the law do what it pleases, the reasoning of Herrin seems to run, but the guns of factions will speak with final authority.

Saturday's shooting, with the death of six men, was the answer of the anti-Klan forces and the simultaneous retort of their opponents. Galligan appealed to Adjutant General Black for troops to help him enforce the law. Yesterday this action brought a second anomaly, in that the military forces brought by Galligan into Herrin decreed the banishment of the sheriff and Ora Thomas, his "right bower," as they call him here, to Pontiac, outside this county.

Neither side has kind words for General Black. In his stay of three days here he succeeded in gaining the antipathy of both sides. He protested to Galligan, the sheriff says, that the entire appropriation for the maintenance of the Illinois militia was being spent in keeping troops in

Herrin. He wanted the soldiers withdrawn because of the "expense," but compromised by allowing eighteen men of Company I to remain. Last Tuesday, General Black delegated all his powers to a twenty-four-year-old captain, Harold M. Bigelow, and went on an auto trip to Florida.

Bigelow in twenty-four hours brought about a truce and to him both sides give credit for avoiding what might have been a general battle. No one denies that open warfare was imminent when the coroner's inquest was held. The youthful dictator is a veteran of the Marine Corps, who served in fourteen battles in France. Incidentally his brother, Emerson R. Bigelow, is a traffic policeman in Jersey City.

Galligan and Deputy Ora Thomas, at first forbidden to enter Herrin without reporting to Bigelow, have finally been removed as potential trouble makers by being ordered out of the county by the captain. The two left for Pontiac yesterday, their exit being gracefully camouflaged by the two prisoners they are taking to the state reformatory there.

Captain Bigelow, to even matters as to the banishment of Galligan and Thomas, also ordered John H. Smith, Klan leader, out of the county. Smith, whose garage was the center of last Saturday's riot, has gone to Kentucky to visit his mother. By the captain's decree, Klansmen may not appear in their robes. Peace reigns. On the surface Herrin is today a peaceful little jerkwater community, but, at that, most hip-pockets bulge with something more deadly than a flask of wood alcohol, and it is not unusual to see an automobile coming into town from the country districts loaded with men who hold shotguns across their breasts.

If idleness caused by the strike was a factor in the Herrin massacre two years ago, an idleness of an entirely different sort, brought about queerly enough by prosperity, has something to do with the seething excitement of the past week. Mines are running full blast and wages are high. The average miner works three days in the week and has earned money enough to feed his family well, to meet the instalments on the piano and the flivver and to hang around town for the ensuing four days. What Satan finds for idle hands is axiomatic.

Perhaps the most pathetic figure in the footless tragedy is Dr. James T. Black, owner of Herrin's largest hospital. He is no relation, by the way, to the adjutant general. Dr. Black is a meek-looking, gray little figure. He is constantly attended by two military men, and his great hope is that he may be able to sell his hospital and his practice and move from Herrin. His great fear is that he will be shot and killed before he can accomplish his removal.

Through no desire on his part, he affirms vehemently, Dr. Black was drawn into the controversy in 1922. He has the enmity of what is now designated as the Klan faction. At the time of the so-termed massacre fifteen wounded men were given shelter in Dr. Black's hospital. He ministered to these "aliens" according to his duty as a physician, but the miners held it against him.

Then, last December, Deputy Sheriff Lehman, an anti-Klansman, was wounded. As a matter of course he was brought to Dr. Black's hospital, even as he would have been had Lehman been a Klansman or an utter stranger, for there was no other place to take the wounded man. But "the law and order" crowd chalked up another "crime" against Dr. Black for harboring an "enemy."

Last Saturday Chester Reid was one of the six killed. It so happens that Reid, a prosperous miner, married Dr. Black's sister. Mrs. Reid, with her husband lying dead in the street and a hail of bullets pouring over his body, rushed to the telephone and hysterically called her brother. "Chet is killed," Dr. Black says his sister told him. "Please come right away."

The surgeon responded again to the call of duty and committed a third affront to the opposition. At the inquest a dozen men testified that the doctor rode up the street in his flivver steering with one hand and shooting at the Klansmen with a gun held in the other.

The murder charge against Dr. Black was dismissed for lack of evidence this morning by Police Magistrate Hicks, who is alined with the Klan forces. Bail bonds of \$15,000 were returned to the doctor.

But Dr. Black's goose was about cooked when Sheriff

Galligan and his men took refuge in the hospital, claiming sanctuary in the institution of mercy, but insurging that sanctuary with ready guns.

And so the situation in general stands. There are no neutrals in Herrin. Conclusions must be drawn by balancing the stamp of factionalists with what is actual history. The Ku Klux Klan is the cloak adopted for the time being by one side, the same as the opposition attempted to organize a branch of the Knights of the Flaming Circle, elsewhere largely composed of Catholics, Jews and the foreign-born.

The Klan, if it wished to direct its actions along the lines of the parent body, could have directed its attention against the Italo-Catholic Lombard Society. The few Catholics and foreign-born inhabitants of Herrin are Italians, mostly merchants. In reprisal against the Klan in its early days, these Italian merchants withdrew their patronage from Carl Nielson's wholesale mercantile house and established a coöperative wholesale store of their own, thus taking from Nielson, a Kleagle of the Williamson Klan, about \$40,000 worth of business a year. But not one member of the Lombard Society has been mentioned, let alone shot. The Klan battles only against its feudist foes of identical faith and like parentage, who in turn are equally facile with their guns. It is the heritage of direct action.

Probably that heritage will bring about more bloodshed in days to come. Governor Small and Adjutant General Black will pass into political oblivion, but Herrinites will continue to disregard their successors, too, when it comes to a matter of discussing purely local controversies—and so it will be long after the Klan has gone the way of the Know-Nothings and the Klan of '65. Religions nor politics are real issues in Herrin. The actuating motives go deeper, go far back to the years when the ancestors of these child-like isolated miners laid down tribal and communal laws backed by flintlock and musket.



## THE END OF THE WORLD

BY HOWARD WOLF

(*Akron Evening Times*, December 19)

The end of the world will positively occur Feb. 6, 1925, say members of the Reformed Seventh Day Adventist church of Cleveland. Always first in the field, The Evening Times has scooped the whole world and is presenting today complete stories of this alleged, unusual happening. It was at first thought that one general story would suffice to cover the event but every member of the staff put up such strenuous claims in regard to the story breaking on his beat that it was decided to let them all cover it.

The statements appearing at the end of the following stories were taken from a stenographic report of the comments of various desk men and back room moguls concerning the way in which the event should be covered. But here are the stories.

Police Reporter: "The alleged criminal career of the notorious pants burglar who has outwitted local authorities for the last three years came to an abrupt end here last night. The pants burglar and 1,748,000,999 persons whose names and addresses have not been learned, but who are all said to be residents of the earth, met a tragic death as the result of the destruction of the world. Detectives who are investigating the events leading up to the end of the globe intimate foul play. Arrests are promised before nightfall, but meanwhile nothing definite is being given out. Local authorities express considerable annoyance at what they consider an unwarranted interference with their latest plans for shaking up the vice squad."

Dramatic Critic: "Advertised as the 'most stupendous spectacle in the history of the theater' the 'End of the World' proved to be an inferior and hackneyed melodrama upon its presentation here last night. Outside of the fact

that the scenery is obviously second hand, the plot is negligible and the opus is presented by a road show cast there is nothing wrong with this attraction. The chief fault with the action of the drama lies in the fact that after painstakingly leading up to what should have been a startling denouement the thing fails to come off. In other words the climax lacks 'punch.' Only a handful of people were in their seats when the curtain went up. There were no encores."

Column Conductor:

"There was no lead pome yesterday

No harm had I intended

But still I did not type my lay,

Result—the world has ended

—Ema Spencer in Newark (O.) Advocate.

The world has ended, as you say,

But why be so downhearted

For though the globe is quite passe

This chain verse has but started.

As usual the end of the world came just four days before payday. Anything to take a dollar out of a poor man's pocket."

Court House Reporter: "The court of common pleas this morning refused to vacate an injunction restraining the destruction of the world which it had granted early last week. Despite the fact that attorneys for the defense pointed out that the order was in conflict with the recent ruling handed down in the justice of the peace court at Davenport, Iowa, the court was adamant in its resolve. An investigation is now under way to determine whether or not the destruction of the earth was staged in defiance of the injunction last night. If this actually occurred the party responsible for the outrage will be cited in for contempt of court, it was intimated."

Society Editor: "As a compliment to Mrs. Morton Moots, Washington Court House (O.), and guest of Mrs. John Peele, 'Haig Hall,' members of Akron's younger set entertained informally at an 'end of the world party' at the Mud Run country club yesterday evening. Mrs. Moots was gowned in shell pink, brocaded chiffon with which she

wore silver slippers and cross word puzzle hose. A delightful evening was brought to a close by a miscellaneous shower which heralded the anticipated destruction of the earth."

City Hall Reporter: "Council met this afternoon to consider claims of local property owners growing out of the destruction of Akron and the world in an almost unprecedented manner last night. One claim was presented, that of Cyrano Zxyzxs, 888 Shrdlu st., for pretzels to the value of \$3.87 alleged to have been destroyed when tidal waves engulfed the basement of his residence. It is estimated that the ending of the world caused thousands of dollars' worth of property damage throughout the United States alone. Settling of the street car franchise controversy, the grade crossing elimination program and the jitney men's fight has been postponed until the city daddies can pass on the validity of the pretzel claim. Before adjournment, however, a proclamation issued by Mayor D. C. Rybolt was read to the meeting. The proclamation was as follows: Whereas, the world has come to an end, a city-wide holiday is hereby proclaimed. All city offices will be closed all day tomorrow."

Sport Editor: "Old J. Pluve sure kicked over the well-known dope bucket last night when he turned on the water spouts and knocked the scheduled 10-round bout between Gas House Murphy and One Round Einstein for a row of brick voting booths. The battlers went over the brink of eternity riveted together in the clinch which they had maintained from the time the gong rang for the first round. Murphy's manager in a statement issued this morning said that his man was just preparing to drive Einstein to his corner with vicious rights and lefts when the swatfest ended. Einstein's backer predicted that in one more round his boy would have brought the claret from the Gas House beezee as he had been hitting him with everything but the water bucket."

Editorial Writer: "The recent costly destruction of the world, an incident to be deeply regretted by all thoughtful people is a telling indictment of the peanut politicians now in congress. If the esteemed house of representatives had

made good in its promise of putting teeth in the Norwegian sardine exclusion measure this would never have happened. How much longer are the big broad-minded citizens of the country going to remain indifferent to the menace of the iniquitous ring of ward heelers who have added this insult to long endured injuries?"

Church Editor: "Leaders of the religious organization which has been back of the recent successful movement to put over the end of the world issued a formal statement this morning. Referring to the globe's destruction they say, 'It is a complete vindication of our policy.'"

Feature Writer: "'The most complete destruction of the earth in the history of the world I calls it,' said Joseph K. Gaffer, oldest resident of Bath township, when questioned concerning the tragedy of Wednesday last. Gaffer is the only living steam roller operator in the county who can wiggle his left ear without moving his right. Although he is 93 years young, as he whimsically phrases it, he apparently is still as hale and hearty as on that day 20 years ago when he led his 15th bride to the altar. 'Eat, drink, smoke and cuss all you want to and go on about your own business without paying any attention to these endings of the world' is his advice for attaining a ripe, old age."

City Editor: "You birds verify that story before you write it. Be careful and keep all the libel out of it."

The News Editor: "Hold it down to 15 words. The story of creation only took 25."

Foreman of Composing Room: "Say, when are you birds going to have that story ready? It's two minutes after deadline now and if you don't have it ready in five minutes we're going to press without it."

Circulation Manager: "How about running a couple of extras? That story ought to go over big."



## **HUMAN INTEREST STORIES**



## THE SUBWAY REBEL

BY FREDERICK B. EDWARDS

(*New York Herald Tribune*, November 20)

Benjamin Mehlig, a small man with an office at 132 Fulton Street, who had a habit of leaving the West Side Interborough subway at 157th Street and Broadway every evening at a little before 6 o'clock, set his teeth firmly together yesterday afternoon, looked a squad of subway guards firmly in the eye and started what may become a Movement.

Life in New York is like that. A plain citizen leaves his place of business immersed in conventional affairs. His thoughts are on this or that; his job, income tax, cross-word puzzle, the price of a new overcoat, or what he has forgotten that his wife told him to be sure and remember. Then without warning the Fates seize him and hurl him for a loss square into the middle of a revolution, a banditry, a fire or a Movement.

No vast impulses yeasted within the soul of Benjamin Mehlig as he boarded a subway train at Pennsylvania Station at a little after 5 o'clock last night. He wished to go home. A train came along empty, having been run through for the benefit of the midtown rush hour crowds. Benjamin Mehlig was among the surge, wishing merely to go home. He noted that the train was marked Van Cortlandt Park, and Benjamin Mehlig's heart was lifted within him. It was his train and it was empty!

Benjamin Mehlig's moment was at hand. But had some prophet, gifted with vision, whispered into his ear, "Benjamin, you are shortly to achieve something that Napoleon never even thought of attempting," he would have said "Go away, you nut," or words to that effect.

The ten-car train was quickly filled. Times Square added a quota to the grand 5 o'clock shove. Seventy-second



Street decanted merely a handful, and others took their places. Benjamin Mehlig read his Wall Street edition and wondered what was for supper.

At Ninety-sixth Street a guard poked his head into the car and shouted something that sounded to Benjamin Mehlig like "Awsingecackwowshoawlwow!" Benjamin's interest was merely casual until he observed a general restlessness among his fellow passengers.

"What did he say?" asked Benjamin Mehlig, whose great moment was even now upon him.

"He said," a neighbor replied with bitterness, "that we should all change at 103d Street because the train is going to the car barns."

Benjamin Mehlig pondered this for a while. He was not surprised. It had happened to him before. But somehow this time it was different. The soul of Benjamin Mehlig was in revolt. He felt filled with fire. He arose in his seat and shouted at the guard. Benjamin Mehlig, the small man of 132 Fulton Street, yelled at a subway guard!

"Hey, you!" said Benjamin Mehlig, "what is this?"

"Yawlsingecawwahbaw," the guard replied, and Benjamin Mehlig said:

"Like hell!"

The guard tottered and caught at the door frame for support. He shook his head, puzzled. It appeared to his bewildered senses that the small Benjamin Mehlig was in revolt. That there was, in fact, a mutiny on board. Yet . . . impossible, surely.

The guard came into the car and addressed Benjamin Mehlig, whose strange conduct was now beginning to excite the interest of the other passengers.

"Whaddidduh say-y-y?" demanded the guard.

Benjamin Mehlig stood up.

"I said like hell," replied Benjamin Mehlig. "That's what I said. What do you think of that? Like hell I'll change at 103d Street. I'm going to 157th Street. That's where I'm going."

"Ho!" said the guard. "Not on this train, brother, you ain't."

"Ho!" said Benjamin Mehlig, climbing on a seat. "But

I am. On this train. An' don't you call me brother, you—you subway guard."

The train had stopped. It was 103d Street. The passengers gathered around Benjamin Mehlig, who stood on his seat in a corner. Other passengers sensing a murder or a hold-up or some other mildly exciting vicarious adventure, crowded from other cars. People who had left the train got back on. Benjamin Mehlig was now making a speech.

"You're a lot of sheep," said Benjamin Mehlig, the small man. "That's what you are—a lot of sheep. You let a subway guard tell you where to get off a train. You paid your fares, didn't you? You paid to go to wherever it is you're going to, didn't you? You're a lot of sheep—all but me. I'm not a sheep. I'm going to stay on this train until it gets to 157th Street. Thank God, I'm not a sheep."

"Yuh look like one," said the guard bitterly.

"I would rather," said Benjamin Mehlig gazing coldly down at the guard—he was still standing on the seat—"look like a sheep than like a subway guard."

Benjamin Mehlig was applauded by the other passengers. The Movement was begun. Other protestants arrived. There were cheers for Benjamin Mehlig, who, standing on his seat, implored every one not to be a sheep.

More guards arrived. The Interborough held a conference. The guard who had originally encountered Benjamin Mehlig's Movement favored an immediate slaughter with as much mayhem as possible thrown in. Calmer counsels prevailed.

"We'll take you people to 110th Street," the spokesman of the guards' conference conceded at last. "You'll have to get off there. This train is going to the car barns."

"No," said Benjamin Mehlig. "Only the sheep will get off at 110th Street. I am not a sheep."

The train moved to 110th Street. Some passengers left. They were going to 110th Street anyway. Benjamin Mehlig remained, remarking at frequent intervals that he was not a sheep.

Another conference and a further compromise. The train would go to 137th Street. Cheers. Mr. Mehlig, the

small man, announced that he was prepared to tell the world that he was not a sheep.

At 137th Street every one left the train except Benjamin Mehlig and two others. The faithful disciples of the anti-sheep movement on the subway who stood by the grand old flag were Arthur Weiner, of 134 West 180th Street, and Eleanor Booth Simmons, a writer and a suffragist, who was going to Dyckman Street and who also is not a sheep.

The crowd at 137th Street cheered Benjamin Mehlig, Arthur Weiner and Eleanor Booth Simmons. They cheered for themselves. They jeered the guard and the Interborough and the turnstiles and the slot machines. Jeers, cheers; and Benjamin Mehlig, standing on his seat, declining to be a sheep.

"You gotta get out," announced the guards' conference.

"At 157th Street," said Benjamin Mehlig. "Don't kid yourselves that I'm a sheep."

"We'll put you out," said the guards' conference, and the voice of the original guard was heard lifted above all the rest begging to be allowed to get at him.

"You lay a finger on me," said Benjamin Mehlig, "and you'll hear from my lawyers. I got lawyers. Sheep haven't got lawyers, but me, I ain't a sheep."

The train continued. Ten cars. Three passengers, one of them Mr. Mehlig, but none of them sheep.

The train roared through 145th Street and howled into 157th Street. The brakes shrieked. The train, all ten cars of it, came to a stop. The doors were flung open.

Benjamin Mehlig walked out.

"I hope you choke," shouted the guard.

"I am not a sheep," announced Benjamin Mehlig, and went home to supper.

## SAM SHADUR'S HORSE

BY JULIAN SARGENT

(*St. Paul Dispatch*, September 11)

If, as Poe once said, the tone of beauty is sadness, there must today be real beauty in a certain home in the ghetto district across the river, just east of Robert street, in the elbow of the river-bend.

It is the home of Sam Shadur, hauler of ashes, 211 Robertson street.

The home looks across the muddy lane of Robertson street at dump grounds of scattered brick, broken tiles, rusting scrap iron, abandoned, listing carts that once wobbled the streets to the patient driving of peddlers, and shacks and outbuildings covered with weather-reddened sheets of tin.

Men with enormously long beards can be seen a short distance away down a cross-lane, passing up and down State street. Women appear from time to time walking heavily under prodigious loads of one thing or another. Washing hangs out on upstairs rear porches, and mothers indulge in a moment of observation and reflection, leaning muscled forearms on dull, wooden railings of balconies.

Certainly the beauty of the Shadur home does not lie in the view from its windows.

So, if Poe was right, it must come from a sadness within.

Sam Shadur hauls ashes as many another father of a family does the only work, whatever it may be, his hand seems able to reach—against the orders of a doctor, but because bread and groceries and meat must be bought, and oats and hay for the horse.

Many men have to hang on to the rung of the ladder they happen to be holding, because they dare not take off a hand to reach for the next higher rung. Some fathers stoop

over work benches in foul-aired rooms, when they, particularly, need clean air. Some fathers strive at tasks of exertion, when they would live longer at a motionless table or desk. Doctors prescribe; but fate disposes.

Fate has seemed to dispose that Sam Shadur should haul ashes, although, as Mrs. Shadur puts it, "he is wind-broken from the ashes, and his heart, there is something wrong with it. Twice a week, at night, he goes to a city doctor, and the doctor tells him, 'Sam, you must get away from the ashes if you want to live. To breathe them is as bad for you as to take a little poison, every day.'"

Wednesday Sam Shadur had an order to haul some ashes, which meant a dollar.

While he was gone, Mrs. Shadur had things to think about, which were not merry. One of her five daughters had come back from school needing a school book, and it was to cost 85 cents. Another had come home needing a different book, which would cost 35 cents. To let Mrs. Shadur tell it, "As true as my Gott I haven't got the money to get the books for my girls."

Suddenly down the street came "her man's" ash cart. But the horse was not pulling it, and her man was not on the seat. Instead, a friend, who owned a truck, had hitched on to it, and was dragging it up the muddy lane.

Mrs. Shadur ran out.

The man with the truck did not meet her eyes.

"Your man, he has sold the horse," he said. "He asked me to bring the cart home."

Mrs. Shadur knew it was not so.

"Where is my man?" she demanded. "I don't care for the horse, schon. Where is my man?"

While the friend was fumbling in his thoughts for an answer, Sam Shadur came into view.

The horse had caught his hoof in a street car frog at Seven Corners. He had twisted his leg, and the bone had broken. A policeman had shot him.

Sam Shadur and Mrs. Shadur cried together. Eighty-five cents for one school book and 35 cents for another seemed farther away than ever. The rusty cart, with its shafts leaning impotently on the ground, they saw dimly

through the blinding kind of tears mothers and fathers know.

Today Sam Shadur went downtown trying to find a job. The girls were away at school. Mrs. Shadur stood in her doorway and wished she could buy "her man" a truck, so he could haul junk, and sometimes vegetables.

"That way," she said, "I could have my man. But with the ashes, I won't have him long. In all our lives, never have we taken charity. But that horse—it is bad for the children, schon."

Past the piles of rusting scrap, tumble-down peddlers' carts, dumps of shattered bricks, plaster and tiles, and tin-covered outbuildings, came Sam Shadur. His head was in the air and his shoulders were up. No, he hadn't found a job. But he had found his smile. It came to his face when he was asked if he really felt pretty badly Wednesday when the policeman had to shoot his horse.

"Yes, I guess I felt pretty badly," he answered. "But"—and here came the grin—"what could I do? I couldn't die with the horse."

And many good people felt much irritated when street cars were stopped Wednesday at Seven Corners, and automobiles were blocked, because a horse pulling an ash cart had broken his leg, and had to be shot.

## THE BURIAL OF MOLLIE MARGULIS

BY BLANCHE FURTH ULLMAN

(*St. Louis Star*, May 19)

Mollie Margulis, the young Russian girl whose ravished and lifeless body was found Friday morning in a rear yard at 2943 Gamble street, was buried yesterday in the Orthodox Jewish Cemetery, Chevrah Kadishah, Spring and Page avenues, in St. Louis County.

Separated even in death from those who had lived normal lives, the body of Mollie Margulis lies in a corner reserved for those who have met death by violence. She is the first woman to be so buried in this part of the new cemetery.

Hours before the time set for the funeral services, throngs of people poured into the Berger Undertaking Parlors at 4717 McPherson avenue. Aged, bearded men and old women, wearing the traditional sheitel, or wig, of the Orthodox Jewess, raised their voices in lamentation. In the crowd were many young girls who had worked side by side with Mollie Margulis in the factory. There were young mothers with babes in arms, holding them high over the heads of the crowd to catch a glimpse of the plain white casket. Young and old wept openly and unashamed as they paid their respects to the dead.

By the side of the casket stood the father, brother and two sisters of the murdered girl, seldom lifting their eyes from the coffin. No trace of her final agonies showed on the face of Mollie. The dark hair was parted smoothly over a broad white brow, and on the lips might almost have been detected the trace of a faint, ironical smile, that the horrors from which she fled when she left the pogroms of Russia behind should have overtaken her here in America.

As the hour for the funeral service drew near, the wailing and lamenting of the old women grew louder. Clutching their shawls about head and shoulders, wringing their

hands and beating their breasts they crouched over the casket, droning out eulogies of the dead girl, and chanting the prayers in their native tongue.

Meanwhile here and there among the crowd the old sexton went rattling his tin charity box and taking the collection for the needy, the sick and the old men who spend their days in the synagogue, saying prayers for the souls of the departed.

As the hour struck, the chazan, or cantor, took his place at the head of the coffin, and chanted the song for the dead, while the shrieking and wailing all about rose to frenzy.

Not a flower was to be seen to relieve the tragedy of its gruesome aspect, for that custom is forbidden in the Orthodox Jewish faith. Nor, at the final ceremonies, were there any of the humane expedients which have been introduced to soften the rigors of the final moments.

At the cemetery chapel the white casket, relieved only with the symbolic Star of David, was opened for the last time, so that the father might perform the traditional rites. Small bits of broken pottery were laid upon the eyelids and a little sacred dust of Palestine scattered over the features. Then came the sad march over the sodden ground to the new grave.

There was no eulogy, no ritual, but the short prayer and confession of resignation to divine will, pronounced first by the cantor and then by the father of the dead.

Then came the symbolic slitting of the garments of the immediate relatives, recalling the ancient funeral rites of rending the clothing, and the bereaved family walked three times through a lane of sorrowing friends, meditating and weeping.

At the doorway of the chapel stands a fountain with a canopy, from which are suspended towels, and all the orthodox present stopped to wash their hands, according to the Jewish law which declares such purification necessary after one has stood in the presence of death.

Immediately after the funeral services began the seven-day period of mourning, during which the immediate family of Mollie Margulis will "sit shiveh," refraining from cooking, washing and shaving, and reading from the Book



of Job, whose patience under suffering they are told to emulate. Three times daily regular mourning services will be held, when relatives and friends will join the family in the Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. And on Friday night, the coming Jewish Sabbath, the Margulis family will be escorted into the synagogue by the entire congregation, who will join in the prayer of resignation, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away—Blessed be the name of the Lord."

After all the relatives and friends had left the cemetery yesterday, an attendant placed on the grave of Mollie Margulis a huge floral wreath bearing the inscription, "To Mollie From Her Co-Workers at the Lincoln Mills."

## A CHARIOT OF FIRE

BY NEIL KELLY

(*Minneapolis Tribune*, March 16)

At that time the prophets of the Fire department sat in Station House No. 1, saying, "This is the afternoon of Saturday." And it came to pass as they still went on and talked that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire that went down Third street in a whirlwind of smoke.

And the Chief Prophet saw it and he cried, It is the chariot of Hyman Hunegs of the tribe of Minneapolis, who dwelleth in peace at 723 Fourth avenue north. Let us make haste lest it be consumed in flames.

And they threw over their shoulders mantles of rubber and helmets of steel, and mounted a larger chariot of shining materials, giving forth sounds like a hundred lions. And the name of the thing they called fire apparatus.

So the doors of the Station House swung open and the fire apparatus and the prophets went into Third street, seeking for Hyman and they saw him far ahead. But Hyman could not stop for the horse knew of the fire and felt need for great haste.

But the hosts of fortune were with the prophets and against Hyman, for the chariot was overturned, throwing out a great quantity of oriental fruits, and fruits from Oregon and Michigan, and California and Florida, which are far lands.

And when the prophets overtook him they asked of Hyman, What have we here? and he replied, A runaway and a fire in my chariot, which in the tongue of the Minnesotans is called by the name of a fruit peddler's wagon.

And the prophets put out the fire with one stream and returned to the Station House, and Hyman was in great joy, for his skin was without blemish in it.

## THE END OF A YELLOW PERIL

BY ROBERT R. MILL

(*The Baltimore Evening Sun*, September 23)

Even the blase telephone clerk at the Northwestern station house was excited today when the message came in. He turned on his chair and shouted to Lieutenant Wilhelm:

"That Jap is measuring near the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel again!"

The officer motioned to Patrolman Doehler, and ran from the station house.

"Queer people, these Japs," remarked the desk sergeant.

"Hope they nab him," added the telephone clerk. "Can you imagine the nerve of that guy? Tried it last night and back on the job today."

Shu Luban chanted a little fragment of Chinese melody as he swung into the 300 block of McMechen street. It was a very old song. Some of his ancestors have chanted it as slow-moving ships, with giant eyes painted upon their sides to scare river pirates away, carried rice from the fields to the sea. It was a love song, as most Chinese songs are.

There was a "lily-bud," in that song, who waited in far-off China while the man she loved ventured among the "foreign devils" and there earned a reward which, upon his return, assured a life of luxury for them both. It had a very happy ending, that song.

Half way down the block Shu Luban halted. A tiny colored boy stood at his heels. Shu Luban produced a measuring tape and handed one end to the boy. His placid face was wreathed in smiles as he gave his instructions. Yet Shu Luban, inwardly, was strangely excited.

The boy carried the tape toward the tunnel. Shu Lu-

ban placed the other end along the curb. Right near him was the establishment of Charlie Wu Sang, who conducts a laundry. Shu Luban scanned the tape anxiously. He called to the colored boy. Then he delivered his verdict: "Just 1,056 feet. Good. Just the same, we try it again."

Once more the colored boy ran toward the tunnel.

McMechen street was in turmoil. Residents gathered together. Newspapers were produced.

"It's the same man!" was the verdict. From the drug store on the corner an emergency call went in.

Shu Luban had just completed the second measurement when Lieutenant Wilhelm and Patrolman Doehler arrived. The Chinaman's smile was even broader.

"Here, you!" called the lieutenant.

Shu Luban looked up. The smile vanished from his face. What queer people these blue-coated persons were. But they must be humored. So, with a little shrug of resignation, Shu Luban began his explanation.

At 709 West North avenue, he said, he, Shu Luban, wished to establish a laundry. In the 300 block of McMechen street one Charlie Wu Sang already had an establishment of that sort.

Now, all that, to a "foreign devil," Shu Luban explained, might mean nothing. Are not grocery stores established within the same block? Lieutenant Wilhelm admitted that they are. Shu Luban's smile returned.

Then he told of a protective association among the Chinese. Back in the old days it would have been called a Tong. But Shu Luban proudly called it by its correct name. That association ruled, he explained, that a laundry must be 1,000 feet from its nearest competitor.

When Shu Luban finished Patrolman Doehler was trying to hide a broad grin. Lieutenant Wilhelm was frankly laughing.

"Come on," the officer called. "The Japanese peril is ended."

The policemen vanished. The crowd slowly dispersed.

Shu Luban again ran the tape from the tunnel to the store of Charlie Wu Sang. Once more he peered at it. Then a smile of triumph crossed his face.

**"Just 1,056 feet. We start the laundry."**

Shu Luban was singing the final verse of the old song as he walked slowly back to North avenue with the colored boy a few feet in the rear. The grotesque ships with the huge eyes were breasting the current of the muddy river as they sailed upward from the sea. The "lily-bud" was waiting. Soon, the song said, she was to be very happy. And that happiness, according to Shu Luban's song, was to be purchased with dollars earned in a laundry at 709 West North avenue.

## BIBOR'S IGLOO

(*Omaha Bee*)

In a kennel-like igloo on top of the city dump, John Bibor, 35, was sleeping as peacefully Thursday morning as if he were nestling under eiderdown covers in some millionaire's guest bed.

A passerby saw his legs sticking out of the door of the igloo and called police to come for the body. He thought the man had been frozen to death in Wednesday's sub-zero weather.

Detectives Munch and Goralski picked their way to the igloo over a mountain of tin cans, broken furniture, rusty machinery and garbage. Then they found that Bibor was sleeping, his snores whistling as loudly as the north wind that blew through his tattered trousers.

The detectives awakened him and he rose from a bed of straw. He was unable to talk English, but beamed with delight when Goralski spoke to him in German.

He told the detectives that he had been living in the rusty tin hut for more than a month, since he was left out of a job when the Cudahy Packing Company discharged many of its employes. He had not been able to get another job, he said, because he had never been able to learn to speak English. He came to America from Austria in 1914.

He hadn't been cold in his little hut, he said. The only time he was cold was when he was walking around the city in the daytime trying to find work.

He was taken to the police station, but was seized with a fit of chills when taken into the warmth.

"This is the first time I've really felt cold for a month," he told Goralski.

Bibor said that he had been employed at a packing plant for two years before he was discharged last month. He has tried to learn English, he said, but finds it impossible. As a result it is hard for him to find work. Before he

moved to the city dump he lived in a rooming house at Twenty-ninth and L streets.

Bibor said that he had had little food during the last month. Most of what he ate was given him by Mexican section workers whom he begged for crusts. He had not eaten for 24 hours before he was found.

When detectives searched his ragged clothes they found 40 cents in a pocket.

"Why didn't you buy something to eat with this?" they asked him.

"I was saving that for hard times," Bibor replied seriously.

## HOBOS AT NIGHT

BY JACK DE WITT

(*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, January 10)

"There's a lot of good fellows on the road nowadays, seems like we're getting a better class of hoboes, if you know what I mean." It was a railroad man speaking. The Burlington railroad yards were hideous with the noises of night, hissing of steam and dull clanging of bells.

He spoke above the din and roar of the yards, his face illuminated with the dazzling glare of an engine searchlight as the monster of iron and steel panted and hissed on a sidetrack, as if anxious to be on its way with the long string of freight cars trailing in the shadows behind.

"Yeh," he continued, "a lotta good fellows, fellows that habitually work, y' understand, stranded and going from one town to another. Of course there's all sorts and sizes of 'em and a good number of the regular greasy, dime grafting bums, but, as I said, we see more decent fellows these days than is usual. Mosey on up the tracks and look around, you'll find some of the boys. Good luck to you."

A freight train, Kansas City bound, was due out between 11.30 o'clock and midnight; bums would be boarding that if they could escape the ever-vigilant special agents, whose duty it is to protect the yards from thieves. Bums turn thieves quite often.

It was not cold. As the dull roar of moving engines, the unaccustomed noise of a dozen bells all clanging at once, died away in the rear, there was time to take note of the night. Snow on the property adjacent to the railroad tracks seemed to act as a reflector for the light of the half hidden moon and it was possible to see for considerable distance in every direction. Although not exactly a night for sleeping outdoors or in freight cars, the air moved gently from the northwest and the ice under-foot crackled and broke in



the low spots. A pleasant night for the homeward bound person on lighted streets, a pleasant night for the farmer gazing from his back porch at the dim outline of his barns. But it was a weird night for a stranger in railroad yards.

It was a night for confidence, the moon, the half light, the air that allowed one to stand still without feeling uncomfortable, the dull roar of the distant railroad yards, the city, powdered with lights, the first of which was only a block distant, all were conducive to thoughts of home. And it is thoughts of home that lead men to make confidants of one another whether they are in railroad yards or beside the flickering sticks in a camp fire.

The night had its effect on the first man encountered. He was watched for a moment from the shadows thrown over the dirty snow by the elevators on the Burlington tracks, near the Manawa road.

Sartorially he was a bum. His voice, however, was that of a man of some education, his shoulders were square, his glance direct, apparently an honest individual, not the habitual bum.

"Gosh, I thought you were a policeman for a minute," were his first words. The fact that he called a railroad detective a policeman instead of a "bull" or a "dick" identified him as one of the "good fellows, not real bums, you know," who had been mentioned in the conversation back in the yards.

He yielded to a little gentle questioning. He winced at the mention of home and family, he looked at the moon, at the grotesque shadows cast by the elevator which loomed like a straight mountain near by, then the mysterious influence of the night took hold of him, he talked.

"I expect to catch that midnight freight for Kansas City, at least some of the old timers said it left at midnight. There might be a chance to get work there. Every city I've been in since early last fall, when I gave up our little home in Illinois, seems to be filled with fellows looking for work," he said, speaking softly, then yielding to another inquiry continued:

"Yes, you're right about me being a novice at this freight riding game. You see I was a clerk in the Illinois town I

mentioned but the indoors air made me sick. I was ill for weeks, my wife worried herself into the grave trying to get me well and our savings went for doctor's bills. I could not go into the office again when I got better so I tried a job as a salesman, commission kind of thing, you know. It was outdoors but money was scarce. I guess I know nothing but keeping books and stenography," he said a little wistfully, apparently not wishing to belittle the profession of salesmen and anxious to show that his inability to make good was due to his own failure.

"Things went from bad to worse. Finally I induced my wife to take the baby and go to her parents. She cried for a long time but finally gave up. The little money from the furniture she took to buy clothes for herself and the baby, and I started out to find a job in another city so that I could send her money and, in time, form a home for her again. But I've been trying ever since. I have washed dishes in restaurants for meals, I have clerked in stores at Christmas time. I have tramped and ridden in box cars, almost been killed several times trying to catch moving cars and rest from weary hours of tramping, but the world seems to have turned its back on me, I am getting more and more down and out every week. I wouldn't write to the little woman and tell her my condition. Her folks would send me something, but I'm no sponger. God, how I longed for her and the baby at Christmas time. Brother, you'll never know the heartaches that I have known. You'll never know the suffering of a lonely man who yearns for the home he has lost and who feels that the world has turned him down. This isn't the mush of a sentimentalist, I am getting health back again, but Lord I'm lonely, I'm down and out I guess, losing my grip and, look at the rags." He waved his hand downwards to indicate his overcoat, tattered at the bottom, his worn shoes and frayed overalls.

"There might be something in Kansas City, it's a big town. If I could only settle down to some job, hard work, any work, learn a different trade, get something steady and start my home again, that is my dream. That is what is urging me over the road, that is the only thing that keeps me from under the wheels of a passenger train, ending it

all so my little girl could be rid of a worthless bum and get a man who would do her some good." A sob was detected in his voice, he turned his head away. To hide a tear? Maybe. So this was the type of hobo who traveled in winter time. One of the types, the boss in the railroad yards had said.

There were footsteps on the icy cinders near the elevator. A rotund figure ambled from the dense shadows.

The one time clerk wheeled nervously.

"So yer agoing to K. C. eh? bo, well I'm hitting 'er that way myself."

The fellow had doubtless been eavesdropping.

"Thought you was a couple of dicks for a minute. And who might you be, stranger?" he asked, leering into the faces of the pair whose conversation he had been listening to.

"A newspaper guy, eh? well I'll be damned. Say, guy, I kin give you a story that'll make your ears tingle. The life of wandering Jake the hobo, that's me, leastways that's what you can call me. Gotta cigarette? Thanks, swell night ain't it? Boy, I've been over the roads some, this guy here looks like a tenderfoot, but me, say bo, there ain't no place in this country I ain't been." He talked like a wound up machine, he smelled like a city jail "bull pen" the first morning of a wet New Year.

"In Chi last week, saw the New Year in," the fellow rambled on without prompting, seemed he had sensed the connection between his smelly clothes and the New Year in jail.

"And I got some of the pre-war stuff that you hear about once in a while. They give me ten days but I got out the second day, guess they didn't want to keep me. I got money enough to ride the cushions if I wanted to, pan-handled it on the streets in your own burg. But I'm gonna keep it 'till I get to K. C., then for another blow-out. Don't happen to have a little nip with yer, do yer, 'taint so awful warm tonight at that. Well here comes the rattler, come on, bo, easy to jump it here."

That was the other kind.

There was a roar of the locomotive, the noise of escaping

steam as it passed, its headlight searching along the tracks, like a single eye, seeing the way.

The ill assorted pair approached the moving cars, the rotund greasy one swung easily aboard; the other fellow, the clerk, missed his hold once and, just as it seemed that he would be dragged and mangled beneath the grinding wheels, pulled himself awkwardly to safety.

## JERRY AND THE SLEUTHS

BY HENRY W. GRADY

(*The Oakland Tribune*, July 21)

"Hist!"

Three gaminesque youngsters of the Fruitvale district raised their heads at the signal and discovered the rosy head of Police Sergeant Michael Byrne protruding from a second story window in his residence at 2323 East Twenty-second street.

"D'yez want to earn a dollar?" Sergeant Byrne called softly through his cupped hands. The boys moved as one toward the flaming head.

"Jerry's out ag'in," confided Sergeant Byrne, "and you'll find him in Cap'n McSorley's basement three doors down the street. Oh, that monk! Th' divil set sails to 'im!"

"Be careful not to make any n'ise," Sergeant Byrne warned, "because McSorley said the next time he found Jerry intrudin' on his premises he'd hamstring 'im. And he would, too, bad ses to 'im."

"How do you know he's at McSorley's?" asked one of the urchins.

"Is yer grandmither a hootowl!" exclaimed Sergeant Byrne impatiently. "Where else could he be? Every time he slips his halter he puts for McSorley's basement. Run along like good b'ys now, and fetch 'im back. I'll give yez a dollar."

Thus it happened that Captain of Inspectors Richard McSorley was roused from his after-dinner siesta. The hapless youths in quest of the monkey descended into the darkness of his basement, and brought McSorley himself down upon them with drawn revolvers.

"Who's there?" demanded McSorley gruffly.

"Me," replied a thin voice.

"What you doin' there, anyway?" demanded the belligerent captain.

"We're after Sergeant Byrne's monkey," informed the thin voice.

McSorley, too angry to loose the flood of expletives that choked in his throat, pulled large tufts of hair from his head in his blind rage.

But Jerry wasn't in McSorley's basement, or he now would be a part of the show-case collection at Snow's museum. Jerry had discovered new fields of adventure, the office of Coroner Grant Miller.

His retreat was not discovered until 4 o'clock this morning. The three urchins gave up the search after the disappointing incident in McSorley's basement. The responsibility of trapping Jerry now devolved upon Corporal E. G. Switzer and Patrolman Walter Gallagher of the Central station, who departed upon the mission at the break of day with sleep in their eyes and murder in their hearts.

"A-ha, you rascal," Sergeant Switzer gloated in anticipation of revenge when he spied Jerry seated upon the shiny top of Coroner Grant Miller's mahogany desk and dipping the tip of his tail alternately in the red and black ink wells. "Monkey sausage! That's what you'll be!"

But Jerry was as fleet of feet as he was of wit, and he was up the stairs and out a second story window before the two policemen had crossed the room. Over back fences, under houses, into trees, down alleys, through culverts Jerry raced, streaking it for freedom. Corporal Switzer and Patrolman Gallagher toiled painfully after him.

Finally Jerry loitered too long in a vacant lot, and Patrolman Gallagher, with the art of a cowboy and the vehemence of a mule-skinner, tossed a noose over Jerry's head.

The sun was just rising and it was just the time for an execution. "We'll lynch 'im right here," the policemen vowed. But Satan's chariots pound over streets paved with just such intentions.

"Jerry, me darlin'," a voice boomed in broad Kilkenny accents, "breakfast is a-waitin' fer yez at home."

"Like — it is!" protested Corporal Switzer, tossing an end of the rope over a limb of a tree.

"What's this, what's this?" demanded Sergeant Byrne.  
"Insubordination and disrespect to superior officers I calls  
it, Corporal Switzer.

"Come on, Jerry, yer breakfast's waitin' fer yez."

## "WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

BY ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(*Washington Herald*, December 15)

What price glory?

Two eyes, two legs, an arm—\$12 a month.

Huddled in an armchair in a dingy basement room at No. 1716 Seventeenth street northwest is the withered and battered frame of a man, within it the soul of a soldier clinging desperately to life with what's left of the body once known as Walter Wynn, private, U. S. A.

Twelve dollars a month, forty cents a day, is the price the Government pays him for the loss of two eyes, two legs, and an arm. His glory, what little there is, he would gladly exchange for a comfortable bed in a clean room.

When America was preparing and France, Belgium and Germany were fighting the first battles of the world war, Wynn enlisted in the United States Army at a recruiting station in San Francisco. His act was partly patriotic, partly for adventure. America was expected to enter the war any time.

He was twenty-three years old then—in 1914.

Twenty months after he enlisted, the "rammer" on a twelve-inch gun at Fort Mills, Philippine Islands, swung back too fast and Wynn's kneecap was crushed. While they were treating his knee—he was never able to walk again—he was given his honorable discharge from the army and the United States Pension Office made out his pension slip.

It was for "injury to knee—\$12 a month."

The knee didn't heal. They took Wynn to a San Francisco hospital, and there, when the knee still stubbornly refused to heal, they amputated the leg so it wouldn't bother him further.

Septic poisoning set in. It gradually seeped through his veins and then the doctors had more work to do. First



went the other leg. Then an eye. They tried hard to save his other eye, but two weeks later that had to go, too. Three days later Wynn lost the use of his back—paralyzed. The next day his left arm stiffened—useless.

Still the United States Pension Office sent him his \$12 a month. "Injury to knee—\$12 a month," the pension slip read—and still reads.

Wynn came to Washington a month ago after existing somehow since he was discharged from the hospital. He had been to his home in New Hampshire, but his widowed mother had died soon after he went to live with her. Timothy O. McDowell was his last relative. Today they live together in that basement room.

In the morning McDowell lifts his frail cousin from his cot and sets him gently in an arm chair, which they bought, second hand, with part of Walt's \$12 allowance. All day Wynn sits alone in the room while McDowell works.

He cannot read. He cannot move his back. One hand, swollen horribly, but still possessing the power to move, tunes a radio set—a Legion gift—in those dragging hours, his lone contact with a fast-forgetting world. At noon he laboriously feeds himself the cold lunch his cousin has prepared.

That is the day of Walter Wynn. At night the ear-phones are removed, the helpless body is lifted again and placed on the cot. Then sleep—sleep of a soul in perpetual darkness; sleep of a body in constant pain.

Is Wynn cheerful? Listen to him:

"Maybe they will find out I haven't any knee any more and then I won't get anything, since they cut off the injury when they cut off the leg. That would be a good joke, wouldn't it?"

His lips twitch and slide into a grin. He laughs at the pitiful little joke he has made.

"But, gosh, I hope somebody can do something. In my heart—I've still got that, you know—I feel that I deserve something more than \$12 a month. We can't live on it, even with Mac working. It's just too small. Don't you think what I've lost is worth more than that?"

**"Shucks, I'm not whining, but I understand the other boys that lost arms and legs and eyes and things in the war get more than \$12 a month. Don't they?"**

**Robert M. Tolson, secretary of the American Legion Rehabilitation committee, and William Franklin, also of the American Legion, discovered the case of Wynn, and the former is making an inquiry now as to why Wynn does not get full disability compensation.**

**His claim is with the United States Pension Office, since Wynn enlisted before America entered the war. Tolson and Franklin, upon finding Wynn and his cousin, obtained an appropriation from the Legion for enough money to buy the invalid a radio set. Before they gave him that, they say, he simply sat in his wheel chair all day and did nothing.**

**If the Pension Office cannot provide the proper pension for the man, Tolson says, he will prevail upon Congress, through the Legion, to make a special appropriation.**

## DEAD MEN'S SHOES

BY ROBERT BOIDNER

(*Cleveland Press*, July 2)

"King," the wearer of dead men's shoes, brought his last pair back to the morgue at dawn Wednesday—brought them back on his feet. The leather and laces were frozen stiff and the nails in the soles were rimed with frost.

"King" was a mule skinner and was known as "Cussing King" among his hard-fisted, hard-living pals. Mules stepped to his tongue as they refused to step to other men's lashes.

He had stepped unobtrusively into the half world picture of which he became a part and no one bothered to find out his real name or antecedents.

With the coming of bootleg booze "King" began to slip. No longer could he return to his team on Monday morning with clear head and steady hand. The new poison he drank Saturday nights got to his health, but he never thought of stopping.

In a short time he didn't bother to go to work any more. The "Jungle," the lakefront dumps of Cleveland, became his haunt. There he met "Swede," an oldtimer in the "Jungle" gang. "Swede" got him jobs a few times, but "King" was on the rocks and didn't care.

When "King" got down to his uppers he used to go to the County Morgue. He had driven a team for John Dall once, and Dall was now morgue keeper. From Dall "King" would beg for shoes that some dead man had no need for. The clothes taken from bodies were burned anyhow, so Dall let "King" take a pair when they were badly needed.

So "King" walked his days in dead men's shoes.

Last Monday "King" prowled the dumps with weakened knees. "Swede" saw him and talked to him awhile.

"King" was sick. Tuesday morning "Swede" found him hardly able to walk.

With the fine comradery of the "Jungle," "Swede" tried to help.

He dipped a rag in a puddle and washed "King's" face. He offered to call a hospital to aid but "King" once more cussed his best and stuck it out alone.

"Swede" left him a hunk of bread and went away.

Wednesday dawned on the dumps. In a little hollow "King" lay frozen to death. He had crawled there to step out of the picture without any bother to anyone.

When police brought "King" on his final visit to the morgue, he entered feet first. Thus returned his last pair of dead men's shoes.

## THE HURDY-GURDY MEN

BY WILLIAM R. RHOADES

(*Baltimore Sun*)

The hurdy-gurdy man is going away, and he's not coming back any more.

There was a time—two, perhaps three years ago, when a colony of them came and went, and grew and prospered. But now they are going away.

They had a meeting place down in Emilo Morisi's Cafe, at Eastern avenue and President street. Each night when their travels for the day were done they would gather there in the cafe that now is a near-beer saloon, and sing Italian love songs to the yellow moon and their signorinas.

They had bears then, and many monkeys that danced. Emilo, lord of them all, would mingle with the crowd, and the hurdy-gurdy men would vie with each other in showing off the best tricks of their beloved pets.

Emilo liked them, and would let them stay around. Sometimes when they were penniless he would feed them and lend them an organ. They never forgot.

But now that is all past. The corner cafe no longer sounds with the revels of care-free Latin tongues. The moon and signorinas go unsung.

The hurdy-gurdy men are gone. Emilo shrugs his shoulders. He doesn't know where. The organs—six, eight, ten of them—are lying tuneless in his room. No one comes to play them now. Emilo shrugs his shoulders and forgets. He has other business.

All are gone but two. But then these two never were members of the gang. They live down the street, in the 900 block Eastern avenue, the brothers Cirelle.

Charles still goes out when the days are nice, but it isn't fun as it used to be. It is business now, for the boy is

going to school. When he grows up he is going to be a business man, real American, his father predicts.

Anthony lives with him and his wife, but Anthony never found love. So he too goes out when the days are nice and plays and plays.

Nights Anthony sits on his door step, watching the spring moon, and, dreaming of Italy, smiles soft smiles. So Anthony too lives and plays and, dreaming, forgets the days gone by when the hurdy-gurdy man had his place in romance and jazz was unknown.

## "THE TWA DOGS"

BY HOWARD H. MCGOWAN

(*The Portland [Ore.] News*, December 3)

There follows the story of a dog—a black-and-tan puppy—a mongrel of unknown origin and of no breed whatsoever, except dog.

Wet, thin and shivering, he slunk into the story, acted his role, and wet, thin and shivering, he slunk out again. Nothing except what is in this story is known of him. He went as he came and his present whereabouts is unknown.

He was every inch a dog. He had those qualities of loyalty and sportsmanship which have endeared his kind to man, and though a puppy, accounted for himself well.

It was last Saturday that he made his entrance. The day was wet and cold. The little black and tan wandered across the fields between Ryan Place and Hillsdale, homeless and masterless.

If dreams haunt the minds of dogs as they do of men, greasy soup bones and a warm dry mat beneath a kitchen range must have filled his head as he pushed through the brush and drenched grass on his solitary search.

He had reached a cart road through the open countryside where the walking was easy, when suddenly, with arched back, tail erect and front paw lifted, there appeared before him Gretel, a handsome police dog, who acknowledged Benny Titus, aged 4, of Hillsdale, her master.

Now Gretel, as dogs go, was royalty when compared with the little black and tan. The blue blood of dogdom flowed through her veins. She had a long line of aristocratic ancestors behind her, and a sealed and patented pedigree that set forth the prizes they had won and the good points they had achieved.

What is more, she had a home and a hearth and a little master for whom she was responsible.

All this, however, was passed over in the thrill of the meeting. Her maternal dog heart was warmed at the sight of the forlorn little black and tan. She forgot that gods should stay upon their pedestals and aristocrats in their homes. She sympathized with the little wayfarer. Soon they were good friends and set off romping across the country, leaving two lines of parallel tracks as evidence of their friendship.

Down the cart road they frisked and played, chased tails, chewed at each other's throats, rolled and tumbled. The sport grew uproarious when suddenly, like the black shadow of death, an automobile whirled up, honked its horn and passed.

After it disappeared the sport was not resumed, for Gretel, country-bred and slow at dodging, had been struck down and lay in the wet grass, dead.

The little black and tan walked up to her, his tail between legs, sniffed and then quietly sat down.

Night fell. The rain poured down in torrents. The wind blew, but the puppy stayed by his friend of a few minutes.

All next day he remained at his post and all the next night.

The few people that passed that way thought nothing of it. There was nothing exceptional in the little hobo dog that all alone kept cold and hungry vigil.

Meanwhile great stir was caused by the loss of Gretel. Advertisements were put in the newspapers and inquiries were started in the neighborhood. Finally on Monday evening a woman called up the master and stated that a dog similar to the one advertised was lying dead by the cart road.

Benny's father went out to see and found the dead Gretel. But the little mongrel black and tan was not there. The neighbors said he had sat in the weather for 48 hours and then some one came and carried him off bodily. Some thought it was the mailman, some thought it wasn't.

But the pup was gone, and his story ended.



## DEATH OF CAPTAIN EDDIE

BY FRED E. DUTCHER

(*Syracuse Post-Standard*, March 6)

It is an unwritten law that a captain never deserts his ship, but gives his life, if need be, in an effort to save her. Captain Eddie Anderson, 5, died true to the traditions of the sea. He gave his life in trying to save his ship.

A sheet of water covered part of Valley Drive, brought down by the March thaw. Winds roughened it, and in this sea Captain Eddie launched his craft and set sail. He was a bold captain and it was a gallant bark. It raced before the wind, sails spread, and he who was captain and crew watched that it was not dashed upon the rocks.

Back across the sea it went again and into the very teeth of danger. Bearing down upon it, plowing through its little sea and sending flying spray was a street car of the Valley line. There was one thought in the mind of the little captain. He must save his ship. Directly in front of the car it sailed on its last voyage, and dashing after it, its captain.

Captain and ship went down together. The tiny craft will have its treasured place for the years to come in the home where its captain lived. It will be put away where: "The little toy-dog is covered with dust, but sturdy and staunch he stands," and the little toy-soldier is red with rust and his musket molds in his hands."

The body of the lad, who died early yesterday morning in Crouse-Irving hospital from injuries suffered when he was run over Tuesday afternoon by a street car will be taken to the family home, No. 508 Valley Drive, today by A. C. Schumacher, undertaker.

## “ROYALTY!”

BY JULIAN SARGENT

(*The St. Paul Dispatch*, October 8)

A soft effulgence hung over the Soo Line Winnipeg Limited and kept pace with it through the night as it sped regally out of the North to arrive at St. Paul at 7.45 a. m. today.

Its brilliant headlight was a royal plume, thrust forward. Its blood-red tail light was a coat of arms.

The soft effulgence that enwrapt the train was the glow of the spirit within.

Porters in the sumptuous, darkening sleepers stepped lightly, but with hauteur. They tucked in the berths at the foot as if they were preparing scented couches for pampered paladins. When called by the push-bell they reported promptly, with chest out but manner sympathetic.

Passengers disrobed decorously, without swearing. Traveling men restrained their ribald yarns in smoking compartments and the observation car. There was no elbowing or gouging in the wash rooms. Slender-ankled women, on stubbing their pom-ponned toes against men's shoes left partly in the aisle, did not make harsh remarks in sand-burr tones.

Husbands showed their wives some consideration, and asked is there anything more I can do for you, dear—as princes of the royal blood would do.

In the hectic, heels-up-and-heads-down atmosphere of the smoking car up ahead, and the day coach behind it, where the submerged tenth aches through the hours and learns that the heart of a coach seat is hard and its plush arm mingles poorly with the human head, a similar uplift of good breeding prevailed.

The news agent—sleepless apostle of raucousness—shoved his salted peanuts and his gum and his 10-cent magazines less vehemently than usual under disinclined or

sonorous noses. Once he even pushed a dozing woman's head gently off a banana peel—just as a prince would do.

A mother with a tow-headed chick crooned her to sleep with the soft refrain, "You are riding with a prince—you are riding with a prince," and the little girl's nose was pink with content as she slipped away into slumberland, murmuring, "a prince."

Cushioned thus on regal satisfaction, the Winnipeg Limited slid with dignity to a stop in the St. Paul Union Depot this morning.

As the passengers alighted they gazed with respect and proprietary friendliness at the train's private car, the Columbia. Glimpses of its chef, its waiter and its porter were available with important brevity through reticent windows. A flitting maid, with lace on her hair, was faintly discernible. And—look!—there was a man with a wing collar and a black bow tie—evidently a private secretary!

The passengers smacked their lips—but with proper repression, as a duchess might in her most intimate circle—and went up the steps, pregnant with news. Many employed Red Caps who don't ordinarily.

One after another the emerging passengers paused and said something, confidentially, to the gateman at the top. His eyebrows went higher and higher, until they were pushing his hair back.

When he had drunk in the last confirmatory whisper he stepped hastily over to the man at the next gate.

"Bill!" he hissed hoarsely, "wha' da ya know! His nibs the Prince of Wales is down there in that private car!"

But now that the wonderful, scented night is over, and the passengers have left the glow of royalty for the dingy byways of the democracy, it is only in the interest of accuracy to tell that his nibs in the private car was only George A. Rogers, president of the Union Rock company, Los Angeles, telephone South 3364, who happens to be traveling around, somewhat expensively, with his family, secretary and maid.

The Columbia was hooked onto the Soo line train that left at 8.25 a. m. for Chicago, and a new set of passengers is coming under the perfumed influence of the royal glow.

## **INTERVIEWS AND PERSONALITY STORIES**



## "BOSS" MURPHY'S LAST INTERVIEW

BY RICHARD BARRY

(*New York Times*, April 27)

The writer had an appointment with Charles F. Murphy for 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon at Tammany Hall, in which he was to talk for THE NEW YORK TIMES Sunday Magazine. This had been preceded by three fragmentary interviews which were found necessary to secure the consent of the leader to what was for him an unprecedented procedure—a public statement of his own position.

As Mr. Murphy's death preceded the interview that was to be by seven hours, a record of the preliminary sketches is important now, especially as the field outlined for his talk, and favorably considered by him, envisaged the summation of his lifework, viewing him historically as a political force.

The first interview occurred in Tammany Hall at the head of the stairs rising from Fourteenth Street, as he passed from a group he had left in his office at the right to two district leaders waiting in the council room at the left, all on the first floor and looking out on Fourteenth Street just as has the Hall since 1867. Mr. Murphy, ruler of a City of some importance in 1924, functioned there just as simply, as plainly and as directly as had his predecessors, Tweed, Kelly and Croker. On the sidewalk, ten feet below, were shuffling along the male habitues of a 50-cent burlesque show next door. It required imagination to see the wires radiating from that spot to City Hall, to the Albany State house, to the Capitol at Washington.

"Mr. Murphy," said I, "hasn't the time come for you to vary your rule about talking for publication? Won't you be interviewed for THE TIMES on certain phases of your work here?"

He looked at me steadily for a moment in that discon-

certing silence for which he was famous. On such contacts he was not a prepossessing man. Though a charm developed with intimacy, his face then appeared glabrous; more a mask than a human countenance; it would be utterly impossible to guess what thought or purpose lay behind. Yet, though I appeared a casual caller, off the street, interrupting a busy, strangely powerful man with a query challenging his whole life habit, he was not impatient, though he was brusque, even rude.

"Am I a candidate for any office?" was his reply, after an interval in which it seemed that he might be intending to "sphinx" me out.

"No, but from certain points of view you are more important than any candidate for any office."

"Don't you know I never give interviews?" This came with a savage thrust, as if that settled it.

"Do you think I could write about politics for twenty years and not know that?" I replied. "Of course I know it, but you wouldn't be what you are if you didn't change. I have the hunch that the time is opportune for you to change your lifelong habit, and I'm here in the hope that you have a similar hunch."

"Huh!" he commented. If a register had been kept in Tammany Hall of the times Mr. Murphy said "Huh!" in response to queries and appeals it would have run into mythical figures. A wag once said the recurrent "Huh!" was the self-evident sign of the Indian strain in the ancestry of the sachem.

A brief moment of reflection and he instantly became action, moving on and speaking as he moved. "See Ryan," he said, "and come see me again."

"Ryan" was Daniel Ryan, secretary of the Hall, former newspaper writer, cordial, genial, but—discouraging. "I doubt seriously if the Chief will ever talk—not in the way you want. He has never done it. You are wasting your time, Mr. Barry."

However, a man high in Tammany, intimate with Mr. Murphy and his peculiarities, to whom I related the experience, said: "If almost any one else had treated you in that way I would have said it meant nothing, but not

Charlie Murphy. He is a 'yes and no' man; not a stringer. He doesn't keep people running back to him, wasting his time and theirs. Keep after him and he'll give you that interview."

Years ago, in Berlin, I "kept after" the Kaiser for three weeks until he gave me the interview I sought. In Calcutta, I "kept after" Kitchener once for ten days until that silent, difficult man gave an interview, a real interview. These were no more rulers of empire than Charlie Murphy, and similarly aloof, evasively tantalizing. But each talked finally—with unforgettable pith.

The second time the Sachem saw me in the council chamber, or committee room of the Hall, at the left as you go in—a huge room with a long table, two rolltop desks and forty or fifty chairs. There were a dozen or more men at various points in the room in groups of two and three together, each forming a low-voiced conference with a sort of public privacy. Mr. Murphy moved from group to group. I stood by the door waiting for a long time, perhaps half an hour. At length he seemed to have finished the grist at hand and looked my way, apparently without recognition, from the place he happened to occupy, a spectator's wooden chair in the center of the room. He beckoned. I went and sat down beside him, and had to begin all over again. He made it as hard as possible. "I came for that interview," I said.

"For publication?"

"Certainly. I don't want any confidences. I don't care what you think about prohibition."

"Huh!"

"I don't want to know who is going to be nominated in June."

"Huh!"

"I don't want to know what you think of the Democratic candidates."

"Huh!" He wet his thin lips and became loquacious, adding gratuitously, "Good! But did I promise you an interview?" The tone was raspy, accusatory.

"No, but you encouraged me."

He avoided even a "Huh!" to this. The silence seemed



affirmative. He glared at me. I felt in him a strange species of animosity, as though he had not yet found a way to repel this new form of attack. The corner of his lip curled, like that of an animal at bay.

"I'm too busy!" he snapped.

He was weakening. I could see that. "I'm in no hurry," I replied. "Name your own time. I'll accommodate myself to it."

Another man entered the room. He rose to greet the newcomer. "I'll have to think it over," he said as he left me, "come again."

"Thank you! What day?"

"Tuesday, but—" he wheeled on me, and raised a warning finger, "I don't promise you anything." With the same gesture he waved his hand to greet the caller.

As he moved one could not fail to observe a very definite physical peculiarity. His hand fluttered like that of a girl. It was as if all other functions of his brain and body were under severe control while his hands, the ganglia of a myological giant, were thrust forth carelessly to be the sport of any passing breeze.

This offered a key to his character. He was highly emotional, but lacking in articulate express; alert with the impressionism of the Irish race, but with an iron will which denied him constantly and consistently practically all external expression—a Celt with the brakes on.

Already I had divined that he would talk, but didn't know how, and especially that he feared the appearance of the gulf that must lie between any literal expression and the genuine vision which was his by native right and by hard environment. I realized that if any interview did occur it would have to proceed largely by means of hypothetical questions in which I would articulate the thoughts which were but vaguely hinted in the career of the granite boss. To get past the barrier of his taciturnity, which was as much due to shyness as it was the part of policy, and had its roots in his humble origin, I would have to invent a method like that rigidly adduced under the laws of evidence for alienists at murder trials.

The third interview occurred at his desk in the large room

to the right as you go in the hall—an old-fashioned roll-top desk, where have been made four Mayors, three Governors, two Senators and a host of lesser dignitaries. He made it even harder than before, yet he devoted half an hour of his time to me, plainly puzzled, uncertain, almost flirtatious with the idea I was presenting.

"Don't you think, Mr. Murphy," said I, "that in view of the fact that the National Democratic Convention will soon be held here, in view of the fact that you are the leader of the local organization; that you are bound to come into wide national views as perhaps never before; that the meaning, the purposes and the methods of Tammany Hall should be explained as they never have been, not from the outside but from the one authoritative place where they can be explained—the inside, and from the one man on the inside who knows, from the leader—from you?"

"Oh! You think it's time for me to talk—eh?"

"I've made three trips here to convince you of that. I've always heard you are a man quick to grasp an idea, but in this particular you have not lived up to your reputation."

He glowered at me. In that, nor at any other moment, did I see the slightest gleam of a sense of humor; certainly one could not get on with him with badinage.

"Well, what do you want me to say?" he grunted.

The way seemed open. I presented my program. "I'd like to know, first, what are the duties of the leader of Tammany Hall."

"Huh! Everybody knows that."

"On the contrary, Mr. Murphy. I don't know it, and I know something about politics. How do you function here? Tell me."

"See for yourself. No secret to it."

"But if you would explain you would do a service to the organization. You perhaps know even better than I do that Tammany is to most people either an enigma or something of evil repute. Some of that reputation I am convinced, is due to lack of information about the ways of Tammany. You could dissipate it to a large extent by telling me that you are, for instance, merely a clearing house for political ideas; that you have equipped yourself

as a sort of barometer to register the public pulse on candidates and issues and that you only can remain on this job here so long as you guess right."

"Huh! That's it."

"Well, can't you give me details of how you got that equipment?"

"Let somebody else tell you that."

"Nobody else knows it as you do."

"Write it yourself. You got it straight."

I tried another tack. "Here's another topic I wish you would discuss—the change in method in Tammany Hall. Now, you've been here as leader for twenty years——"

He interrupted me, impatiently, correcting, "I'll be twenty-two years September 19."

"Well, say twenty-two years. Practically all your work is done now in these two rooms and at your two homes. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"But when you began, it was done differently, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes; sometimes in a restaurant, sometimes in a——" (he hesitated) and then added, but without any twinkle of humor, "in the store." "Store," being euphemism for "saloon" I felt that there was a soft fondness of regret in his tone as he said the word, but perhaps I was unduly imagining.

"What has brought about this change?"

"It just came." He seemed bored at the obviousness of the question.

"But the society has grown, and methods have changed; we don't hear definite scandals about Tammany now; we have to go back into the past to get them. What has brought this about? What principles have been laid down by the leader who must stand before the public as responsible?"

He darted a rapid and suspicious glance at me, as if at last he perceived the iniquity in my fair pretenses. "Huh!" he grunted. "You want me to say I did it." It must be remembered that there was no comedy in Mr. Murphy and

no quotation marks. He spoke for himself at all times and in his own language.

"By no means," I assured him, "that would be false to the character of Mr. Murphy, as is well known. But it would be equally false to deny these changes or to fail to comment on them and to reveal their extent and meaning."

"Let somebody else do it."

Which seemed to dispose of that.

"Here's another thing I'd like to know from you," I continued. "Are the Irish passing from Tammany Hall? When you came here, for instance, what proportion of Irish were in the membership?"

He thought a moment, and then said, "Two-thirds, maybe three-quarters."

"And now how many?"

"I haven't counted them."

"But not as many?"

"No."

"Not nearly as many?"

"I haven't kept track."

"Here's a list of district leaders. I find three Jews among them. Were there any Jews when you came here?"

"No, but—" he quickly and correctly added, "we've got two Italians, a Polack, a German, and there's others. It's all changed."

"Do you think the leadership of New York will remain with the Irish the next generation as it has during the last two generations?"

"Why not?" countered Mr. Murphy.

"I'm asking you the question."

"I don't know."

I switched to another sample of ideas I wanted him to talk on—when, if ever, he did talk. "Why is it," I asked, "that Tammany has so many knockers and so few defenders?"

He flashed a glance at me and that might have been scathing. "That's easy," he said, "anything that's up is knocked. It's success."

A clerk interrupted to say "the Commissioner" was on the phone. Mr. Murphy got to his feet quickly. In my

mind this was not an interview, but merely an attempt to secure his consent to one; merely breaking the ground on particularly stony soil. "It is along these lines I would like to have you talk," said I, following him out to the phone booth.

"I'll think it over. Come again."

"When?"

"Oh, Friday, about 4 o'clock."

"And I wish you would talk freely," said I, "because I will agree to submit anything quoted for your approval before publication."

"Never mind that!" the fluttering hand waved. "If I talk I'll trust you." He disappeared.

I went away feeling that among the cobblestones of Fourteenth Street, along which he had once driven a horse car, I had come across a character only outwardly tough and worn like the city there in its hardest part. Inside the solid integument formed providentially by nature for self-protection there was a tender flower, jealously guarded, but longing for dew and sunshine. Out of the illiterate saloonkeeper had climbed the benevolent despot weaving the destinies of his six million. Out of the ward politician awkwardly but staunchly aspired the statesman. Dumb he ached for a tongue, shy he longed to be understood, proud he disdained to explain, strong he hoarded and sheathed his strength.

On Friday afternoon I started for Tammany Hall to keep my appointment, but casually first picked up a paper. Mr. Murphy was dead. The boss was no more. My interview would have to wait.

## DAWES DOES SOME DAMNING

BY LEONARD SMITH

(*New York Evening Post*, August 21)

Underslung pipe and all General Charles G. Dawes came to New York today and treated forty or fifty photographers and reporters, a thousand or so innocent bystanders and two motion picture actors to the shock of their lives.

The General was "double damned" if he'd be interviewed. He refused emphatically to stand for promiscuous handshaking. He consigned motion picture taking "to hell."

Replying to the entreaties of Frederick C. Hicks, Eastern G. O. P. campaign manager, and John Q. Tillson, head of the speakers, that such things were not only customary but necessary in the life of a politician, General Dawes declared succinctly that he'd be himself or not be at all in the darn campaign.

The Twentieth Century Limited brought President Coolidge's running mate from Chicago, at a mile-a-minute clip. General Dawes himself reached almost that speed as he went through Grand Central Station to catch the Springfield express. His destination was Westbury, Conn.

"Why does that man bother with trains?" protested the perspiring Red Cap, who toiled along with the General's bags.

New York made special preparations to receive the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate and the big terminal at Grand Central was comfortably filled when the express drew in at 9.40 Eastern Standard time.

The merely curious stayed in the waiting room while reporters, Red Caps, photographers, and politicians hurried through the gate to give the visitor the glad hand, to hear him comment in his pungent fashion on campaign issues and to take his picture. By hurrying a few succeeded in extending the hand of gladness. That was all.

As he got off the train, General Dawes was fumbling with a worn, red tobacco pouch, striving to fill his big, queerly shaped pipe. By actual count, he smoked two pinches of tobacco and forty-three matches during the twenty minutes he was in New York.

The fight was on as soon as the General stepped on the platform. Apparently obedient to the camera men, he paused for a picture. The photographers, chattering away, set their tripods and looked for the General. Already he was halfway up the platform, the white stripes in his black suit making a blur before their astonished eyes.

Beside the candidate trotted Mr. Hicks and Mr. Tillson. Just ahead, almost in tears, ran a tall man who had arranged for a motion picture of "Dawes In Action."

"But, General," he was saying. "It cost us \$600 to set up the klieg lights just to picture you for thousands of men and women and little children."

The picture man appeared overcome by his emotion.

"That's not my affair," snapped Dawes, putting on speed. Then to the Red Cap: "Hurry along with those bags of mine."

Messrs. Hicks and Tillson diplomatically added their pleas. The General hesitated.

"Will you lose that \$600 if I don't stop?" he asked.

Receiving a fervent affirmative, he agreed to stand still in the waiting room for a minute.

True to his word, General Dawes posed in the glow of four great lights while hundreds of persons watched. Hicks, Tillson and the motion picture men sighed with relief. But——

As if summoned from nowhere, two neatly dressed strangers appeared beside the candidate. Their eyelashes were long and black. Their faces were white with powder, spots of color were on their cheeks. Their lips were made up in cupid's bows. It was rumored they were two distinguished motion picture actors. No one, however, had time to verify the report.

General Dawes looked first at one and then at the other.

"Who are these, where did they come from and what are they doing here?" he demanded.

"Don't worry, General," soothed the motion picture director, who by now was obviously playing the part of the director handling a temperamental star. "They are going to stand with you in the picture."

"They are not," said the General. And before any one could move he had turned quickly and was out on the platform headed for the Connecticut bound train. Running desperately Mr. Hicks caught up.

"They're not going to make a damned movie man out of me," said General Dawes.

On the steps of the train he relented a moment and several newspaper photographers snapped him.

A reporter who "knew candidates" was certain the General only needed coaxing.

"Will you tell us," he began——

Out came the pipe. In a jiffy the hand that held it was waving violently in front of the reporter's face, just under his nose.

"Read my speeches," he advised. "Read my Augusta speech (his Maine address to be on Saturday). Everybody knows I won't say anything except on the stump."

Having established his position, the General became genial.

"I can't do any talking this way," he explained. "You're wasting my time and yours. I've got to stick to the stump."

A man hurried up to shake hands. He told General Dawes something about the "feeling underneath among the great masses."

"Don't care anything about the feeling underneath," came the reply. "I'm going at this thing from the top."

"General," said a spectator, "I'm afraid you've lost the motion picture vote."

"I don't want the motion picture vote," he snapped. "Want the common sense vote."

Dawes stepped on the train. "Good luck, General," called Mr. Hicks.

"Grrrrmph," said General Dawes.



## WILSON AND THE PILGRIMS

BY T. A. HUNTLEY

(*Pittsburgh Post*, January 17)

Washington, Jan. 16.—Like an actor in a play, an old man sat in a cushioned chair today and received the homage of 400 of his fellow men and women, supernumeraries in the scene. The pallor of long confinement was on his cheeks. His hair was thin and white. A twisted half-smile softened lines carved deep by struggle and suffering. One hand was lifted to greet his callers. The other lay helpless close by his side.

It was Woodrow Wilson, for eight historic years president of the United States, in the library of his S street home. Those in the long line—too long, almost, for his strength—were members of the Democratic national committee, party figures from the fringes of its two-day session, relatives, friends, admirers, and the inevitable minority who came out of curiosity and without invitation.

For perhaps 20 minutes they filed past the tragic figure of a once strong and triumphant leader. They saw and touched the fingers of a man whose indomitable will has kept him alive. Behind the pallid countenance and the twisted smile a mind moved in its own free domain, untrammelled by bodily ills or physical imprisonment. Thus Woodrow Wilson lives and thus he played his part in the day's drama, a wreck of the man that was.

It was a drear day of downpouring rain and scurrying low-hung clouds. Word reached the hotels and other haunts of Democratic workers during the morning that the war-time president would receive them. The hour was fixed at 12.30. A half hour before that time the taxicabs began to fill and pull away with a snort.

Now pilgrimages to the Wilson home are not unusual. They occur each Armistice Day. They are made on Wood-

row Wilson's birthday. Every time a convention of Democrats, friends of the cause of world peace, old-time supporters or other groups which once boasted allegiance to the Wilson leadership gather in Washington, they go out to his house.

It was this picture that most of those who went out today had in mind as they left their hotels. But the stage was differently set. Arriving at the big red brick mansion, they were ushered into a somewhat cramped center hall, leading up a short flight of steps to a longer and more spacious corridor, from which rose the stairs to the living compartments on the second floor. No one seemed to know exactly what was to happen. The whisper went around that Mr. Wilson would appear and speak. Where? Could they see him? Could they hear from where they were?

When a hundred or more had arrived, a member of the Bolling family, who had carefully guarded the staircase, motioned the visitors forward. Slowly the crowd moved up. On the stairs stood Homer Cummings of Connecticut, former chairman of the National committee, the temporary chairman of the San Francisco National convention and a party figure of note. "Please don't stop," he said, "keep right on going."

Up the stairs to the landing, a turn to the right and there at a doorway, leading into the long dining hall, simply gowned and smiling, stood Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, mistress of the home, whose life and activities for four years have been devoted to the care of an incurable invalid. The strain has left its mark. But charm and courage remain, and vivacity as well.

"It is lovely to have you here," she would say as a friend approached, or to a bearded caller of distinguished mien—

"I gave Mr. Wilson your message, but he may not recognize you unless you identify yourself to him. You will, won't you?" Always the flash of a smile.

There at the head of the stairs, the line turned again, as the callers, after being greeted by Mrs. Wilson, passed through the dining room, and through a cozy alcove into the library. The line was moving slowly. You could watch him seated there. Cordell Hull of Tennessee, a gray lock

drooping over a classic forehead, stood beside his chair. Most of the visitors he knew. He asked the names of the others. He introduced each in turn. They bent to take the proffered hand, surprisingly firm in its clasp, but lacking its old-time vigor.

A tall floor lamp cast a yellow glow over the scene. It shone directly on the leading actor, being placed at his left shoulder. He might have been reading there.

Of course the greetings were hackneyed. They almost always are. Good wishes for his health—long life—congratulations on his appearance—predictions of ultimate triumph—assurances of support—the usual things one says. Lips moved as if in reply, though sound came forth but seldom. It mattered little, it might have been expected. No well man can greet 400 persons with an individual touch. A sick man surely could not.

That wasn't the tragedy of it. This lay in the lowered gaze. Woodrow Wilson was turned away slightly from the approaching line. He looked straight ahead, not at those who met him. His hand was extended readily enough, but the handclasp was almost mechanical. His eyes were seldom raised. Even his old friends whose names he would readily recognize were welcomed in this manner. A few times he did look up as when George White of Ohio, an intimate of other days, a Princetonian and a former chairman of the National committee, was announced. There was a brief spoken exchange, a flash of the Wilson smile that once warmed those who saw it—and the line moved on.

On the walls hung ancestral portraits or paintings of revolutionary leaders. Near the stair landing is a fading full length portrait in oils of George Washington, not idealized as the Stuart likenesses were, but showing the first President of his country as historians say he really was—impressive, but hardly handsome.

Above the mantelpiece in the dining room is a tremendous canvas of Mrs. Wilson, in evening attire, for which she sat in the White House.

And filling the whole wall at one end of the library, reaching clear to the high ceiling, row after row of books—history, economics, poetry, adventure, travel, biography—

Edmund Burke, Conan Doyle, Shelley and Socrates. On the low stand near the library table a dictionary and encyclopedia in several volumes.

Scattered about the room a few—but a very few—mementoes of a personal nature, recalling happier days.

Almost reverentially the callers filed by. They paused for a moment and passed out the outer door. Others were arriving as the earlier callers left.

The rain was falling in torrents. The taxicabs churned and chattered and dashed off madly. The white door closed on the last visitor. The S street house once more was silent.

## WILSON AT THE THEATER

BY R. W. SIMPSON

(*Norfolk Virginian Pilot*, February 4)

Woodrow Wilson, the sick man, was a greater object of friendly interest in Washington than the Woodrow Wilson of trying war days. The National Capital never lost its head or its balance when big men came along; it was used to that type. But after he had been stricken, when, broken in health, he sought to get back the strength he had given to his task, even that part of Washington which hated his policies and his powers, felt a softening around the heart as it saw him, bent low in his car, on a quiet afternoon ride.

Harding, as a new President, never dazzled Washington. It had known him as a Senator, and there was no wild rush for the windows as he drove through the streets. In the picture theaters of Washington when Harding's likeness was shown there was a scattering handclap. It was the same with Hoover and Hughes and other members of the cabinet.

But when Wilson's picture was shown there always was a deafening burst of real applause. The thing was so pronounced that the President and the former President were not shown on the same screen, which led to reports that orders to this effect had been issued by the new czar of the movies, a one-time member of the Harding cabinet.

"Oh, Washington is a Southern community," was the stock answer people got when they asked about the bigger applause for Wilson.

Mr. Wilson liked the theater. He liked vaudeville especially. In the early years of his administration he went frequently to the theater, without attracting undue attention. People applauded respectfully, but not loudly, when he entered. The same was true of Harding.

After he left the White House, however, there was a changed attitude on the part of the public toward Mr. Wil-

son. Nearly every Saturday night, when the condition of his failing health would permit, he attended Keith's Theater. His weekly visit seemed somehow to become a local event. By 8 o'clock the streets around Fifteenth and G streets were packed with men and women.

Mr. Wilson's car always drove into an alley into which a side door of the theater opened. The crowd around the corner always was so dense that extra traffic policemen were detailed regularly "for Wilson night." Street car traffic was halted.

All at once his car would sweep through Fifteenth into G, which was the signal for a great shout. As best he could Mr. Wilson smiled, lifted his hat, and sought to show he appreciated the honor.

The Wilson party remained seated in the theater until the audience had left. He occupied an obscure corner near the alley entrance. The laborious effort to enter the car—which he could not do without assistance—was the most pathetic sight Washington ever beheld. It touched the heart of a cold blooded town.

Week after week the crowds stood in the street, often in a pouring rain, simply to get a fleeting glimpse of the old war-time President. Again traffic was cleared, as he started home. G street actually was closed. Some of the biggest men in national life used to stand in the shadows across the street from the theater to see how Wilson looked. They had read of his affliction; they had seen a picture of him now and then, but they wanted to see for themselves. And the Wilson who smiled sadly at the cheering throng was not the Wilson who for a time had occupied without doubt the most important place in all the world.

Washington never saw Wilson without his wife. Harding, not particularly a lover of vaudeville, never went to Keith's on Saturday nights. When he did go, his car stopped at the main entrance, without interfering with street traffic.

When the body of the Unknown Soldier was carried with great pomp and solemnity through Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Arlington, Wilson was among those in the procession. He could not make the trip on foot, of

course. And it caused him much distress as the throngs in the streets started to cheer him. They did cheer until he lifted a hand in protest.

Much of this affection for the former President unquestionably was due to his broken condition. And Washington always wanted to lift its voice in praise of the faithful wife. No woman ever was more devoted, more attentive, more sympathetic. That was the universal verdict.

Nothing Mr. Wilson ever did gave his Washington friends more genuine pleasure than his deliberate ignoring of Senator Lodge on the day he went out of Washington. And nothing drew the people closer to him than the continual Republican attack on him in the days when he was hovering between life and death. Many of those who seemed to take great delight in assailing him were swept out of office in 1922. If their attacks hurt Woodrow Wilson the public never knew it.

But the cheering throngs that lined the streets always knew that the shouting touched his heart.

## THE PRINCE'S VISIT

BY OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

(*New York World*, September 28)

The Prince of Wales has gone, but as long as people read fairy books his visit will be remembered. He has stepped out of the Arabian Nights into the long, cold nights of Canada. He is back among his own people on his ranch in Alberta, where they regard him as a nice, rather colorless young man who happens to be a Prince.

On holidays and at public functions they line the streets to cheer him and the Union Jack. The rest of the time they scarcely wonder where he is. They know he will be there when they want him, to be cheered and toasted, and reminded, "He's like his grandfather, he is, full o' fun."

No one appears to know just what the subtle diplomatic reason was for the Prince to spend his holiday in this country. No one, likewise, can tell what its diplomatic effect will be, or if it will have any. The one result that seems to be clear is that it has lifted the Prince in the American imagination into a romantic, story book rôle which he found quite new.

In Australia, in Canada, in Africa and even in France the Prince has found himself the center of idolatrous thousands. But in each of these places his popularity seemed to spring from the fact that he was the symbol of the British Empire. In the United States he became the symbol of romance.

All during his stay the Prince appeared to be trying to distinguish this difference. He never seemed quite certain why such a fuss was being made over him. The only apparent reaction was that he did not like it. Naively, but quite honestly, he could not understand why he was not treated like any other young man on a holiday.

He had said: "I am not here in any official capacity,"



and he expected that to end all public interest in his activities. By a gesture he had thrown off the cloak of the future King of England and he did not understand why people insisted on penetrating his disguise.

He did not realize that a story book Prince has no unofficial capacity. He did not understand that, in trying to disguise himself as a private citizen, he was putting on the glamorous clothes of Haroun-al-Raschid. He did not appreciate that to men and women, whose imagination was fired by him as by a fascinating tale, his private excursions became far more important and interesting than his formal appearances in public.

To the very end of his gay holiday, the Prince and his party of young intimates remained a little horror stricken and annoyed by the interest of the public in his movements. Strangely none understood less than an American.

Major Oscar N. Solbert, whose training was largely in the atmosphere of the Court of St. James's, where he was Military Attache to the American Embassy, was the official adviser to the Prince. It is said he was assigned to the Prince's party at his own suggestion. He understood the English, it was explained. But he didn't understand his own countrymen.

It was Major Solbert who made the arrangements for dealing with the press. It was he who first adopted the practice of giving the newspaper men assigned to report the Prince's activities piecemeal and finally misleading information.

It was this policy, where the known facts were meagre and the inferences large, that led to questionable deductions as to the Prince's destinations and diversions. The Prince himself never knew the cause for these or for the dissatisfaction of the press. His habit is to leave such matters to others.

Early in his holiday he discovered, to his irritation, that a young woman reporter had followed him to Grace Field, Westbury, where he was to play polo.

"Please leave me alone," he pleaded with her.

"We trail you only because that is the only way we can get accurate news of what you are doing," she said. "Only

half the facts about your holiday are given out and they are often untrue."

"I will see that is corrected," said the Prince. He took her name.

The rest of the story comes from Major Solbert himself.

"The Prince gave me your card and told me you said the press arrangements were unsatisfactory," Major Solbert told the young woman reporter. "I told him the arrangements were perfectly satisfactory, but that you just didn't understand."

Major Solbert was relieved shortly of the duty of giving out information. It was turned over to Capt. A. F. Lascelles, secretary to the Prince. He maintained the same arrangements. His attitude is shown by two remarks.

"It's the way we handle the press matter at Court," he said on one occasion. "I see no reason to change it in America."

"If I had telephoned to the newspaper men the Prince was going into New York," he said later, "I might have missed my lunch. I have no intention of missing my lunch for comparative strangers."

It is doubtful if the Prince ever knew his activities were being kept secret from the newspaper men. In fact, when he found himself being followed he always appeared to feel that in some way the newspaper men were breaking an agreement, although no agreement had been or could have been made under the circumstances.

It was this secrecy, probably unknown to the Prince, which added the piquancy to his holiday which flavored it with romance and intrigue. It gave to innocent trips an atmosphere of mystery which lifted him even further into the romantic rôle he never understood, nor cared to play.

When he appeared in large crowds the glamour the spectators saw in him was apparent. Girls punched elderly women in the ribs for the privilege of getting a brief glimpse at his face. Men affected disinterest, yet caught the spirit and self-consciously followed in the wake of his party, craning to see him.

The Prince shrank modestly from crowds, sincerely so. His modesty only added to the grip his person had on

crowds. In women he seemed to arouse a protective, motherly instinct. He is thirty and a good deal of a man of the world, but women always said:

"He's sweet; he's perfectly adorable," as if they spoke of a woolly kitten.

And men:

"He's a nice kid. Why don't they leave him alone?" the while they thronged about his feet.

Of his personality, the public learned nothing that the accounts of his dancing and late parties did not tell. Nor did the newspaper men who followed him day by day learn much more. They learned he was modest, with a surprising lack of poise in crowds. They found his polo playing bad, his riding loose seated and unimpressive. They discovered he was physically fearless.

His dancing was good without being original or even as good as might have been expected of one who danced so much. They found he swore a little, drank a little, bet on the races, disliked fast automobile riding and found pleasure in sophisticated women and only boredom in flappers.

He read seldom, and then mostly the works of men that he had met. They learned nothing of his taste in music or art, except that his favorite jazz song was "What'll I Do?" They discovered that he went in swimming every morning *deshabille* in the swimming pool behind the dignified English brick home of James A. Burden, in Syosett, where he lived alone with his party, the Burdens being in Europe.

In spite of the fact that he called Major E. D. Metcalfe by his nickname "Fruity," he in turn was always referred to as "H. R. H." or as "Sir." In the morning, when the Prince arose, none of the young men in his party went near the royal bedroom until summoned.

These things they learned, but little more. They make an adequate covering for a conventional English gentleman. They do not constitute a vivid character. They do not explain, even, the portrait of him as a Prince Charming that Americans in bulk made of him. That explanation lies not in him but in the Americans themselves.

Perhaps among the small group of Long Islanders with whom he spent most of his pleasure hours there is a differ-

ent picture of the Prince. Here, at least, they made no storybook Prince of him. Nor, one thinks, a very vital person. But a form of social magician's wand. One dinner engagement, even tea, was enough to mark the very stable boys with ramrod backs, proud eyes and wrinkling noses.

"The Prince here? No information can be given out."

Some servants, curiously often English born, could be found sniveling in Long Island barrooms, ready to sell their meagre information. "The Prince went out at midnight to"—a whisper. Expensive and usually untruthful information.

There was the priceless occasion when a reporter in evening dress walked confidently into the dinner at the Piping Rock Club and sat throughout, served obsequiously by waiters and joining the applause for Will Rogers's sallies. Outside, two more reporters, in informal raiment, waited.

The reporter appeared, talking vociferously with the guests, accepted by them and their servants as one of them. He stood in a lordly way at the top of the steps. The plainly dressed reporters strode up to him and whispered, "What did you get?" He answered, laughing in his triumph.

Ten feet away, the uniformed starter, bellowing the numbers and names of the guests' automobiles, watched the elegant reporter with dawning suspicion. The reporter broke from his companions.

"My car," he ordered haughtily. The starter bowed.

"Number 175," he called while other guests crowded about him. And after a significant hesitation he roared "Foah the re-poh-tah."

So strong did the impression grow that here was not a sober, solid fellow who would one day be titular head of a material empire but a dazzling young Prince from a fairy story who would go on dancing until Cinderella came, that it forced its way upon the Prince's party.

Some say it was an American business man and his wife, directly associated with the Prince's reception here, who did what the British Foreign Office might have been expected to do. At any rate some one pointed out to the Prince and his intimates that the gay picture he had cut was not one

in keeping with the solemn majesty of Great Britain. The Prince and his retinue would never have discovered it for themselves. Even the brooding, motherly Gen. Trotter with his one arm and air of protection for His Royal Highness seemed bewildered at the view America was taking of him without knowing what to do about it.

The Prince's holiday was extended. Ostensibly it was to permit him to see the second international polo match. Actually it was to permit him to make several visits to New York City to give an adequate impression of his interest in the life of a great American city.

It was a good idea, but badly press-agented. The Prince made a trip in the subway, rubbing elbows with the common people. The theory was he loved them and wished to learn how they lived and traveled and worked. The fact he had shown a marked distaste for the same common people in crowds at the race track was to be erased. Unfortunately the trip to New York was kept a secret until it was nearly over and no one went along with the Prince capable of giving an intimate account of his experiences.

The Prince himself could not give such an account. It was explained he is "never interviewed." He had been "interviewed" on shipboard when he arrived. One hundred reporters quite frightened and annoyed him by their crowded questions. It was explained he didn't wish a repetition; some one in his party had the temerity to suppose that again one hundred reporters would storm him, although scarcely a score were "covering" him in Syosset.

The trips to New York struck a responsive chord. It read well that the young Prince, eager to learn so he might one day be a better King, thrust himself into the life of the great metropolis. It was decided to try it again. It was explained indirectly that the Prince felt he had gone to work, his play was over. He wished to learn about the big city.

And with this meaty warning the Prince came to town, went to luncheon in Wall Street, spent ten minutes shaking hands with some British apprentice seamen, visited a telephone exchange, went to a ball game, visited a high school, went to tea, spent fifteen minutes shaking hands with some

advertising men, went to dinner, went to the theater, and wound up his day of work at a midnight supper club, where he stayed until 2.30 a. m., arriving home at 6 o'clock in the morning. Long hours for any workman.

On his first flying trip to the city it was announced he had "discussed immigration, education and shipping" with Col. Arthur Woods, former Police Commissioner. This was as close to any idea of the serious thought of the young Prince which could be obtained. The conversation in further detail was not told.

In his visits to the Doubleday-Page publishing plant in Garden City, to the telephone exchange in Walker Street, to the newspaper plants of the Times and Herald-Tribune, he asked a few questions and mostly listened attentively to what was told him.

His conversation at polo games, at the arrival of the world flyers and at Belmont Park race track was made up of conventional remarks on the weather, the state of the fields, the players, and with general questions. No epigrams ever reached the ears that strained for them.

Yet, with all his lack of colorful character and in spite of the antagonism that grew up between the newspaper men and those of the Prince's party who had ignored or misled them, the reporters who followed him grew to like the young Prince and, absurd as it may sound, to sympathize with him. They felt too a little of the glamour, not of him as a personality but of what he represented—the story book Prince. The luxury of the Mackay ball, the special trains, the fleet of automobiles, the horses, lackeys and the dimpling women, wove a spell. They even forgave the seemingly childish efforts to throw them off the track, as on the night he left Syosset for Canada.

"I shook hands with him," said one a little awfully as the train drew away into the darkness and only the back of the gay young Prince could be seen as he swung into the lighted drawing room—out of the story book and back to fact.

## BOSS PERSHING

BY RUD RENNIE

(*New York Herald Tribune*, April 4)

A squad of ship news reporters numbering among them one A. E. F. ex-captain, two ex-sergeants and one ex-private, first class, turned out yesterday morning with pencils and copy paper to inspect their old boss, General John J. Pershing, who was returning from a semi-official visit to France by the United States liner, *George Washington*.

First call was 5.30. Assembly was at 7 o'clock aboard the Coast Guard cutter *Hudson*. Inspection of the commander in chief was at 8.30 in the Presidential suite aboard the *George Washington*. Mess was at 9.30. Civilian clothes were worn. There were no seconds on the eggs.

"Come in, boys; come in," urged the general, shaking hands all around.

What a change! The last time there was any inspecting done between the general and this member of the ship news squad, all was reversed, except first call—which was the same, 5.30—and the lack of seconds on the eggs. A certain regiment hiked from its barracks that day with rifles and belts "all spit and span," as Mickie Collins used to say, and waded through several miles of thick mud to the Bassens docks, near Bordeaux, where it formed itself and waited. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon about forty-seven automobiles rolled up and General Pershing and his staff stepped out and every one else broke his back straining to attention.

But yesterday the boys took John by the hand and said, "Well, well, General, you're lookin' fine. How's everything? Where've you been? Just France, eh? Well, well. Didja get up around Brest? Ha-dam! And Paris. Didja get to Paris?"

And the first thing they knew they were fighting the war all over again with the boss himself and going back a bit

further and asking him what he did with all the wicker furniture he had in El Paso, and the general, with his chin shoved out and his eyes dancing, was holding the one-time first class private at arm's length with both hands and assuring him that it was "boys like you who won the war."

Then followed an interesting interview that was not for publication until the general was asked to comment on the Dawes Commission.

"Ah, yes," said the general. "I think the Dawes commission is going to turn out something constructive and beneficial to the situation. You may quote me on that."

The general then said that he had been away since last October, spending all his time in France, working on a book, and inspecting the American cemeteries.

"This is the finest ship afloat, and I think Americans should patronize American ships," he said with enthusiasm.

The general was accompanied by Major Harold Rayner. They were met at Pier 4, Hoboken, by General Robert Lee Bullard, Lieutenant Colonel George C. Marshall, Jr., Captain Arthur L. Warren, and Lieutenant J. E. Powell from Governor's Island, and taken to the Waldorf-Astoria where General Pershing stayed until his train left for Washington at 1.10.

The ship news squad fell out and raced for telephones.



## THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LEOPOLD

BY WALLACE SULLIVAN

(*Chicago Herald and Examiner*, June 2)

Richard A. Loeb, son of the multimillionaire vice-president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was named as the actual slayer of Robert Franks, 13-year-old heir to a \$4,000,000 estate, in an amplified confession made Sunday by Nathan E. Leopold, Jr., his companion in crime.

In a statement sizzling with bitterness, Leopold assailed young Loeb as a weakling and turncoat.

Young Loeb, on the other hand, was quite as bitter in his denunciation of his erstwhile friend, asserting vehemently that it was Leopold who struck the fatal blow.

"If Nathan says I killed Robert he's a liar—and he knows it!" he cried.

They are the first statements made to a newspaper by the young men since they confessed having kidnaped and killed the rich little boy.

Leopold asserted in his bitter denunciation of Loeb that the latter planned the kidnaping and slaying.

"It was all Loeb's idea," he said. "I realize that I am equally guilty and that we both face the same penalty. It gets me nothing, then, to accuse him.

"Nevertheless, he planned the kidnaping and I helped carry it out by writing the extortion letter. Yes, I wrote it—every word of it.

"It was Loeb, though, who enticed the boy into the car, and it was Loeb who struck him on the head the next instant.

"Why, weapons which might injure a person are so repugnant to me that I loathe the sight of them. I could not—it would have been physically impossible for me to have struck the blow that killed Robert Franks.

"Loeb knows this, too."

He then detailed the manner in which the actual slaying was committed.

"I was driving. Loeb was sitting in the back of the car. The curtains were up all around.

"He leaned over the front seat and opened the door, calling to Robert"—and Leopold demonstrated in the chief's car the manner in which he said Loeb had moved.

"'Come, Robert,' Dick said," continued Leopold; "'we'll ride you home.' 'No,' replied the boy; 'it's only two blocks—I'll walk.'"

"'Come here, anyway,' said Dick, 'I want to tell you about a new tennis racquet.' The boy came slowly across the street, then hopped up on the running board.

"'Get in,' said Dick, 'I want you to meet Nathan Leopold.' The boy did get in, and the next moment Dick struck him on the head and threw the bandage around his neck, strangling him.

"It was all over in a minute. I sat there, sick, while the kid kicked and struggled beside me."

He went into considerable detail to prove his contention.

"Why, I rented the car myself. I own a Willys-Knight and have driven it for many months. It seems likely, then, doesn't it, that I'd be driving this one?"

"Then, after we got the car, we went to my house for gasoline and oil. It seems likely, doesn't it, that I would be driving then?"

"Tell Loeb for me that it makes no difference which of us did the actual killing.

"Tell him that he should not forget that my repugnance to violence is such that I could not have killed Robert.

"Tell him that my one regret is that I find him so weak as to accuse me, and that I know the reason. He thinks that by proving me the actual slayer he will eventually go free.

"Tell him that I know the law and that I am merely amused by his flourishings. We are both principals in the first degree, and—

"There is no forgiveness!"

Leopold spoke earnestly, bitterly. At times his face contracted in a spasm of passion as he vented his spleen against

his former friend, the one who, he now believes, would sacrifice him in the hope that he might win exoneration.

After he finished his denunciation he was weak, nearer collapse than at any time since he had been taken into custody, and he asked that some one procure him a glass of water containing ten drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"Get it," he pleaded, "for God's sake!"

After drinking the draught he felt better.

Earlier his attitude toward Loeb was that of one who is grief-stricken, rather than bitter, because of real or fancied treachery.

Then he asked that a message be given to Loeb, saying:

"Tell him I am very much surprised that he fears death.

"Tell him I am surprised that he was so weak as to confess in the first place, and that I was surprised when he was so weak as to faint under the strain.

"Just a weakling, after all!"

Loeb's face darkened with rage when he was told later of Leopold's attack. Then, in a moment, he grew calm.

"I was driving that car, and not Nathan," he said quietly.

"Nathan was in the back seat. I did call Robert over because I was the one who knew him. Nathan did not.

"It is not true that I reached over from the back seat to open the door.

"When Robert climbed in Babe (Leopold) reached from behind and struck him. That's the truth—so help me God!"

Until he began his attack on Loeb, Leopold exhibited all of the coolness and sangfroid which has amazed all who have come in contact with him since he was taken into custody. He laughed and joked with detectives and reporters, occasionally making a sly dig at Chief Hughes, who took his scoffing in great good humor.

Once, for instance, he asked the chief if he knew that Cæsar had married an Irish woman.

"You don't tell me," said the chief.

"Yep," said Leopold, "in the nineteenth chapter, fourth paragraph, you can read that he married a woman of the name of Bridget, and that, Chief, is a good old Irish name, isn't it?"

"That it is," said the chief.

The first stop of the tour was at Daly's restaurant, 805 E. Sixty-third street.

Leopold, who had not slept all during the night from the time he was brought to the station from the Windermere Hotel, smoked incessantly—so much so that his fingers were stained a deep brown from nicotine.

He was not nervous, however, and he laughed and joked. Loeb, on the other hand, was palpably disturbed. His face was white and drawn. He ate little or nothing, while Leopold made a hearty breakfast on scrambled eggs, doughnuts, rolls and coffee.

Leopold was served by a pretty little waitress, whom he kidded incessantly, and who, true to her calling, kidded him right back. Many were the snappy remarks made by the confessed murderer and, let it be said, the waitress returned him as good as he gave.

After the meal, when the detectives were leaving, she asked a reporter what it was all about. He told her, naming the two boys. The girl staggered back, almost falling, and the color drained from her face.

"My God! And I served them!" she gasped.

On the way to Hessville, where the belt was found, Leopold engaged in a lengthy and erudite discussion of many weighty matters with the Herald and Examiner reporter. This discussion took him far afield in the realms of law, philosophy, theology, physics and what not.

He seemed to take considerable pleasure in showing off his knowledge before Chief Hughes.

Once he digressed to remark on the beauty of a clump of lilac bushes in the grounds of the South Shore Country Club—and that led him into a dissertation on æsthetics. He does not, incidentally, play golf, believing that the game is ridiculous. "Look at the poor nuts," he observed, in passing a golf course.

He seemed to like to dwell on the fact that he is a confessed murderer, and asked every one in the car if they thought the less of him. Once he leaned over abruptly and touched the Herald and Examiner reporter on the knee. "Now you're contaminated," he observed. "You've been touched by a murderer."

Finally his agile mind turned to philosophy, and particularly to the philosophy of the cynics. Schopenhauer, it appears, is one of his particular gods. In this connection he made an observation which apparently has an intimate connection with the case, and which may serve to reveal his mental processes. "A thirst for knowledge," he said, "is highly commendable, no matter what extreme pain or injury it may inflict upon others. A six-year-old boy is justified in pulling the wings from a fly, if by so doing he learns that without wings the fly is helpless."

Was this, then, his attitude toward Robert Franks?

There is not, he asserted, a standard of morality by which any individual, or that individual's acts, may be judged. Each person, he contended, is, after all, his own judge and jury.

At the lagoon, Capt. Prendergast approached the car, saying: "I guess it's no use, Chief, we can't find it. I've arranged, though, for an electro-magnet and we'll try it that way."

"It'll do you no good," observed Leopold acidly. "It's in a leather case." It was explained to him then that a magnet will operate through leather.

"Oh," said Leopold and, for the time, subsided, apparently hurt that his knowledge had been questioned. After a bit he turned to the chief, saying: "Would you accept a cigar from a criminal?" The chief would—and did.

"Say," remarked Leopold, "why are you taking down everything I say?"

"Because," he was told, "you are now a news source."

"Ha!" replied the young murderer, "I'd like to charge you a dollar a word." It was shortly after this that he launched into his attack on Loeb.

On the way back Chief Hughes ordered that the car be driven past the Franks home. Leopold cowered back in his seat then, exclaiming: "The one place where I don't want to go!"

The car was stopped, and he hid his face in his hands. Then onward the motor dashed, back to the grilling and, later, a cell alone.

## THE INDIAN LEADER OF THE SENATE

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

*(New York Times)*

It has come to pass that an Indian, who wore the blanket and received Government rations, is to guide that most august of legislative bodies, the Senate of the United States.

Charles Curtis of Kansas has been made the Senate leader by vote of the majority of the upper branch of Congress. As a consequence, much is being written of this quiet, dark man, his attitude toward blocs and factions, the position he may assume on such questions as legislative relief for farmers and the publication of income tax returns. But nobody seems to have attempted to discover the larval and chrysalis stages of statesmanship that brought Senator Curtis forward as successor to the erudite Henry Cabot Lodge. Senator Curtis's life is a romantic story in itself.

It has often been pointed out that leaders in Congress are almost universally blond, blue-eyed men, of British extraction and characteristics. The old native strain dominates in American public life. Here, however, is a leader, strangely swarthy. His complexion is a bit darker than that of the more brunette type of Italians. His hair is jet black, as is his mustache, which is somewhat of the walrus type, well known in the West of a generation ago. He is stockily built and inclined to stoutness. He is sturdy and physically vigorous, and at 64 few lines mark his face.

The life story of Senator Curtis begins with Julie Poppin, a wrinkled old Indian woman, who exercised upon him the most vital of all influences that ever came into his life. Julie was young, however, when the story began. She was an Indian maiden, there in the plains beyond the Mississippi, the daughter of the old Chief White Plume of the Kaws, whose following lived easily when the buffalo herds guaranteed a plentiful food supply.

Julie Poppin married a French voyageur and unto her was born a daughter, half Indian and half French. Into this waste country came a young American pioneer of English extraction, whose name was Curtis, to trade with the red men. He married Julie Poppin's daughter. Thus the blood of the Senate leader is but one-fourth Indian though, judging by appearances, it would seem to be more.

Were the life of Curtis being filmed for the movies the first set would be arranged as of 1870. Curtis would be shown as an Indian lad, playing about the reservation 60 miles west of Topeka. The village is asleep in the sunshine, the warriors of the tribe lulled into a lazy inactivity by the possession of their ration from the Government and by the abundance of buffalo meat. The quiet life led by those Kaw Indians, however, was not shared by other tribes to the west, among whom were the Cheyennes, habitually given to uprisings, and the ancestral enemies of the Kaws.

It was midday when the Cheyenne warriors, decked out in feathers and war paint, swept down on the quiet camp of the Kaws. Curtis and some of the other Indian children were playing near the stream, and he remembers how the attacking Indians rode in circles about the camp, raining their shower of arrows upon it. He remembers also how the defenders barricaded themselves as best they could and fought off the enemy, holding them at bay until night-fall. The outcome of this battle on the plains, a battle typical of those that characterized the native life of the West for years before the white man thrust himself into it, had not been settled when night fell.

The first desire of the peaceful Kaws was to send a call for help to the whites, sixty miles away at Topeka. A messenger must be sent through the enemy lines. Already had the Cheyennes captured the horses, so the trip to Topeka must be made on foot. Charlie Curtis, part Indian and part white, was selected to make the trip, because he had been over the road before and knew the language of both peoples.

He succeeded in getting through the Indian lines, in covering the sixty miles, no mean journey for a boy of 10, and in sending relief in time to save his tribe.

The trip that the Indian boy made by night, and upon which the well-being of his tribe depended, meant more to Charlie Curtis than appeared on the surface. It brought his boy life into a new phase. Topeka was then a struggling frontier town, and all the region about it was still dominated by that first industry of the West—cattle raising. The pride of the cattle country was the horses that its ranchmen rode, and the racing of these horses naturally became the dominant sport.

It happened that the wiry little Indian boy, while in Topeka on his unusual mission, got an opportunity to ride in races, piloted his mounts to victory and had new opportunities to ride other race horses. Thus did it come to pass that Charlie Curtis, instead of returning to the Kaw reservation, took to the circuit in the cattle country and became a professional jockey.

Many thrilling incidents might have been expected in following the races over this frontier circuit of Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory, Nebraska and Colorado. Senator Curtis told of one, of Headlight, the renegade race horse, an animal of great speed but uncontrollable. He was given to bolting, to "flying the track." Yet he was an almost sure winner if he could be piloted through.

So Charlie Curtis tackled him. He drove him on to the half-mile post, but there, instead of making the turn, Headlight plunged straight on, through a fence, over an embankment. The Senate leader bears the scars on his hands that were received in the mad tumble.

Curtis was riding in races at Kansas City one day when, as an evidence of the times through which the region was passing, the James brothers, Frank and Jesse, notorious outlaws, raided the gate, after the admissions had been paid, and rode away with the money.

At the end of five years of jockeying, Curtis found himself too heavy to ride any more and therefore deprived of the calling that had meant an easy livelihood to him. Finally, at the age of 15, he found himself adrift in Topeka, the town from which he had started.

Then into the town one day came a wandering group of Kaw Indians and among them many of the friends of his



earlier days on the reservation. One was Julie Poppin, his old grandmother, daughter of a chief. There was great rejoicing among the Indians at finding this wandering member of the tribe, who had not been seen since the night he stole out in the darkness to get relief for the beleaguered camp.

Charlie Curtis again threw his hat in with his Indian relatives. They were his people, and he would go with them back to the easy life of the reservation. He rode away over the plains into the sunset with them.

The camp had been made that first night on the journey from the outpost of the new civilization back to the reservation. The fires had burned low and the Indians had wrapped themselves in their blankets. Then in the silence there came to the side of Charlie Curtis his Indian grandmother, Julie Poppin. He was awakened from his sleep by her crooning—the crooning of his infant days. Julie Poppin talked in her native Kaw to her grandson under the stars. She told him that the glory of his white relatives was far beyond that of a blanket Indian. She pointed out to him that his life was now at its turning point, that he would either return to the reservation and become a blanket Indian or go back to his father's people with a chance at all there is good in this world.

Julie Poppin told Charlie Curtis how she loved him, how she hated to give him up. But she advised him to take the back track to the big wigwams of the whites, to become one of them, never to return to the Indians. She untethered the best of her ponies, put her grandson on it and started him back to Topeka—and the leadership of the United States Senate.

Charlie Curtis took on the white man's ways. He decided to go to school. With what was left of his earnings as a jockey he maintained himself for a whole year while he studied the three R's.

Then the money gave out and he must work to live. His had been a "horsey" life, and it was natural that he should go to the proprietor of a livery stable. He wanted a job. He got one. He became the driver of a night hack on the streets of Topeka.

Even in the young towns of the West there was no post more lowly than that of driving a night hack. Yet Senator Curtis feels no embarrassment in telling of this early experience. His story of his reservation origin, of jockeying, of hack driving, are related with simplicity, though he shows no special pride in them.

One instinctively stops to wonder what Henry Cabot Lodge was doing while Curtis was sleeping in the sun with the Indian children and sitting through the night on his hack in front of some saloon. But Lodge, the aristocrat, became the friend of Curtis, the Indian jockey, and Curtis has succeeded Lodge as Senate leader.

Curtis had a lawyer friend. He talked to this friend about education. The lawyer told him of Blackstone and lent him books. Curtis read them by the light of his hack while waiting for "fares." Thus for years he read law through the quiet of Topeka nights. He took his college course in this curbstone university, often interrupted by the erratic desires of those who made the late night life of Topeka.

But in the end he passed his bar examinations and was admitted to practice. He became a junior member of a Topeka law firm. It so happened that a senior partner fell by the wayside through liquor just as a sensational murder trial in which he was starred approached its climax. "Indian" Charlie Curtis stepped into the breach and, in a day, made himself a reputation as a criminal lawyer, thus opening the gate of opportunity.

Thirty-one years ago he was elected to the House of Representatives and fourteen years later to the Senate. In that body he has advanced steadily toward leadership. Of late years he has been the Republican whip, and now, with rare difficulties looming in the offing, is the accredited leader.

## THE BOY PRODIGY GROWS UP

BY BOYDEN SPARKES

(*New York Herald Tribune*, January 10)

William J. Sidis, son of the late Dr. Boris Sidis, internationally known authority on psycho-pathology, has become a resident of New York, although a somewhat obscure one. At twenty-six the boy prodigy of 1909 has become a mere cog in the workaday world of 1924. For \$23 a week he is working as a clerk in the statistical division of an uptown office.

In 1909 young Sidis, a rosy-cheeked eleven-year-old boy in short trousers, delivered a lecture on the fourth dimension before Harvard professors and instructors of mathematics. His subject was not a mere parlor trick that he had acquired by rote. He proved this by answering freely all the questions the astonished professors could ask.

At the age of two William James Sidis could read and write; at seven he passed the Harvard Medical School examinations in anatomy, at that time having mastered elementary mathematics; at eight, when he could speak French, Russian, English and German, and possessed a knowledge of Latin and Greek, he passed the entrance examinations of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; at ten he entered Tufts, and at eleven—about the time he lectured before the professors of mathematics—he entered Harvard. The boy received his bachelor of arts degree in 1914, at the age of sixteen.

After two years in the school of arts and sciences and in the law school he became an instructor in mathematics in Rice Institute at Houston, Tex. That was in 1918. On May 1, 1919, he was arrested with eleven others in a socialistic demonstration in Boston. The charge against him was assaulting an officer. He was found guilty of rioting and was sentenced to eighteen months in the House of

Correction. He appealed and defaulted, two warrants being issued for his arrest. Then he dropped from sight.

About six months ago persons in New York who were interested in young Sidis tried to find a job for him. They finally succeeded in placing him with the concern for which he is now working, but not without difficulty, for he insisted upon being given work that did not require too much thinking. Today there is an adding machine beside the desk of the adult personality that at eleven years of age was puzzling Harvard professors with original theorems concerning the fourth dimension.

The true proportions of the tragedy that young Sidis represents may not be measured at a glance. There was the death at Portsmouth, N. H., last October of his father. The person who conveyed the sad news over the telephone to young Sidis was berated for troubling him about something in which he was not interested. He did not go to the funeral and he has shut himself off from contact with his mother.

As one of the tide of humanity that ebbs and flows at 9 and 5 each week day in New York, young Sidis is distinguished only by being less careful of his appearance than the average New York clerk. Chided recently for a seeming lack of ambition, he said:

"All I want is a little greater margin than I have, so I may put something aside for a rainy day."

"But don't you care about books, the theater, girls, automobiles, all the things that are denied you on \$23 a week?"

Sidis merely shrugged his shoulders.

Yesterday young Sidis was wearing a cheap brown suit, much too tight for his fleshy frame. He had not been shaved; his reddish mustache was a ragged fringe that appeared to have been whacked off with a pair of manicure scissors. His mop of mouse-colored hair was in need of trimming. His necktie was in a hard knot that did not come within inches of his collar.

## ROEBLING, A MARTYR TO TRANSIT

BY PALMER SMITH

(*New York Evening World*, November 1)

Manhattan's transportation problem is a modern Minotaur. As in the Greek fable, the monster lives in a labyrinth, and year by year the Manhattan Minotaur takes its toll of sacrificial victims. The Manhattan labyrinth is the expanding system of subways, tubes, bridges, elevated structures, ferries, railroad tunnels and bridges stretching octopus-like from the heart of Manhattan and growing year by year into the surrounding territory. The latest victim is Clifford M. Holland, chief engineer of the New York and Jersey vehicular tunnel, a martyr to the duties of the killing task into which he put all his energies.

Sixty years ago the transportation monster, stirring in comparative infancy, writhed eastward over the East River in the sixteen-year task of building the Brooklyn Bridge. The two great engineering feats differ widely, but there are many resemblances. Each was a response to the irresistible pressure for more adequate transportation. Each was undertaken by "visionaries" and in spite of warnings that the task was impossible. Each resulted in the death of a chief engineer. In each the Minotaur took its toll of the best.

John A. Roebling, father of the Brooklyn Bridge, came to the work fresh from triumphs over other "impossibilities." Leading engineers of Europe and America had demonstrated to their own satisfaction the impossibility of swinging a suspension bridge across the Niagara River. Roebling, master wire and cable maker of Trenton, disagreed and vindicated his disbelief by swinging across the Niagara gorge the airy thing of strength and beauty, the Niagara suspension bridge.

There were many to deny the possibility of Brooklyn

Bridge. There were a few with faith. And the Minotaur was stirring. Planned first as a commercial undertaking with plans for tolls imposed on passage, the Minotaur intervened to break the barrier of the toll gate. New York and Brooklyn undertook the hazard and Roebling went to work.

John A. Roebling made the plans. He was the first chief engineer. While surveying for the all-important foundations of the towers he worked from the dock of Fulton Ferry, which the bridge was to displace. A ferry boat struck the dock a glancing blow, and timbers, giving under the strain, caught and crushed the foot of the engineer. The Minotaur had reached for its victim, and within a month blood poison had taken the directing head of the enterprise.

But always another Theseus takes up the battle. John A. Roebling would have never undertaken the task had he not had a son, Col. Washington A. Roebling, capable of carrying on. The son did not succeed his father merely by inheritance. He had been the first assistant in the previous undertaking. He had the youth, the spirit and the zeal of the engineer. He took up the task.

Foundations, solid as the living rock, were necessary to support the mighty structure. In the seventies the technique of underground and underwater excavation was less understood. In driving down the caissons for the bridge foundations, work under air pressure was necessary, and in the sinking of the Brooklyn caisson particularly, accident after accident hampered the work, problem after problem had to be met and conquered. Engineers knew less about the "caisson disease," the "bends" of the modern "sand-hog." The Minotaur reached out and man after man died from the effects of the air pressure.

Most indefatigable of all the workers was the directing chief. At the time of a serious fire within the Brooklyn caisson, Col. Roebling was under pressure and under intense nervous strain for seven hours. With a rest of only four hours he was back again, fighting the Minotaur.

The battle was closely drawn. Physically Col. Roebling was vanquished, but his spirit would not bow. An invalid in body, he lived in a house on Brooklyn Heights, and from

a back bay-window equipped with a desk and a telescope, Col. Roebling directed the work, with his wife as aid and messenger.

He saw the towers rise, the cables woven wire by wire, strand by strand. He specified the slack to be allowed in each cable and the mechanics of the anchoring. He would not give up. For a time he was forced to travel, but he returned to the telescope and the job in spite of warnings, and on May 24, 1883, he saw the crowds passing from New York to Brooklyn for opening exercises.

If there had been a radio at that time he could have heard the credit and the praise accorded to the most notable personage of the day, doubly notable because he was absent. He might have heard William C. Kingsley, President of the Board of Trustees, say:

"For many long and weary years this man, who entered our service young and full of life, and hope, and daring, has been an invalid and confined to his home. He has never seen this structure save from a distance. But the disease which shattered his nervous system for a time appeared even to quicken his intellect. His physical infirmities shut him from the world, but gave him as a companion, day and night, this darling child of his genius, every step of whose progress he has directed and watched with paternal solicitude. Col. Roebling may never walk across this bridge, as so many of his fellow-men have done today, but while this structure stands he will make us all his debtors."

Col. Roebling did live. The Minotaur, balked of its sacrifice in the labyrinth, released its clutch and retired. Col. Roebling recovered and lived to see three other structures swung across the East River at behest of the Minotaur.

## THE PROGRESS OF REFORM

BY LEE J. SMITS

*(Detroit Saturday Night)*

Anton Nish is a stubby man, his wife is a stubby woman, he has five more or less stubby children. The Nish family lives in Detroit's far west where a professor of ethnology could find enough material in any four blocks to keep him interested for months. Leather vests, fur caps, witch doctors, nasal folksongs, knife fights, snuff-chewing, pigs in the woodshed, photographs of dead persons in caskets—these are some of the quaint things to be observed out there in certain neighborhoods.

Anton came over to America without a single asset save good humor, powerful muscles and determination. He saved his money and when Thyrza joined him with a dower of almost \$500 in gold, Anton put in his savings and a small brewery helped them start a saloon.

It was a very ordinary saloon, but Anton and Thyrza were proud of it. They tried to keep it clean and Anton was honest and made friends with his customers, who came trooping in after work, begrimed and weary, to slouch at the three tables along the wall or to plant their elbows on the bar and toss off a few beers. By 9 o'clock business had ceased, as a rule, save on Saturday nights or holidays and then the cash register would jangle until almost morning and there would be songs, sometimes fights and much loud talking in harsh dialects.

The policeman on the beat used to pause of a warm evening at the side door to receive his cooling schuper, or on a raw night to steal a moment of heat from the big coal stove and perhaps accept a shot of liquor.

The priest never hesitated to enter Anton's place and, in the tiny office at the front of the bar, sip a glass of



cherry brandy and gossip in a dignified way with the proprietor.

The family lived upstairs. While Anton ate his supper, Mrs. Nish would tend bar.

There was a brisk pail trade at the side entrance, and Anton always gave good measure for a dime.

Anton was not greedy. The wives of the neighborhood, who expected their hard-driven husbands to drink, were perfectly willing that the drinking should be done at Anton's because he would often persuade a man to quit and go home and no one was ever robbed or short-changed in Anton's place. A woman whose man had spent his pay always could borrow a dollar or so from Anton.

Anton's was by no means a model saloon. He was always open on Sunday afternoons and it would be untruthful to say that no one ever got drunk there. But the police never had occasion to bother with it, there were no loafers hanging about and Anton had a good reputation.

The advent of prohibition dazed Anton. He had read of its approach, but he couldn't quite believe it possible. No wrong attached to drinking so far as he had ever been taught or had ever heard, save through the far-off scoldings of persons he had never met and could not possibly understand.

Anton did not close his place. He started a lunch counter, for which Thyrsa prepared soup and sandwiches, and he kept a small pitcher of whiskey poised at the rim of the sink behind the bar and received 50 cents each for small drinks. His class of trade changed. Many of his former customers were brewing and distilling at home. Those who came to his place regularly were not of the old beer-drinking crowd. They were grim drinkers. Their hands trembled. They ran bar bills between pay-days.

A moonshiner on a large scale added Anton to his customers and enabled him to sell, in addition to the 50-cent drinks, a glass of rank spirits for 25 cents.

Thyrsa didn't like the business, nor did Anton. But he had five children and all his life's labors up to the age of 43 were tied up in the saloon.

Instead of an occasional visit from one policeman, sev-

eral would drop in every day and take a few drinks—for nothing. None of them understood the wherefore of prohibition much better than Anton, but they appreciated their privileges.

After two years Anton began to hear of his fellow saloon-keepers serving beer. The stuff was expensive and it seemed an outrage to charge a customer 25 cents for a shell, but when a man offered to deliver to Anton, he ordered and the place began to look like old times again.

The bustle and the hum were not quite the same, however. Steadygoing heads of families were not paying 25 cents a glass for beer. Wine, beer and whiskey of home-manufacture satisfied them. The wild ones, the unattached ones, the spendthrifts and dead beats flocked to Anton's bar.

He was not making money so very fast, and all the time at his fat shoulder was the shadow of the law. It was uncomfortable. He learned of things he had never suspected years ago. Money had to be paid out here and there, and beer at 25 cents a glass was not so profitable, after all. And as insurance against a term in prison, it was necessary to have in the bank a good sized roll for emergencies. Lawyers cost money. Fines must be paid, if a man is unlucky.

To keep that bank account as large as possible, Anton put in a partition and women began to sit at tables in the rear of his place.

He quarreled seriously with Thyrsa. His nerves were bad.

"They bring in the dough," he told her, "and I got to get it. Tomorrow, maybe, there's a knock-off, and then what?"

The whole neighborhood, it seemed to Anton, was under an evil spell. The priest blamed it on moonshine and preached against making and drinking the stuff.

The knock-off came. A policeman had obtained a "buy." Anton remembered the fellow, a bleary martyr to reform, who had entered in plain clothes, with policemen Anton knew and had lingered and later carried out a bottle of beer.

Anton learned from the right sources where to go for a lawyer and, although it seemed hard to have to hand over

hundreds of dollars to a lawyer, he was glad not to be locked up.

Then he received a letter to appear at city hall. His soft-drink license was to be revoked.

He and Thyrsa hastily decided to go out of the saloon business and try to make a living on soft drinks, lunches and maybe a pool table. Anton went down to explain to the mayor his intentions, but it was no use. His license went.

Anton was upset for a few days, until a man came along and offered to buy him out, at a low figure, and run the place without a license.

"You got to know how to handle the law," the man said.

Anton moved his family into a nearby tenement, taking with him what stock of liquor he had. Customers began to trickle in. It was an ideal location for a blind pig—an alley stairway, a garage for unloading the stuff, a maze of rooms to be used as plants. Anton rented two flats instead of one and installed a slot machine sold him by an agent.

A queer crew gathered in his place.

"He sells right stuff," they said. It was true, Anton refused to handle fake goods if he knew about it.

His five children—two girls, of 14 and 12, and three boys between 10 and 6—mingled with the customers after school hours. The girls even served drinks at times and received tips. The women drinkers made much of them.

Anton and Thyrsa quarreled a great deal.

Anton's customers drank with much greater intensity than in the old days of five-cent beer. Men would lay off their jobs and guzzle until they were broke. A clique began to loiter in the place, composed of smart young men who did not work at all.

They played cards and rolled dice and talked for hours among themselves.

They brought up a suitcase and left it in a closet. Thyrsa lifted it one day when the young men were absent and called Anton. When shaken, the bag gave off a metallic sound.

Anna, the 12-year-old, found what was kept in the suitcase.

"I saw Joe take out a big gun," she told her mother.

The girl was told to keep her mouth shut, to be careful lest she get everybody in trouble.

The law was no friendly force in Mrs. Nish's eyes.

It was early afternoon and the place was empty when four of the young men who did not work came hurrying in.

"Shot and a bottle," each one ordered.

They were excited.

"Give us half a dozen quarts of Canadian," one of them ordered. "We're beating it for a trip out of town."

In the alley was a big car.

They gave Anton a \$50 banknote for the whiskey and told him "never mind the change."

Their overcoat pockets were stuffed with bills.

They ran down the stairs and Anton heard his Ford being backed out of the garage while the big car still stood in the alley. He ran down the stairs but paused when one of his customers, with a grin, jerked an automatic into view for a flash, and ran toward him, "Keep your head shut, Old Boy," the youth said. "You never seen us. If you say a word, we'll knock off your whole family."

Anton went up the stairs, sick at heart. Thyrsa met him, white-faced.

"Look!" she cried, holding out the \$50 in her open hand. "It's red—there—and wet—with blood!"





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